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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE NEW WAR

FOUR writers of the war generation sat after a dinner the other evening talking of the world at large. They spoke more in amusement than in bitterness of the futility of the late conflict. They were discussing in particular two novels to be published this autumn, "Labels" by A. Hamilton Gibbs and "An Old Man's Folly" by Floyd Dell. Both of these stories touch on the question of the conscientious objector during the war and after.

"We couldn't have another war now", said an intelligent woman to the four, all of whom served with distinction in one or another branch of the service, and two of whom were decorated for bravery. "The men who took part in the last war would refuse to fight in the next."

At first they all agreed. Then, all but one recanted. "Of course they would fight!" they admitted grudgingly, as though submission would be a weakness on their parts. The fourth still insisted that he would remain a conscientious objector.

"Well," went on the determined lady, "there would be enough others to refuse."

Alas, no! How many days does it take a mood, a colored piece of news, a fresh idea, to be propagandized in America. When a majority of newspapers show a solid front for a certain piece of propaganda, what chance has the public? If the press of the country were seriously to decide today that bobbed hair was a menace to the world, what chance would the poor women have for continued comfort? Should a "righteous" war seem necessary to the great political forces tomorrow, in one day, two days, surely not more than a week, the pulse of the country would leap, the heart would pound, the emotions would flood the brain, and recruits would pour forth from every door in the land. Nothing has changed. Even the lady who sat there so calmly limiting the probabilities of national conflict would be found on a street corner cheering marching troops, with a heart overflowing with genuine patriotism and eyes filled with honest tears at the sight of brass buttons and the sound of bugles blowing the call to save

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the world for something — no matter for what — perhaps for the next war after the next war! "The Great White Father" of any country can lead his country into any war.

THE PRIZE NOVEL

A FORTUNE in prizes is being offered by the publishers, motion picture companies, and literary agents. Next season prize novels will be plentiful. They will doubtless be as varied in manner and contents as the boards of judges who award them. Those boards, as a matter of fact, are not especially varied. For the most part, the donors of the blue ribbons have chosen men and women of public renown in the literary world, whose solidity of opinion is a known quantity.

There is more back of this giving of prizes than a mere desire on the part of the purveyors of reading matter to discover and to secure new novelists. The public apparently has desired prize novels. Presently it may discover that it has too many of them and the balloon will be pierced; but meanwhile, its adult infantilism unblushingly displayed, it wants to be told what to read.

This setting up of literary gods is only another sign of intellectual growing pains. One might well say, "For heaven's sake, why don't you decide for yourself what books you want to read?" That attitude will come in time. Like the child who first asks questions and accepts the answers, we are now docile as we read prize novels. This is partly because they have been fairly good; but let many more prize novels like "Mannequin" come along and the country will grow up with a vengeance. It will no longer care to be furnished with blue label fiction. It will do its own bookmaking, its own betting, its own jockeying in the best seller race. That the judgment of the public will prove better than that of the judges does not seem likely. But let the reverend dons do their work cleverly enough and the day may be long deferred when readers take things into their own hands. It is, however, an inevitable day. Some publisher will awaken some morning with a prize novel that will be as dismal a failure as his more unheralded and unpopular title. Meanwhile, bring on your prize novels!

THE MOTION PICTURES — THEME AND CHARACTERIZATION

THE great motion picture companies, in rejecting a first rate melodrama by a first rate novelist, said to him recently, "We no longer want stories, we are looking for theme and characterization." This statement may be true. It is true from the surface viewpoint. Does it mean that we are to have motion pictures without melodrama? Does it mean that realism will be rampant in the cinema palaces? "Variety", "The Big Parade", "Stella Dallas", they say have theme and characterization. To be sure; but every one of them has its firm bones of plot, its sweep of story — in all three cases one of the oldest stories in the world. What the motion pictures have suddenly discovered is what the best novelists must always discover before they ride to fame: that almost any plot will do, but that they must create real human beings to go through the convolutions of their plot. The moving picture studios can create their own plots. What they cannot create is character.

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Here, then, is the merchandise which they wish to buy from the authors.

Let them beware, however, of two things. First, they must remember that the public really wants a story, always wants a story, and that nothing in the way of dramatic or pictorial entertainment is ever hugely successful without a story. Second, that when they purchase for thousands of dollars "An American Tragedy", "Porgy", "Walls of Glass", they have purchased characters molded by expert technicians to fit the bones of a certain plot. Attempt to change that plot, give it to a scenarist versed in the building of melodrama, of humorous "gags", of the manifold tricks of his trade, and the character may disappear. Put it in the hands of a director or an actor who does not visualize the depth and the truth of his character, and that character may undergo a sea change. Great novels, great pictures, are not synthetic — they are creations.

This problem is one so complicated and so delicate that it challenges the imagination. One of the most interesting things to which we may look forward in the next year is the result of the genuine attempts of the better class motion picture companies to produce this new type of film. Will they, by some miracle, preserve "theme and characterization"; will they, perhaps, derive from the old characters new ones which transcend the author's idea and create motion picture authors from directors; or will they neglect the opportunity which they have created for themselves? Will they fall back on easy and conventional habits to suit the needs of a public which wants to see handsome men and women acting like human beings in stories which they can believe — but, mind you, in *stories!*

THE WHITE GODDESS AGAIN

"SIMPLY Can't Tell the Truth Admits Editor of BOOKMAN", was the headline under which a mid-western paper commented on a recent BOOKMAN editorial on rejection slips and letters. There is much that might be said by an editor personally on this subject. There would be anecdote after anecdote to illustrate the difficulties of forming a judgment on a specific manuscript in such a way as to present the judgment to an author without either hurting his feelings or disturbing the progress of his work. However, there is actually only one thing to be said from the official standpoint. A magazine editor or the editor of a publishing house has no right to offer an official opinion of a rejected manuscript, because rejection by him is Nay from one magazine or one publishing house alone. There may be countless other magazines or publishing houses which would be glad to have the manuscript, which could use it with enthusiasm and with profit.

There arises, in this connection, an interesting problem related to changes in a manuscript suggested by an editor to an author. Most magazines, it is true, have certain general rules of spelling and punctuation which are followed. In the main, however, the less an author's work is changed, the better for all concerned. One of the best known veteran short story writers in America recently said that the editor who spends much time in rewriting manuscripts is usually incompetent and inefficient and does not know what the real business of editing is. On the other hand, a beginning author can often be helped by advice and correction from editorial advisers of one sort and another. No editor, however, should attempt to force changes on an author. If the au-

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thor does not see the justice of a change, it will never become an integral part of his manuscript; the manuscript should either be printed without the change or rejected. The author who makes changes to please an editor without feeling them himself is also at fault.

Turning from the editorial chair for a moment, let me relate a personal experience. We had published the work of a most promising writer. In spite of excellent promotion his books had not made an impression on the public. After consulting many readers, among them several first rate writers, outside the office staff, we decided to try to be frank with him. He said the one thing in the world he wanted was frankness. Remember, this was an author whom we, as publishers, wanted to keep, about whom I was personally enthusiastic. A luncheon was arranged. After preliminary chatter I attempted to explain our ideas. I asked him if he wanted to see the reports. He did. As I talked he became redder and redder. I sensed danger. After he had read several reports he arose in total uncontrol.

"You're all a bunch of nincompoops!" was his answer to honest pains. We lost that author.

THE MAGAZINE SERIAL

"AUTHORS who can write good magazine serials can be counted on the fingers of one hand", said a famous editor of a popular fiction magazine. "Often an excellent novelist writes one or two books during his career which are good serials; but a good novel is often not a good serial and, as a rule, the best serials from a magazine standpoint are not, in the best sense of the term, good novels."

This point of view leads us to a discussion of Sinclair Lewis's "Mantrap", as engaging a piece of light fiction as has appeared for many a day, and an excellent serial when it appeared in "Collier's". If an author has the technical facility to write two types of books there is little reason for reviewers or critics to patronize him. Great authors have always frolicked. Why should we not enjoy their frolics? Arnold Bennett can turn from "The Old Wives' Tale" to "Buried Alive" with facility. London acclaimed "Mantrap" for what it was. Lewis is a shrewd psychologist. He is also a caricaturist and humorist; a bold creator of deft social satire. It is not our business to ascertain whether Mr. Lewis wrote the book for relaxation or cash. The result is what we have to consider — and it is good, within the limits which its author set himself at the start.

Another author who has a technique facile enough to write a novel of fine proportions and a genially romantic serial is Kathleen Norris. She sometimes accomplishes both at the same stroke, which seems to be the case with "Hildegarde", currently serializing. It has been said that most readers of serials in the magazines are not also readers of novels. This statement is questionable. It is true that many persons do not read their favorite novelists in serial form because, knowing that magazines must make radical cuts in a book in order to present it in serial form, they prefer to enjoy their books intact. On the other hand, there are many persons who taste a serial in order to choose their later reading. As long as there is a public for magazines there will be a public for serials, and their construction, although limited by rigorous technical limitations, is an art in its way.

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ENGLAND AND AMERICA

By Leon Kelley

"IT is with feelings of deep regret that I observe the literary animosity daily growing up between England and America." This quaint deprecation, with the peaceable essay which it ushered in, was written a century ago by Washington Irving. Behind its genial phrases and its polite gusto lingered a palpable signal like the rumble of a storm that never comes. England with solemn pomp was approaching the high noon of far flung commerce and empire. America, in the self consciousness of adolescence, was waking to the dawn of a splendid vitality which has not, even yet, swung to its meridian. What a long time ago that eloquent and traveled American spoke up! It is too bad his cautions are still needful of vigorous reiteration.

Irving enjoyed a robust point of view. It was tempered by a sedative though graceful style, an embracing sympathy, convivial habits, a gentleman's manners delicately nice. Under the nineteenth century glaze with which the times had candied him, the artist's thoughts were modified by the, in some ways, more practical wisdom derived from changeable diplomatic and business enterprises in Madrid, Paris, and London. Witness the effect of his middle years. On the last trip to Spain, at fifty nine, he declined public dinners in New York, Liverpool, and Glasgow, and though he was obliged to attend the Queen's London ball, he observed that her gold crown "weighed heavy on her brow", and that Prince Albert "speaks English very well".

The urbane young gentleman who, in those earlier experiences, was delighted by "the lovely women of Madrid", knew his way, we may assume, about London. Indeed, what could have been more perspicacious — if there was any significance in an American's thoughts — than his good humored sally: "He [John Bull] is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbors' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice. . . ."

As usual, the past year yielded its gilt crop of writings on America, particularly on American art, by English men and women. We Americans are blessed, as it were, with our full share of annual advice. And it should be said, besides, that a great deal of this is taken too seriously in America — with too much dudgeon. We are a remarkable people for national defense! However, it is hardly possible to take in less than a serious minded attitude the frank observation which is quoted from a paper written by an English book reviewer, and published in America, as follows:

> *It* [American criticism] *reminds me of nothing so much as that aggressive imperialism of pre-war Germany, bursting with the desire to pick a quarrel and never caring whether the cause was just.*

To be sure, to resent this would be absurd. The writer in question was John Middleton Murry. His article of rebuke, "An Englishman Presumes", was a specimen of precisely what

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Irving deplored. In so far as a theme was continuously presented, it appeared to take shape in such periods as these:

"America", Mr. Murry was pleased to say, "is all but omnipotent, politically and financially, in the modern world; and the consciousness of this quasi-omnipotence seems to have made particularly acute a sense of inferiority in matters spiritual." That he should have added, "It seems to me highly doubtful whether, in reality, the inferiority exists: but now more than ever before Americans appear to me to behave as though it does", only drove home, by an old fashioned literary device, the blunt wedge of his opinion that we are hopeless sufferers from an "inferiority complex" which, we are to infer, operates specifically within our relations to England and everything British.

As a matter of regulating one's emotions it is well, at this point, to turn back to Washington Irving. For it is not intended to dwell here too especially upon Mr. Murry's rather inflammable words just because Mr. Murry wrote them. His has been cited merely as the most readily noticed voice in the garrulous chorus from London. And what is still more to be regretted is that so many Americans should be rattling their scabbards in the useless and mischievous attempt — which, as Mr. Murry said, "has lately grown so vehement" — to refute and "accuse" those English writers and reviewers who choose to address themselves to us in this unbecoming way and who somehow keep on getting into the American press. . . . The Boston Tea Party, it should be announced, is over.

Someone has said that, among themselves, many English writers and journalists lay about one another's heads severely, and therefore it is hard for them to appreciate why Americans should object when their criticism, too often made with a tone of condescension, is directed against us. We have no right to fancy that in America the amenities of print have been cultivated more subtly than in England. Not all contemporary English men of letters are so thoughtless; to mention only one of many, for example, Hugh Walpole cannot be said to rouse any but the happiest feelings in his remarks on American productions, notably the works of James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer. Would there were a greater number of Mr. Walpole's breed in both countries.

But there was Washington Irving. His essay, "English Writers on America", is worth reading again at just about this time. "Where no motives of pride or interest intervene, none can equal them", he wrote, and it should be remembered that he alluded throughout not only to English travelers but also to writers, and indeed to Englishmen in general; ". . . but when either the interest or reputation of their own country comes in collision with that of another, they go to the opposite extreme, and forget their usual probity and candor, in the indulgence of splenetic remark, and an illiberal spirit of ridicule". It was not the Englishman's probity but his prejudices that Irving distrusted. In the Englishman's attitude toward America there may have been disappointment, Irving thought, due to unrealized expectations of gold and silver gain; or, on the other hand, he suggested, this attitude may have been merely an arrogance inflated by well intended American hospitality. Anyway, he insisted, it was to be regretted. England (he wrote a hundred years ago) was "instilling anger and resentment into the bosom of a youth-

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ful nation, to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength". "The mere contests of the sword are temporary", he warned; ". . . but the slanders of the pen pierce to the heart."

Irving had none but the highest cause of amity for saying these things. His early associations among Englishmen were pleasant enough. It is true that everything he wrote in England, before "The Sketch Book" appeared there, was sent to America for publication; in 1848 he said reminiscently that he had been deterred from bringing out these pieces in England "by the severity with which American productions had been treated by the British press". As everyone knows, the success of "The Sketch Book" in America was immediate. But Irving had some difficulty introducing it in London. Sir Walter Scott finally engaged for him the favors of John Murray, the liberal bookseller, after the failure of Irving's obstinate private venture with the book. The unexpected warmth of its reception when presented to London by Murray in 1820, and the new friendships which appeared, bred in Irving a very special affection for these people.

However, it is significant that Irving loved and was loved in other countries. As a youngster, during his first European visit, he had tasted Paris so completely as to find himself explaining his neglect of letter writing by saying that he was "a young man, and in Paris". He had lived in Rome and Naples, in Genoa and Bordeaux. Irving drank inspiration at these wells three years before writing "A History of New York". He was never a mere tourist; he entered the life at hand. Observe, moreover, that soon after Murray had published the English edition of "The Sketch Book" Irving removed himself to Paris; indeed, most of his time was spent there and in Dresden and Prague until 1826, when, as an attaché of the Madrid legation, he immersed himself in a translation of M. Navarrete's "Voyages of Columbus". He saw little of London until he was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James, almost four years later.

His loyalty was never swayed, in his travels, by new affections; he refused downright, at one time, to contribute to "The London Quarterly", because it had "always been so hostile to my country, I cannot draw a pen in its service". Though many of his dearest friends were English men and women, though he was "medalled by the King, honored by the university", accepted in the most fashionable literary coteries and drawing rooms, Irving's love for his own people was all the greater when he returned to embrace and be embraced by New York. None other had been extended a more rousing welcome, a more impetuously bestowed fame.

"All the writers of England united," Irving had declared, "if we could for a moment suppose their great minds stooping to so unworthy a combination, could not conceal our rapidly-growing importance and matchless prosperity." In no uncertain language, Irving decried the aspersions of the English pen and press, and deplored the inimical reactions which were set up by these in the States, breaking a "golden band of kindred sympathies". As if in anticipation of the Mr. Murrys of today, Irving said: "Perhaps it is for the best — it may dispel an illusion which might have kept us in mental vassalage; which might have interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride."

Some American and foreign writers are endeavoring to place their own peculiar constructions upon American

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life, of which they really know only the most superficial aspects. No matter. Who is there today to deny that America long ago shattered within its national consciousness all sense of inferiority to the older countries from which it has drawn so much of its animal tissue? We have with us, and likely always shall have, the handful of those who chatter about the superiority of one or another foreign accomplishment. But those of us that rub elbows year after year with the blood and flesh of America's swarming, toiling life — and in particular the vast tides of the masses — realize full well that we have too much else to engage us, that we possess too much of the stuff of the new world's courage and strength and faith to be bothering about darkling "inferiority complexes" soberly diagnosed in our disturbing case by the "doctors" of the old world. This, above all, emphatically is the unadorned and beautiful truth of the matter with special reference to the huge, coruscating impulses observable in the productions of our art.

One of the most noticeable statements made by Mr. Murry was this: "America had not yet gained the courage of its own convictions; nor did it" (in considering some years ago the recognition paid Walt Whitman in England) "resent the fact that England remained the final court of critical appeal. Why is it resented now?"

Oh, if only Walt were living today!

Perhaps after all it is the fate of this poor innocent question — whether, indeed, England is final court of appeal on American art — to go ringing emptily, disembodied like an insane laughter, down the corridors of the centuries forever. At this late day it should not be resented. There are however a number of Americans, in the west, midwest, and east, prepared to deny England such a high judicial position. To say this is not to take any part in "a paltry and an unprofitable contest"; to say this is not being "fretted into petulance, rather than warmed into indignation". Indeed, neither Irving's idea of petulance, nor his idea of indignation, enters precisely here. This is the essence of the thing: There are a number of us who are quite well prepared to demonstrate that it is only America (and not a tithe concerning England) which forces itself upon the new American artist. And what concerns the artist must concern the critic.

The modern English writer will do well to heed Irving, and take stock of history. He might reflect upon the unhappy careers of, among others, Percy Bysshe Shelley and Lord Byron; Mr. Pennell's Whistler and Mr. Brooks's James; yes, and Mr. Cannan's Butler. He might cool his tongue with a profound study of his Hogarth, puritanized by English contemporaries; and in that connection he should read Mr. Pach's Elie Faure, or at least consult the original text. If it is the English writer's honest desire to discuss America with candor, he should first live a few years intimately among our people . . . and read Walt Whitman's "Our Eminent Visitors", and his "British Literature", in "Collect".

What many present day Englishmen evidently fail to grasp is the full significance of the fact that we have here an indomitable and unprecedented national energy which, turning from the ruder accomplishments of clearing land, building enormous cities, and establishing monstrous corporations, has been gradually directing itself elsewhere. Much of this energy is right now being dissipated in a thousand futilities, including foolish, hasty

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tours of France and England, taken for the most part by children of all ages, let out, as it were, from schools of various sorts. The bulk of it, however, is heaving beneath the crust of our art (in music, painting, architecture, and writing). It is laboring as relentlessly as the mighty upwarping that with the inevitability of nature unpens itself in the birth of some new chain of tall mountains. So our art will one day proudly lift glistening white pinnacles to the world at large, monumentally signalizing America. Even so, American art will have come early; many of its seers have already been here and have passed on, leaving behind them noble forecasts of what, in art, this nation is still gestating.

Our American art must be of ourselves; we must be its judges until it has more definitely assumed an arrangement of its own; then others will judge less inadvertently. The men and women who are today struggling with it have in hand the greatest task in history; that they are moving onward through chaos (which like a fog bank will vanish) is apparent on every side. Even counting C. B. Brown, Irving really began it. See what has been done in these hundred years. Another hundred is not too much to ask.

Meanwhile let us, too, heed Irving. We owe it to ourselves to hold back such expressions of hostility as have "lately grown so vehement". "Our retorts", Irving said, "are never republished in England; they fall short, therefore, of their aim; but they foster a querulous and peevish temper among our writers. . . ."

To such a deprecation as his, no better conclusion can be affixed than Irving's: "Let it be the pride of our writers, therefore, discarding all feelings of irritation, and disdaining to retaliate the illiberality of British authors, to speak of the English nation without prejudice, and with determined candor. While they rebuke the indiscriminating bigotry with which some of our countrymen admire and imitate everything English, merely because it is English, let them frankly point out what is really worthy of approbation. We may thus place England before us as a perpetual volume of reference, wherein are recorded sound deductions from ages of experience; and while we avoid the errors and absurdities which may have crept into the page, we may draw thence golden maxims of practical wisdom, wherewith to strengthen and embellish our national character." Let us sound this tocsin. We must emerge definitely from the vapors of hostile and futile concern with what some English writers say. We should preoccupy ourselves with our private concerns — which exist in abundance. If there are any Americans who, for our national good, can help to propagate amity between peoples, surely they must be our literary men and women.

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THE SOCIAL CRITIC IN EDNA FERBER

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

THIS handsome affair is an advance copy of "Show Boat" and hasn't got a jacket. I don't know, therefore, what the blurb will be, but in the publisher's place I should simply print: "'Show Boat' by Edna Ferber. So much bigger — " and sign my name.

If Edna objected, I'd say: "Look here; the book is yours, but the jacket's mine. I can say what I like." She's a square shooter.

She's a whole lot more, of course.

I'd say: "For the land's sakes! Don't you remember when you finished 'So Big' and were so sure nobody would be interested in a middle aged woman who wore calico and had wispy hair and bad teeth, the grubby heroine of a truck farm south of Chicago? Yeah, exactly. Russell Doubleday had to beg you to let your publishers read it. . . . And now you've finished 'Show Boat' you think all there is to reviewing it is to say, 'Not so big.' Well, if you punctuate that, 'Not "So Big" ' maybe you've said something. But that's to give it a whole lot of praise. You might as well face the facts, Edna. You're what they call, when they don't mean maybe, an artist. If there ever was a time when you could turn out a duplicate or two, it is fled. Now about 'Show Boat'—" and then I'd open up with my big scene, *so* and so and *so* and so and *so* and so (see pages 158 and 165).

Edna looking very profile-ish, not to say ingenue-ish on account of wearing a white fichu — but that was last spring. It takes people like Henry B. Sell and Charles Hanson Towne to tell what the woman will wear. But here's the weather prediction: Fair and Ferber.

In the last pages of "Show Boat" there is manifest the same contempt for correctly patterned existences that Miss Ferber displayed in "So Big". It was, in a way, the whole point of the earlier novel; it is incidental in "Show Boat". But begin with the last two lines on page 389 and read the next four pages; it's all there. The modern actresses who give "a fine performance"; the marriage that is "successful and happy and very nice"; the "intelligent, well thought out and right" sort of thing — how is all this different from the fate of Dirk DeJong? Both are a kind of sham.

Now it so happens that Miss Ferber herself, when not more deeply engaged, plays around with the people thus accurately pictured. She goes to their gatherings for social purposes; she does not heartily avoid Alexander Woollcott and Heywood Broun; she has been seen in the Hotel Algonquin, New York. Why this turning and rending? — but, of course, the answer is that she is telling how the milieu affected Magnolia Ravenal, child of a Mississippi show boat man, wife of a professional gambler, and then a successful actress in variety. Is that all? No; Miss Ferber is, to an extent, giving us her personal point of view, I'll wager. But the

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Edna Ferber

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importance of being earnest is as nothing compared with the wisdom of not being earnest. Miss Ferber's attitude, if I guess right, is that of one who says with directness and simplicity: "I like it", adding, almost as an afterthought: "Of course, it isn't real." Then you will see her and Kathleen Norris over in the corner and you'll ask: "What are those girls giggling about?"

They are pursuing the only sane technique in a world that has a lot of shams — and some most delightful ones, if you haven't a reformation complex. Let the realists rage, and let Theodore Dreiser unimagine everything; sham can assume a thousand shapes and will, in the end, be discovered leering gargoylishly at all of us who think we have it licked.

A tacit recognition of this fact distinguishes "Show Boat" from "So Big" and marks the real "advance" (as reviewer jargon has it) of the author. I am writing well before the publication of "Show Boat" and I think it will be amusing to consider the various comment the novel may elicit. When this article appears any who read it may check my forecast by the actual reviews of the book. If I'm totally mistaken, that will be funnier still; my real reason for going about my task in this fashion is to get at the truth regarding the books and their author.

In the first place, a lot of reviewers are going to be greatly puzzled by "Show Boat" and are going to indulge in virtuous acclaim. That, they'll feel, can't be going wrong. Well, it won't be going wrong, but it won't get anywhere, either. A small percentage of the puzzled ones will announce that the new novel is inferior to "So Big". This will mean that they can't see the story's Purpose or Lesson or Moral. To go back a moment to "So Big": they were never at a loss in reading *that*. Dirk DeJong was any person of finite and limited ambitions, a worshiper of the Lesser Gods, a scooper of handfuls of dust instead of a reacher toward the stars. Selina, his mother, was any person of the opposite sort. And the Lesson was conclusively in favor of Selina. To the Dirks of the world, architecture would only be the worrisome problem of space for plumbing in many-storied office buildings. To the Selinas, architecture is not only frozen music but perpetuated prayer.

This was all very well, but actually the Dirk DeJongs are for the most part entirely satisfied with their finitudes, complacent over their compromises; nay, sure with an unshakable sureness that they have chosen the better way, that theirs is a more perfect existence. And so, in "Show Boat", Miss Ferber has shown Kim Ravenal and her husband, Kenneth Cameron, calm in the face of Kim's mother's criticism. Their self satisfaction can, indeed, only be increased by contact with the life which nurtured Magnolia Ravenal. An old show boat on the Mississippi River; flies and mud — that's all they can make of it. It never occurs to Kim and Ken that the half million dollars the show boat has earned should be put to any derivative use. Suppose by some magic of industry Selina DeJong had made her cabbages yield a half million; can you see Dirk DeJong going back to his correct little apartment and flinging himself despairingly on the bed? No, on scrupulous examination we shall have to admit a probable psychological flaw in "So Big" rectified in "Show Boat". But because the rectification, like most of life's, shows a parabola where there was a comfortingly straight line, a certain number of us are going to lose our sense of direction. We are going to say: "Yes, but what does it *mean?*" Why, it means

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simply this: that Miss Ferber's honesty keeps pace with her closer perception.

Perhaps the finest thing about "Show Boat" is that it condemns no one, even by implication, as Dirk DeJong was condemned. The new novel contains some highly unattractive characters — unattractive personally, that is, or at least morally. Surely Gaylord Ravenal, Magnolia's charming husband who winds up by deserting her, is as near a villain as anyone in the story. But it cannot be said that he is offered up for our private judgment, and we shall be unwary if we pass judgment on him. Magnolia, entirely admirable, loved him; and even drones have a place in the beehive.

Some criticism of "Show Boat" will concern itself with the mention of living persons. This is, on the technical side, always a doubtful business, because the reader may have notions of his own about those persons that interfere with the author's presentation of them. Miss Ferber avoids this difficulty pretty well, because all her living and actual persons are mere passing references, atmosphere, as if she had mentioned the wall seats at the Algonquin or the books in somebody's apartment. There is one exception — Alexander Woollcott is used for an anecdote, but there's no harm in using a chap when he's in his anecdotage. Once Miss Ferber refers to Bobby Jones, which is casual even for a contemporary, but the context makes it clear that she doesn't mean the golfer. I think, in view of the reverent interest of all Americans in the life literary, it had been kind to sprinkle the end of "Show Boat" with footnotes; because while everybody in America quite undoubtedly knows that "Lunt" is Alfred Lunt, and "Fontanne" is Lynn Fontanne, just as they know who Cissie Loftus was, several people in North Dakota will not identify "the Swopes" as the veritable Herbert Bayard Swopes or "the Paynes" as the John Howard Paynes, the authors of "Home, Sweet Home", etc.

Possibly in the minds of some reviewers and readers a question of taste will arise in this connection; but it should not, and for this reason: Such a question could be entertained only if some of the subjects were annoyed. None will be. Those who were left out will murmur, "Bad taste." But they should exercise restraint. There may be other novels.

We need not distress ourselves with those reviews of "Show Boat" which will tell that Miss Ferber has written an epic of the Mississippi, or institute the inevitable comparison with Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi". I was a book reviewer for years and you have my word for it, one can do this sort of thing with his eyes shut. What may not be so immediately clear is that in three novels — "The Girls", "So Big", and "Show Boat" — Miss Ferber has written a sort of composite novel of Chicago without making the matter a conscious enterprise, as Frank Norris, perhaps necessarily, did in "The Pit". The Chicago stuff in "Show Boat" is so good that almost for the first time the non-Chicagoan, like myself, inclines to put the town in the small number of American cities that have a tradition. There is another feature shared by Miss Ferber's novels. She has in each case told the story of more than one generation. But the most interesting thing is the decided shift in her point of view toward the youngest generation.

We'll have to define that term a little more exactly, which can be done by saying that it refers to men and women still in their twenties, perhaps, but not under them. Now the point of view

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in "The Girls", unless I am dumber than I think, was on the whole one of approval. That is, Miss Ferber felt, and wanted you to feel, that the third generation pretty well knew what it was about and would handle its affairs more capably than its immediate forerunners. In "So Big" the attitude had changed; Miss Ferber, watching the generation critically, raised a large question mark against it. And in "Show Boat" the question mark has been rubbed out; a significant underscoring, lightly penciled, takes its place. Miss Ferber has taken the measurements of this present crowd and invites you to do the same.

Everyone knows that Edna Ferber was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and grew up in Appleton, Wisconsin, which is, properly speaking, her home town. From high school she went to work as reporter for the local paper; two years later she was working on a Milwaukee journal; after four years of that, overwork extended a two weeks' vacation to a year at home. She wrote her first short story and sold it to a magazine for $62.50. Time, sixteen years ago. In those sixteen years she has become one of the highest priced and most valued short story writers and her long fiction commands sums proportionately as great, or possibly somewhat greater.

To say that with "So Big" she became a best seller is scarcely adequate, since any book that sells 50,000 copies is a best seller, and the story of Selina did at least four times as well as that. Miss Ferber had not the help of a single big hit early in her career; she did not suddenly become a vogue; and she is probably as little the beneficiary of accident and good luck as any successful living writer. What she has achieved — with a rapidity astonishing in the circumstances — she has achieved solely by her abilites and deliberate hard work. "Show Boat", of course, rides to a sale certain and large on the wave from "So Big"; but above 50,000 copies it must make its way by its own merits. However, they happen to be plentiful.

They are the same merits that Miss Ferber's work has consistently displayed, but in this novel they are without the sharpened point of the short story or the foreshortening, for the sake of intensity, used in "So Big". In the story of Selina and her son Miss Ferber put down, in the very first chapter, what was to come, all that toward which the whole story would tend. But the first chapter of "Show Boat" offers no such direction post. It names, but does not introduce, Kim Ravenal, receding instantly to the night of her birth and presenting in detail exactly two persons, Kim's mother, Magnolia, and Magnolia's mother, the Cromwellian Parthenia Ann Hawkes. Why? These two ladies, not the accidental Kim, are to be the chief persons of the novel; the heroines, in fact. After page 24 and the exciting night of Kim's advent we go back to Magnolia's childhood and on page 228 we find her marrying the scamp who is to become Kim's father. Then, for several pages, we have various scenes from future time; with the last two lines of page 236 we come back to the chronological order and continue with Magnolia's marriage and Kim's childhood to the bottom of page 365. The story now jumps a quarter of a century, or nearly. The curtain goes up on Kim Ravenal, one of the leading actresses of the New York stage. The thirty remaining pages are chronological and cover a comparatively short time.

I really didn't mean to involve myself in the time chart above, but if such liberties with time throw you off and you haven't yet read "Show Boat",

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clip the paragraph; it may be useful. Confusion of time has made all readers of Conrad assume that his finest novel is inferior and unimportant. And Miss Ferber's purposeful fooling is likely to obscure, for some, the qualities of "Show Boat".

For if, as was my experience, you are less impressed on finishing "Show Boat" than you were with the last page of "So Big", arrest for a little while your judgment; it is possible that your experience will continue to parallel mine and you will find yourself, after a day or two, fully convinced that "Show Boat" is the better book. Your thoughts will go back over the hundreds of scenes of the story and your imagination will find lively exercise on the players — not simply the half dozen principals, but the dozen or so lesser members of the cast. You will consider that the opening chapter, dramatic and picturesque in itself, was the only device by which the book could be pinned together — the special difficulty being no fault of Miss Ferber's but the fault of two generations as unlike as Kim's and her mother's. And your final reflections, the most exciting of all, will concern Miss Ferber.

How far she has gone! — and I don't mean copies sold or cents per word. She has always, to an extent not excelled and perhaps not equaled by any contemporary, had the power of apperception and precise measurement. There are one or two others who can photograph as instantly and completely; it seems to me that at the moment I can think of no one who handles the resulting strip of film with so much skill. For consider: All of "Show Boat" to page 366 serves two purposes. The first is that of a work of art for its own sake, the rescue of the authentic color and feeling from a vanishing existence in interior America. But the second purpose is to show, as nothing else could show, the littleness, the smugness, the perfectionism and fatuous complacency of the New York life depicted in the last thirty pages. No text is given out, no sermon is preached, no judgment is passed; a series of vivid pictures does the trick. I don't think we need more evidence.

Edna Ferber has gone astonishingly far in another direction; for by virtue of "So Big" followed by "Show Boat" she now stands forth as the keenest social critic among our fiction writers. She evidently gets perspective faster than any of her contemporaries and she uses it with more effect. Hers is a priceless gift, whether exercised in the spontaneity of friendly talk or by labor at the typewriter from nine until four.

— And I don't care! A passionate preoccupation with human beings *is* necessary to make a novelist. It may be genteel, like Jane Austen's, or robust, like Dickens's, or insinuative, like Joseph Conrad's, or anatomical, like Mr. Dreiser's, but it's the without-which-not. Always, there must be the incurable zest; always, there must be the power to delight the faculty of recognition which does such serviceable substitution for imagination in the majority of mankind. Granted this gusto, the chance exists that the person tending to express it in writing will become a good writer; be it nonexistent, the most that can be hoped for is fine writing, pure literature, belles lettres, and other disguises. Miss Ferber has not yet had a subject worthy of her developed powers; when all is said, "Show Boat" is, for her, simply "a fine performance" (I say it though she slay me), a wide and handsome step up. But when it comes to the future, you can't get odds against her.

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NOTE ON A NOVEL

By H. G. Wells

This is the preface preceding the title page in "The World of William Clissold" by H. G. Wells, which the author describes as "a novel at a new angle".

NOVELS with prefaces are like pictures with inscriptions below them; there is a confession that something was left over and had to be expressed by an addendum. But the note which is offered here is not a preface so much as a protest, and in token thereof it is put before the title page and does not figure in the list of contents. It is a protest against certain stock tricks of the book reviewer and certain prevalent vulgarities about books. They concern the treatment of opinion in works of fiction and what is called "putting people into novels".

This book, then, "The World of William Clissold", is a novel. It is claimed to be a complete full dress novel, that and nothing more. William Clissold is a fictitious character, and his thoughts and ideas throughout are the thoughts and ideas natural to his mental and social type. His is, to the best of his author's ability, his own self and not his author's self, in his emotional reactions, in his hard wilfulness, in his faith, in his political ideas, in his judgments. He is a specimen of modern liberalism, using liberalism in its broadest sense. He is a study of a modern type seeking expression and modes of self realization. His circumstances and his views are fitted together with the utmost care to make one consistent personality. His views run very close at times — but not always — to the views his author has, in his own person, expressed; nevertheless is it too much to ask that they should be treated here as his own? Naturally his point of view is like Mr. Wells's. That was to be expected. How can one imagine and invent the whole interior world of an uncongenial type? Every author must write of the reactions he knows; he must be close enough to them to feel them sympathetically. It is unreasonable to expect the author of this book to write of the inner life of such people as the devout Mr. Belloc, for example, or the aristocratic Duke of Northumberland, or the political Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He can only comment on such types from an inaccessible remoteness, attack them, admire them, state his differences from them. Their ultimate processes are inconceivable to him. There never was a character created by an imaginative author from the inside which did not contain this quite unavoidable element of self projection. Even Hamlet is believed to be a self projection of Shakespeare. But while this is forgiven and taken for granted in the criticism of most authors, it is made a sort of standing charge against the present writer. It would be a great kindness to a no doubt undeserving author, if in this instance William Clissold could be treated as William Clissold, and if Mr. Wells could be spared the standard charge of having changed his views afresh, and so forth and so on, because William Clissold sees

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many things from a different angle than did Mr. Polly, George Ponderevo, Susan Ponderevo, Mr. Preemby, Dr. Devizes, Dr. Martineau, Remington, Kipps, the artilleryman in "The War of the Worlds", Uncle Nobby, Benham, Billy Prothero, and the many other characters who have been identified as mouthpieces and exponents of Mr. Wells's scandalously varied views and attitudes. And it is a point worth considering in this period of successful personal memoirs, that if the author had wanted to write a mental autobiography instead of a novel, there is no conceivable reason why he should not have done so.

Clearly he did not want to do so.

Which brings us to the second point in this intimate but necessary plea. This is not a *roman à clef*. It is a work of fiction, purely and completely. One thing which is something of an innovation has to be noted. A great number of real people are actually named in this story. It is, the author submits, impossible to get the full effect of contemporary life in which living ideas and movements play a dominant part, without doing that. You cannot have a man like William Clissold going about the world of today and never meeting anybody one has ever heard of. Some of these living personages are not only mentioned but more or less described. But always under their proper names. Dr. Jung is made to talk in a London flat. It is very much as he talked in a London flat. He appears because certain original ideas of his have been taken and woven into the Clissold point of view, and it was at once ungracious not to acknowledge the far reaching suggestions that came from him and clumsy and self important to make a footnote or a prefatory note. Shaw again, the Shaw of the eighties, blows into a Kensington evening and Keynes lunches with Clissold. These are affectionate hospitalities; they do not wound nor injure and can awaken no resentment.

With one transparent exception, the vignette of a great scientific man at home in Book I, which is partially a portrait, every character that appears in the book under a fictitious name is an entirely fictitious character. The more nearly they may approach to living instances, the more fictitious they are. They say and do things that living people are saying and doing. That is inevitable in a picture of contemporary life. If one were to write a story in which a Prime Minister had to figure during the Balfour régime, it would be necessary to have a Prime Minister rather like Lord Balfour — or everything would have to be different. If an August Personage has to descend into the narrative, it would have to be drawn to the figure of the August Personage of the period. A beggar or a policeman must be something like some beggar or policeman one actually knows. People must be more or less similar to real people up and down the scale, so long as one is writing a novel and not a fantasy. But though you made your Prime Minister as Balfouresque as possible or your Prince as princely, it would be for atmosphere and not for statement, and the last imputation that is permissible against a novelist is that he is trying to say or insinuate this or that about an individual without daring to say it plainly and directly to the proper address. Cannot this sort of imputation be checked? Cannot those who criticize books and write about books cease to pander to that favorite amusement of vulgar, half educated, curious but ill informed people, the hunt for the imaginary "originals" of every fictitious character — who will, for example, discover in the present case that X or Y or Z, who happens to be an advertising specialist, "sat for" the

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brother Dickon of this story for example, or that Lady Steinhart is this or that particular resident in Cannes or Nice — because she has a large garden? And that it is all great fun and very malicious and so forth and not for a moment to be treated as serious literature. This identification of "originals" is an old trick of the Victorian novelist and publisher; it was I suppose an attempt to enhance interest by that faint intimation of libel. It is really not just to the spirit and intention of a book of this type.

An inanimate instance from this book will make the matter clearer without touching upon any personal note. There is written here the most exact and detailed description of the *mas*, which is the scene of nearly the whole novel. Rooms in that house are described, bits of its garden, the view from the windows. It is possible to locate that *mas* within a few miles of Grasse; it is possible to find not one but a score of views closely similar to the view pictured so explicitly, a similar *mas* is to be found. But the actual *mas* no one will ever find, nor the precise rooms, nor the exact view. It does not exist. That view does not exist. It is the case of Mr. Britling's home over again, which everyone who did not know Mr. Wells's home in Essex very well, knew so surely was an exact account of Easton Glebe. The less these identifiers knew about it, the more they appreciated the photographic quality of the picture. The less they knew Mr. Wells, the more certainly they recognized him in Mr. Britling. Enthusiastic strangers still invade Mr. Wells at times with the demand to see the place where he wept when he heard that his eldest son was killed. It is embarrassing to encounter such intrusive sympathy for an entirely imaginary loss. And matters become complicated when "originals" volunteer and surrender to the detectives. A charming contemporary has just confided to the world that she was the "original" of Beatrice in "Tono Bungay". It is the first intimation that has reached the author of this interesting fact. No one would have suspected it.

But this time, may we have a truce to such artless tributes to the novelist's art? It was William Clissold, an entirely fictitious character, who thought out most of the problems of his life and made belated love to his fictitious Clementina in a fictitious *mas* in Provence, and in spite of the entirely imaginary wreckage of an automobile in the road to Thorenc, the author survives. It is no good to look for that stone, with its simple inscription, in the Magagnosc cemetery. To the best of his knowledge and belief the author has never been buried anywhere. Even brother Dickon's allusion to William's good looks is not to be regarded as self revelation. All novelists use actual experiences in their work. They must know things before they tell about them. But all novelists rearrange, sublimate, intensify. One turns over the sketch book of one's memories and uses this and that. One takes a lifted eyebrow here, and a mimosa in flower there. The imagination discovers a certain congruity between some actual situation and some constructive necessity, and works in as much of the situation as it needs. But it alters and rearranges without scruple. The eyebrow is not a portrait; the parallelism of a situation is not a report. Surely there is enough to read in this book without reading between the lines.

And one other question may be glanced at here before this note concludes. There is much discussion of opinion in this book. Does that make it anything but a novel? Is it not

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quite as much "life" to meet and deal with a new idea as to meet and deal with a new lover? Must the characters in our English novels be forevermore as cleaned of thought as a rabbit is of its bowels, before they can be served up for consumption? This book, which contains religious, historical, economic and sociological discussions, which expresses fits of temper and moods of doubt, is at any rate submitted as a novel, as a whole novel and nothing but a novel, as the story of one man's adventure, body, soul and intelligence, in life. If you are the sort of person who will not accept it as a novel then please leave it alone. You are not getting sly peeps at something more real than the reality of art, and your attempts to squint through will only make you squint very unbecomingly.

IT IS NOT EASY

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

IT is not easy, the harvest of the ocean,
Not like wheat to be reaped in a long hot day
With cider under the hedge, not like potatoes
To be dug for leaning down to finger the clay,
Not like apples or almonds with ladders leaning
Against the fruit-filled boughs, not like milk and cream
Drumming into a pail at dawn and evening,
Not like watercress gathered in the current of a stream —

No, for fishing a man must be stout armed and hearted,
Dawn and dark he must harness the wind, he must rein
The unbroken wind to his plow and his furrow
Over his own head may close rolling again.
Rain and sleet he must bear blinded and rocking,
He must fight through long nights when the winds cut like flails,
Haul at the lines and hold to the tiller
And struggle half frozen with storm-maddened sails.

It is not easy, the harvest of the ocean.
A hard life have its gleaners and one often cut short,
But they reap without sowing which is sweet to wild natures
And it is as conquerors that they storm into port —
A hard life but not dull like the life of the farmyard,
The rutted long struggle with niggardly ground.
The sailors go out to the curve of the ocean
And their field has no hedge and their road has no bound!

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THREE INTERESTING SINNERS

By Newman Flower

Ernest Dowson

LITERATURE teems with interesting sinners, and so illogical is genius in provoking beauty out of ugliness, that much that is best in this literature owes its birth to their sin. By all the written and unwritten laws of convention, Ernest Dowson was a sinner. An interesting sinner. But what a figure of pity, and how he hated pity!

There is a little picture of him seared in my mind. It was the only time I saw him at work. He was sitting in a café during one of those evenings of boisterous excitement which immediately followed the opening of the Boer War. He had before him, I remember, a high tumbler of claret. His eyes were half closed, for that terrible craving for alcohol which was beating through his blood had hit him hard that day, and he seemed only partly conscious of the passing and repassing of people about him. His long thin fingers worked in painful travail over the marble top of the table at which he sat.

He fascinated me. He seemed like a piece of wreckage salvaged from some vast destroying storm. His hollow cheeks, his pallor, his thin lips pressed tightly together, the ceaseless writhing of his fingers presented to my mind a picture of acute agony. I wondered why it was that one whose written thoughts had so impressed me could sink down to this hell.

Presently he opened his eyes, but he really saw no one. His lips began muttering things, stupid, incoherent things, and I saw him grope in his vest pocket for a stub of pencil which he ultimately produced. Then he searched as painfully in his coat, produced a wad of letters from which he selected one, and began to scribble wildly on the back of it. He wrote something, crossed it out, scribbled feverishly on again. When he had filled the whole of the side of paper with writing, most of which he crossed out afterward, he turned it over and began writing in pencil across the ink of the letter.

The conventionalist might declare that such a pitiful display were better forgotten. But there was to my mind something awful about this man who still had some sweet and unspoiled corners in his soul unravished by his vice; who sat there fuddled, but singing more sweetly than most of those in London at his time.

Dowson's whole life was hopelessness. It came out in no more acute degree than in his mad infatuation for a restaurant keeper's daughter in Soho. This girl brought out his best poetry. He would go to the restaurant every night and make pretense of eating a simple meal with no other reason for his presence than to watch her. When she talked to him he felt that the sun was burning his universe with beauty, even though he knew that all the while he was hugging to his breast the beast that was tearing the best out of him.

Then he would get up quickly with

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some rapid excuse in an undertone, rush from the restaurant to a haunt of vice, and drink heavily. Thence some ghost of a man would slink home to the poor lodgings, and the tragic brain that still functioned fitfully would give out the lines, delicately shaped, that were the real Dowson.

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion!

Did ever the pen of a weak man give, so generously give, his confession of helplessness to the person he adored? For he worshiped that girl, her uncouth beauty, her red hands; this creature of work shrouded with innocence was a goddess to the better man in him.

He prowled through London's underworld spending his youth, his poor strength, his frail means. He would discover through the comradeship of drinking some literary derelict in a wine shop, and give him all the money he had. Once he emptied his pockets to such a creature whom he had never seen before. It was in a wine shop off the Strand. Some nights afterward he came back to the bar and asked for his erstwhile friend in order that he might pour into his hand the money he had just received for a literary effort. The beneficiary was absent. The proprietor of the wine shop offered to take the money and hand it over. "But", he inquired, "what is the man's name?"

Dowson did not know; he had never bothered to inquire. He had never even wanted to know. For in the backwaters of suffering names are of no account.

The summer came and passed and in autumn he disappeared from his accustomed haunts. He had passed to the East End; to the river side. He haunted lowdown gin palaces frequented by the toughest of seagoing "shellbacks". He bought them beer; would creep westward to sell some literary work written out on tables swabbed with beer, and slink back again, a hurt soul, a lark with a broken wing. Drifting, always drifting, but still aflame in him that passion for the girl in the restaurant to whom he wrote:

But the flowers of the soul, the flowers of the soul
For you and for me bloom never again.

He appeared in Paris. The verve and *élan* of her night life fascinated him, excited him, dragging at his failing store of vitality. The burning fevers of consumption were breaking him down. He struggled fitfully from café to café, sinking like a frail ghost into the leather padded corners under blazing lights, dying — dying certainly and happily in his fashion. And writing all the while with a pen that stole the last pulses of vitality from a dying brain. . . .

And then the last grim chapter. Someone found him in a London wine shop, fainting, and took him home to his lodgings at Catford fifteen miles away. Once there, the last flicker of strength came to him. He rose in his bed exclaiming excitedly that he must write. He plunged into great debauches of reading; he began to devour Dickens volume by volume.

Arthur Symons, in his brilliant memoir penned nearly a quarter of a century ago, describes the last moments of Dowson:

On the last day of his life he sat up talking eagerly till five o'clock in the morning. At the very moment of death he did not know that he was dying. He tried to cough, could not cough, and his heart stopped quietly.

So passed Dowson, the interesting sinner. The man with the big heart that never really broke, because it was so much bigger than his frailties.

I never open his volume of poems

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but there seems to come out of the pages a sadness that clings, an infinite hurt. For I see again Dowson scribbling at that table, I see again the lights of that night, hear once more the noise, and in his lines I find the beautiful sinner:

I will set my sail on a stormy day and cross
the bar and seek
That I have sought and never found, the
exquisite one crown
Which crowns one day with all its calm the
passionate and the weak.

Oscar Wilde

ALTHOUGH there are certain points of similarity between Dowson and Oscar Wilde, there was nevertheless a nobility about Wilde which Dowson never possessed. Dowson in his worst hours dropped into utter despair; Wilde never held his head more proudly than at the height of his suffering.

Wilde was a curious blending of twin personalities. There were two Oscar Wildes, as distinct and separate as if they had been different people. The weakness of the one was atoned for by the beauty of thought and dignity of the other. It has always been a common fault to confuse the two; indeed there is a certain snobbery in Britain — a rather aggressive snobbery — which insists on confusing the two. It brands Wilde constantly as a sinner, a poseur who delighted in studied paradox. Sinner he was, but many have shown what has always seemed a hideous delight in belittling his courage, his fidelity to his friends, and his infinite genius. He was human, but he is very seldom given the credit for being human.

Heredity and taint ran up a bill which Wilde had to pay, and he paid it. But at other times he was always the supreme gentleman. On one occasion at a house near St. John's Wood he sat down at a dinner party with Henley facing him across the table. The host on that occasion — a friend of mine — told me that Henley proceeded to get rapidly intoxicated with Chianti and then, when all sense of discretion had left him, began to heap upon Wilde every form of studied insult his lips could muster, all this in the presence of strangers. Wilde merely smiled, said "Yes" or "No". "I never", he once declared, "elate myself to argue with a drunken man; it would be tantamount to excusing drunkenness in myself." He endured this abuse for more than an hour. The only thing that worried him was that no one was smoking — no permission had been given to smoke — and he was itching to get at his cigarette case.

Presently the hostess observed that the oil lamp in the centre of the table was sending a stream of black smoke upward to the ceiling. She got up and leaned across the table to turn it down, saying as she did so: "I believe this wretched lamp has been smoking all the evening."

"Lucky lamp!" exclaimed Wilde.

Later that night when Henley sobered up somewhat in the drawing room, Wilde trounced him with a rush of words. At two A.M. their host, tired of their wrangling, put them into a cab and sent them off.

The host met Wilde the next morning at a publisher's office and said: "Well, have you and Henley finished your argument?"

"Yes", returned Wilde jovially. "We finished it over the kidneys and bacon just half an hour ago!"

I always believe that his fall and suffering brought out the best in Oscar Wilde; had he never been compelled to know the extreme of suffering he would

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probably have gone to his grave far more misunderstood than he is.

Picture him on that day when he was released from Holloway Prison after the first trial; not condemned, but hounded from hotel to hotel till, spent and broken, he had to seek refuge in his mother's house. Or his calm during that mad scramble for his belongings at the Tite Street (London) sale where the things that he treasured, those little baubles of art that were his gods, passed into the maw of the curious who he knew would never appreciate them as he had done. Or that last evening before the final day of the second trial when he called his friends together to tell them at his leavetaking that he had saved for each some little souvenir, by which they should remember him.

Prison made him human. Prison destroyed the veneer, the sham. It remade his health. It gave him that understanding of his fellow creatures and perhaps a deeper love of humanity. His prison writings show how strongly his sense of humanity had come to its own again — his sympathy for the little murderer waiting to be hanged, the alarm and disgust with which he surveyed the whole degrading system of prison conduct, not because it hurt him so much as because it destroyed utterly those who had a far weaker faith than he in the human order of things. None realized so fully how necessary was the purgatory through which he passed to bring him back to a greater sense of the beautiful.

"I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup of wine", he wrote of his days of luxurious living. "I went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes. I lived on honeycomb. But to have continued the same life would have been wrong because it would have been limiting. I had to pass on."

Had Wilde been the mean and narrow spirit he is so often described as having been, he would, in his pride and arrogance, have failed to realize that the human law is not made to be broken. Prison life would have turned his heart to stone, and his thoughts to revolution. It would have destroyed a creature without courage, or a personality of pose.

But it could not destroy Wilde. He had to pass on.

When the gates of Reading Gaol opened, and Oscar Wilde came out to the world again under the name of Sebastian Melmoth, the change which suffering had wrought in him was at once apparent. The beat of social ostracism opened the wounds, but the retort, which would hitherto have been so quick to his lips, was never uttered. The demand for luxury slipped from him like a discarded coat of which he was tired. The adoration of an empty society was no longer desired; on the other hand, he wrote letters to those prisoners who had been his comrades in duress. What little money he had he mostly gave away.

He had come back to simplicity. When in his earlier life he had come into money, he had yearned for luxury; now that luxury had been his and was lost again, he had no need of it. He strikes me as being at this period very like a wilful child that has learned a hard lesson. At the little French village of Berneval we find him entertaining all the village children; writing letters full of courage to other literary wayfarers who had never found the heights he had known, or experienced the indignity of having their names taken from the posters of their plays on the day when hysterical society turned its thumbs down and forgot a man's art.

And now Paris was calling to him

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just as it called to Dowson when the sands were running out. It is strange that so many of the world's interesting sinners pass to Paris when all other interests have failed, as if they would go back to her for ultimate mothering. What drew Wilde to Paris in these last months no one shall say. Had he a desire to creep back like a ghost to those streets, those scenes, that had been part of him when Paris gave him the laurels? Or was it to listen as it might be to an echo, and so discover if they had forgotten his name?

Ultimately, the scene in that little hostel, the Hotel d'Alsace, the proprietor of which had taken pity on him when, a sick and dying man, he had been thrown out of a hotel in the Rue Marsollier because he could not pay his bill. Wilde knew that he was dying, he had believed himself to be dying from the moment he first entered Reading Gaol. Perhaps now his sensitive nature, his mind so keenly tuned, was already dead. But he made one last fight to get back. He sat long into the night writing feverishly — writing and drinking brandy. The outcast was going under. His head was bursting with a pain that never ceased, that maddened him by day and drove sleep away by night.

We are indebted to Robert Sherard for one of Wilde's last mots. They told him that only a very eminent surgeon, whom they named, could perform the operation which would ease those terrible pains in the head. They added that this surgeon's fee would be very high. "Then", said Wilde with resignation to the inevitable, "I must die beyond my means."

And while Duponnier the hotel keeper was holding him in his arms Wilde slipped quietly out. They rattled his poor body over the streets to Père Lachaise, and a friend put up a stone to him. Oddly enough society, after many years, decided that it could now go once more to see a Wilde play and remain uncontaminated. They even put his name back on the theatre bills — which in some ways was more amazing still — thinking, perhaps, to paraphrase his own words: that Death had cleansed him in great waters, and with bitter herbs had made him whole.

Edgar Allan Poe

I ALWAYS consider that the most interesting sinner in literature is Edgar Allan Poe. For surely he stands apart among the literary mystics. He was such a child of unhappy circumstance. All the cruelty the world could heap upon a sensitive soul it gave to him in full measure. Sorrow bore him down with an everlasting load; he lived with disappointment striding beside him as his companion. I do not wonder that his pen reflected the bitterness of his moods; I do not wonder that he sought the solace of vice. Perhaps if I wanted to find the clay feet of a god, I should confess that he attained vice before he knew the meaning of literary success or even literary achievement.

He was never more than driftwood on the surging current of life. At the age of two he had lost his parents, and was adopted by a friend. He was sent over to England and received a smattering of education at a little school in Stoke-Newington. They did not understand this child from Baltimore; they did not want to understand him with his curious reserve and his big eyes that seemed to wander about seeing nothing. He returned to America. The undercurrent of youth caught him up and spoiled him; he went off to

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fight for Greece, and the last person who ever knew why was himself. He forged the name of his guardian to a check, and entered the death chamber of his guardian's wife drunk.

In those few early years the world ruined him. His weakness bore him down, and only his agile brain saved him from being forgotten by mankind. He had a cleverness that would not be smothered. America began to fret and bother about his literary criticisms, but it did not know that the work which seemed to have been so lightly thrown off was the produce of superhuman effort that destroyed his nerves and made him a victim to neuræsthenia. A victim to alcohol. . . .

One of the oddest things about a man's ambition is that it is often aimed at a star to which his temperament is utterly unsuited. Poe had one dream in life — to run and own a successful magazine. He who had never known the meaning of money had a craving to finger it. He admitted that he would sell his soul to know what it meant to be able to spend money lavishly. When he took over the editorship of "Graham's Magazine" it was selling five thousand copies an issue; he speedily put it up to fifty thousand. And all the while he was living on alcohol; so badly had the disease caught him that one of his later supporters wrote to him and urged him to give up the habit of drinking before breakfast!

He passed from one editorship to another; he beat up circulation after circulation. His criticisms of books became the talk of literary America, but his soul was rebelling against making successes for others. He must rule a magazine with splendidly printed pages and wide margins; he wanted to be a literary potentate with a bevy of literary menials and all the literary lights of his time writing for him for nothing or next to nothing. He became a literary beggar. He plunged and fought — rebelling against those commonplace minds that owned things; begging and whining to this person and that for articles for a paper which would be his ideal.

So he started "The Penn Magazine" and it failed. He started "The Stylus" and it failed, to be resurrected into a fresh failure. Chance was against him. He could edit for others, but for himself he could not edit successfully. The exchequer of his periodicals could not keep pace with his dreams. And then he conceived the idea of getting all the successful authors of America to combine secretly. Each was to put two hundred dollars into a publishing concern; he was to run it, they to write for it, and the spoils were to be shared equally. He carried this great and impossible dream through the years, and that it never matured was one of the greatest sadnesses of his life.

The disappointment made him vicious. Because he could not write a full length novel, he attacked anyone who could. Because he was not capable of very long poetry, he forgot that he had a God given gift for beauty in shorter verse, and bore down with a pen of vitriol on those who attempted verse beyond his own measure. He became swallowed up in self with its bittering of poverty. He lived and dreamed hate.

And yet he was the literary force of America through two decades. He was a little man with a thin body and a wonderful prominent forehead, and extraordinary eyes with deep circles round them which seemed to fling them out as if they were burning lights. He rushed round and round a room while he talked, and would come to a standstill with the perspiration, caused by

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mental excitement, running down his cheeks. He had no sense of money because he had never handled money in any quantity. Once he was found sitting on the steps of a theatre writing a poem because, as he said, he would get the money before one o'clock next day and so still the tongue of a badgering landlady.

Although he would work for unending hours on a piece of literary criticism for which he was paid a pittance, he would produce verse which was not ephemeral to pay a bill. He had a flair, but he flung it aside and used it only when he wanted to borrow money. He knew he was one of the greatest writers of America, yet he could not live up to that standard.

The cruel poverty and endless suffering began to break him. He opened up a war against Longfellow whom he accused of having plagiarized his "Haunted Palace" in "The Beleaguered City". He carried his attack to the point of libel, but the old Professor knew his man and merely smiled. Poe was mad. With all his genius openly and frankly discussed in America, he was mad. When Dickens came to America Poe sent him his books, much as a commercial traveler would send advance goods, and then called on the English novelist and asked him to find a publisher for Poe's works in London.

Always the yearning after money. He did not know the value of his goods, but he wanted money. He had the soul of a dreamer, yet in another mood his body wanted to make him a plutocrat so that he might indulge his vices the better. He was drinking hard, he had always been drinking hard. And now he had taken to opium.

But sometimes the gentle soul of the man would steal away as if the fleshy creature were not looking, and he would write some beautiful work. "The Raven", which was the product of several years' travail, was originally called "The Owl". When at last he finished it he sold it for two pounds, then went round finding famous actors who would recite it. Still the artist looking for the best exploitation of his work. When, after a while, Murdoch, the great actor, recited "The Raven", Poe disappeared for weeks on end in a great debauch.

His attitude toward women was, to my mind, one of the most curious paradoxes of his life. Throughout the years he was fond of women. When poor, when he had not the clothes to go to a decent function, he found that lure in women which made him borrow a suit of clothes from anyone so that he might not be shut out. He danced. He began and carried through the most desperate of platonic friendships. He developed a habit, which he once confessed became an absolute tyranny, of writing love letters. He started an infatuation in a mad moment, and tried to live up to it long after any memory of the woman to whom he was writing his wild letters survived. It is on record that he once cut in the street a woman to whom he was inditing the most impassioned letters, because he had absolutely forgotten her. Women made no mark on him; he suffered nothing by them, though he acclaimed them as the makers of his martyrdom.

He lived dreams. Some women made his dreams. Some love affairs that never happened, but that he thought had happened, have given us many of the best chapters of our literature.

Who was Annabel Lee? Poe would have said she was a dozen women. She might have been Mrs. Whitman, to whom he was engaged, in a passionless

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fashion, to be married; or she might have been his child wife Virginia who died slowly of his poverty. Or she might have been some dream girl to whom he wrote those mad letters, the majority of which happily have been destroyed.

Some kink in the brain gave us "Annabel Lee"; "The Raven" was a mood; "The Bells" was a mood. All those wonderful pieces of imagination, "The Gold Bug", "The Masque of the Red Death", were moods. Moods of a rather frantic soul.

There was only one stable thing in Poe's life. All the rest was the ambition or the despair of an hour. One thing alone went on — his love, that curious cold adoration, for his child wife, Virginia, his cousin. She never understood him; she only guessed that hidden in him, in his wild debauchery, in his softening moments of human feeling, was a man and a genius. The world howled him down for his madness, but she still acclaimed him a genius. He would slink home after his wild fits of mental and physical despair without the means to buy a loaf of bread, and she still knelt at his knees as at the feet of a misunderstood genius.

He was, but Virginia was the first person in the world to know it.

And the tragedy of Virginia! All that she had dreamed turned out to be hopes placed in a broken reed. When for the last time Poe came back to Fordham Cottage his health was failing, as it had ever been failing, and his dreams were smashed. He had reached the last stages of penury; there was not enough money in the house to buy a meal, let alone a meal for a woman dying of consumption.

But all the suffering they had endured she set at the door of the world which had stolen her husband's genius and thrown it away uncounted. These loves for other women — they were only his moods, just splashes of sunlight in his day which she had never wished to destroy or spoil. She had that blind faith in him one finds sometimes in women, which is more enduring than any earthly thing.

The death of Virginia killed all the struggle, all sense of fight — and it had been little — in Edgar Allan Poe. Born in Baltimore, he had drifted far in one mad hazard after another. His name was talked about on two continents, but he loved the sound of it the better in some evil place where fame was a useless appendage that could not be juggled with. All his dreams, his wonderful dreams, could not rid his body of the pestilence.

So he came back to the city that bore him, went out on one last wild debauch and died of his crime, with the cry, "Lord, pity my poor soul!"

What he has left reveals the heart of mankind. In some of his simpler poems such as "Annabel Lee", in the great imagination of those fragmentary tales which seem to be the figments of a mind adrift among the stars, is sufficient evidence of spoiled genius. When time has swept over us and cleansed us, and left us bare for judgment, Edgar Allan Poe will appear, not as a flicker of genius under some ill fated star, but rather as a figure pitiful and sublime. All his mediocrities will have disappeared, gone all recollection of his debauches, his whining clamoring for money, his passionate motives. And there will stand out a writer, human because he suffered frailty, one ahead of those who march because he reached an horizon known to few.

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VACHEL LINDSAY

By Edgar Lee Masters

"GOING-TO-THE-STARS" has followed shortly upon "Collected Poems", and the two books furnish an opportunity to make an appraisal of Lindsay's contribution to American poetry. The difficulty in doing this satisfactorily lies in the fact that the era of its production has not closed, and until it comes to an end no one can see all around Lindsay's work, which has arisen so indigenously from his time and his place. Whether his poetry has realized the imaginative verity of Illinois, of the American scene, is disputed now and may be one of the critical issues of the future; but the passing of time cannot detract from his originality. Nothing like him has ever been, he derives from no one; he may be grouped sometimes with Blake or Coleridge, having regard to certain characteristics of the imagination, but his voice is his own, his vision is his own — perhaps too much so at times to permit his readers to share it. He is a plant native to the Lincoln country, more native to it than any other American writer, and with a power and an individuality which has drawn into strange blossom from that soil dreams and passions that are dead and those that have passed in our time.

It has been possible to say of every other American poet of this day that he was kindred to some American or English poet; but no one knows the parentage of Lindsay. He sings Americanism, but not in the Whitman key; he turns sometimes to gnomic and mystical chants, but they are aloft in a different space from that which Emerson's muse visited. Sometimes he uses the repetend in a way that reminds one of Poe; but the repetend is a matter of manner only, it is not one of substance. And the haunts of Poe's and Lindsay's imaginations are as far apart from each other as those of any two poets in the world. He has evangelical passions, but they are not Whittier's. He is shut away from Longfellow in the circumstance that he has not Longfellow's great gift of telling a story. He sings America as lustily as Whitman did; but it is a different America, and a more refined liberty. His intellect dwells upon Swedenborg, St. Francis, General Booth, Lincoln, Andrew Jackson; and from these he draws imaginative sustenance when in the trance; but then his utterance has been transmuted by the strange genius which is his, which speaks not its sources and inspirations but Lindsay himself. This is the reason why his vision has been impugned. Few see what he sees. To many he misreports the American spirit and scene.

The old question is thus raised as to the place of validity: whether it be in the object or in the eye, and whether portraitures, colors, or sounds are justified of themselves or are justified only by their correspondence to something external which is generally enough perceived to afford the basis of a common consent of the mind. His "Chinese Nightingale" is as distant from reality as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; his "Santa Fe Trail" booms and

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glows with an exuberance of emotion such as youth in a vital and abandoned hour might experience along the wheat lands of Kansas or the mountain scenery of Colorado or northern New Mexico, when the greens and golds of early June sift through great cedars and the delicate airs from the cool slopes blow the fragrance of alfalfa and wild verbenas around the careless steps of youthful adventure. The reality of the song lies therefore in the imaginative rapture and experience of Lindsay himself. To enjoy and appreciate his poetry one must be able to share with him the delight of its creation, the immense gusto of its utterance, without questioning its reality or the surefootedness of his step. He dances along the way of his passions and delights; and nearly always he is the very poet whom Plato described as uttering wonderful things when in the trance, without knowing what he has really said.

But it is an absurd mistake to suppose that there is a fundamental hostility between the creative gift and the thinking gift. Every poem comes out of an intellectual synthesis, however unconscious it may be; Lindsay's thinking is done unconsciously, and sometimes it is well done. It is creative thinking or visioning. It is not that thinking which can plan and execute an essay on Christianity and then turn to a poem like the "Ode to the West Wind"; or the thinking that can appraise men and their art as Goethe did it. But it is the thinking that visions and appraises in the subterranean caverns of the unexplored mind, and then takes wing in the sunlight when the dawn of the creative impulse arises. He may fail, but only in so far as all genius fails for want of judgment. This lack Michelangelo pointed out as the great handicap of gifted men, because it leads to wrong artistry and wrong æsthetic, and therefore to falsity. It is not to be expected that a poet as powerful and as full of visions as Lindsay will always be successful in setting down the many things that press upon his hand for expression. He is to be judged by his best work, just as Shakespeare is to be judged by "Hamlet" and not by "Titus Andronicus".

If any criticism could help Lindsay it would be that which would put him and keep him in possession of his individual powers, and therefore ensure their further and more perfect fruition. To quarrel with what he does and the way he does it is a spiritual offense to be severely condemned. It can do him no good, because he cannot be changed. It does him harm because it makes him self conscious; and the beauty of his art has been its freedom and its spontaneity, its sincere absorption in the possessing vision of his own genius without regard to the figure he cuts before his audience.

The preface to "Collected Poems", which runs to great length, shows that he has heeded the critical scribblers who have attacked him; for he undertakes to justify his work and he almost promises to make amends. He takes pains to prove that he is not a jazz poet, whereas he might have something to say on the subject of jazz music in its relation to the music of the future, as well as on the subject of the beauty and originality of jazz music as it is today. It is probable that if the jazz music of today had reached the consummate artistry of "The Chinese Nightingale" and "The Santa Fe Trail", the John Brown poems and the Andrew Jackson poem contained in "Going-to-the-Stars", a more dignified name might be found to designate this new field of saxophones, strings, and horns. Lindsay has done the thing the jazz composers have not done, and

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at which they are now working. His poetry is not jazz if by that term it be meant that his poetry comes out of the vulgarity of the cabaret, out of the slang of the street. It touches, to be sure, the bravado of the American spirit, the reckless and rude adventures of homespun notables, the tambourines of the Salvation Army, the beer kegs of Negro celebrants; but everywhere rivers of light flow through his singing, and spirits and archangels are the predominant chorus.

Lindsay is a profoundly religious man, and like Swedenborg he sees meanings back of meanings and planes of life in correspondence above every plane of life that the physical eye can see. Because of this spiritual constitution of his he is forever seeking from the visible world explanations of that spiritual world which engrosses his imagination. He indulges himself in prefaces to exposit his philosophy, and draws pictures of censers and roses, of maps of the universe, to illustrate his meaning. So thinking, but not writing, poetry, and thereby obeying the god that is his demon, he sees Springfield, Illinois, as the future home of a world university—all of which is possible, as Don Quixote said, "only it happens not to be so". He sees America as the old court house America, and his own drawings and poetry as having an Egyptian hieroglyphic but not a jazz meaning, a distinction that his critics may buffoon to their heart's content without successfully exposing its philosophical unsoundness. Throughout this preface his immense imagination exercises itself, and pours out its strange and prophetic mysteries. Asia, Egypt, India, are working for some sort of world consummation, with America as the final flower. And it may be so. True it is that the imagination finds the way that science afterward travels and makes clear and sure for the world at large: and dreams of world unions haunt many minds.

I can see the probability of Lindsay's becoming the most magical figure of this day to the Americans of one hundred years from now, when the rising generation of that time will dwell upon his quests and his wanderings, his faiths and his passions, his tramps preaching the gospel of beauty, his devotion to Lincoln, to Jackson, the unsullied goodness of his heart, the element of divinity in him that made him the "lame boy seeking the shrine", one of the most poignant lines of one of his most beautiful poems. And the youth of the future will see that when in this preface he preached democracy and the progress of the human spirit he said that "bad public taste is mob law, good public taste is democracy"; that "ugliness is a kind of misgovernment"; and that "a bad designer is to that extent a bad citizen". These are profound truths worthy of any mind. This is the personality backing the John Brown poems which make of the man who was called a horse thief and was hanged as a felon the gigantic figure of our American hierarchy of saints, sitting with his gun across his knees and his hunting dogs at his feet, judging the world: an imaginative conception of the American spirit which marks the highest point which poetry of the modern movement in America has reached. There is no poem by any other American poet of this time that can touch it as a pure creation, a magical and ever memorable work of the mythmaking genius.

The plain truth then is that Lindsay is not to be judged by his prefaces, his works on the movie art, in which his Egyptian and Swedenborgian conceptions furnish the basis for æsthetic argumentations; he is to be judged by

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his best poems. And in judging them the test is not whether they are sound thinking, but whether they are successful products of that compact imagination, that bizarre vision, which Goethe found to inform all works of genius. Judged this way, Lindsay's fame came to him as his right and it will endure.

The matter may make the manner; but allowance being made for this, the important fact, too conspicuous to be overlooked, is that the so called new poetry is new largely in virtue of its fresh themes. The magazine poetry of America for more than twenty years before 1912 I believe to be the most dreadful piffle, the most emasculated trash, the most obvious wax fruit that the world has ever seen. Stedman's "Anthology" furnishes the proof of this statement, and the magazines themselves after 1900 are abundant evidence. The sonnets were in good form; the lyrics were skilfully turned — but the moods were derivative, the subject matter the mere hash of former feasts. There was no vision, and the art perished. After a long reign by Pope, there was Cowper, but he was not quite the expected prophet. There were Crabbe and Scott, there was Wordsworth who was long obscure and so not to be considered exactly as an influence. There were then Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

There is much talk of movements, as if poets and philosophers combined to turn over a dead past. It does not happen that way. The white dawn precedes the red dawn, but the sun makes them both. There must always be the right man. He draws into himself the straggling and struggling lights of the hour, for the reason that they belong to him. They in that sense proceed from him. Much can be said about the pastels in prose which were written in France some years before the advent of Lindsay; about Whitman without whom Lindsay would have been; about Stephen Crane; about the ragtime music which came before jazz; about the restlessness of men and societies seeking to have done with old things, to invent and to change. The fact remains that all of this avails nothing without the man. All these things must await the man, inarticulate and incoherent, until he comes. No one makes the man; he is born. The age and the material may be ready, and doubtless often are; but they mean nothing without the man. It seems necessary to say these things in order to combat the reiteration that one poet is the son of another, or wrote because another did, or that he is the product of his age. Rather the age is the product of him, since it has neither form nor life without him.

"General Booth Enters Heaven" could have been written at any time before 1912 and after 1900 if the mere factual circumstance of his blindness and impending death had occurred in that period, and provided there had been a Lindsay. What happened was that Lindsay, paying no attention to the themes that were supposed at that time to constitute the only legitimate material for verse, and with an eye clear and keen for what was fresh and vital, seized upon this everyday event of a religious leader falling into disaster as his theme and, setting it to the measure of sweeping anapæsts, long spondees, and energetic trochees, awoke a bored America — bored to death over the verse used as fillers by the magazines. Originality is always sensational, and this poem of Lindsay's made a sensation. It also proved that America was full of themes that had been completely overlooked; that our American notables were adapted to po-

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etical use, likewise our prairies, our cities, our neighborhoods, our simplest lives, our byways and our streets, our historic trails, our adventures into the wilderness, our wars and our victories. The future, if it become stale, as is likely, should take lessons of this revolution, though it was but a repetition of Crabbe's using the village, and of Wordsworth's turning to reapers and idiot boys. Lindsay's poem bore the same relation to the old American poetry that "Too Much Mustard" bore to "Phantom Footsteps" or "All Coons Look Alike to Me" bore to "Sweet Marie". Nurse a public taste on sentimentality, on painted cherries, and it will think at first that reality is vulgarity or jazz, that life is art only where life is prudently censored, diluted, and reused.

It is now nearly fourteen years since Lindsay became famous with the poem referred to. In these years he published book after book, all the while living the life of a bard, unseduced by the temptations to make money, tramping and traveling, preaching the gospel of beauty, roaming over the America he loves so deeply, and struggling with his native Springfield where his heart will always be. His "Collected Poems" runs to nearly five hundred pages. It contains poems not so well known as "The Congo", "The Firemen's Ball", "The Chinese Nightingale" and his other masterpieces, but examples none the less of the loveliest art, the most moving beauty. Poems such as "We Meet at the Judgment and I Fear Not", "The Drunkards in the Street", "I Heard Immanuel Singing", "Tolstoi is Plowing Yet", "How Samson Bore away the Gates of Gaza", and the latter stanzas of the poem on Bryan — these and many others move me profoundly because they give me the feeling of America, even when it seems to me that Lindsay does not see the land or the people as they really are, and even when my ear takes offense at times at his failure to use the measures he adopts with that perfection which one feels he should command. He has rests that are bad time, and stresses that violate the prosodic scheme. Yet always there is back of what he says the energy and the abounding faith of the sound and devoted American that he is. In "Going-to-the-Stars" he has added to his long and unique poems a very long poem on Andrew Jackson, which is up to the level of his best work of the past. His visions have not ceased to flit palpably before him; his gusto and his reverberating music are still with him. I can overlook the daisies, the hieroglyphs, the Egyptian symbols of fertility and immortality with which he decorates his pages. They do not interest me, but they do not on the other hand interfere with my enjoyment of the poems. I am willing to concede that he may be working toward some spiritual discovery, even while I feel like telling him that a mystic is one who makes a creed of what is not known, and of what, perhaps, never can be known. I expect him to write many more books. As lives go in America he is at the apex of his power; and "Going-to-the-Stars" shows no abatement of the genius that has brought him to his present position in American letters.

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Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

ESTRANGEMENT

DEEP in the shadow of their thought
They see old trees, twisted, earthbound;
And hear the ritual of wind
Stopped on the note of one wild bird.

Two things they share in common still:
Remembrance with its shedding leaves,
And song with all its autumn flight
From burning heaven to the ground.

Jeannette Marks

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THE SKETCH BOOK

A LOST LIBRARY

By William A. McGarry

"LET it be a favor for the eminent works of fiction to be found upon the shelves, but let it not keep cushioned seats for time wasting and lounging readers, nor places for every day novels, mind tainting reviews, controversial politics, scribblings of poetry and prose, biographies of unknown names, nor for those teachers of disjointed thinking — the daily newspapers."

The foregoing injunction might well be carved on a panel of the finest bit of pure Doric architecture in America — perhaps the finest in the world. It is located, this building, or rather "lost", in a section of Philadelphia otherwise given over to sweatshops, railroad freight stations, junk yards, and the forlorn remnants of once pretentious homes. Architects the world over are familiar with the solemn grandeur of its perfect lines, and scholars know it as one of the great storehouses of scientific and historic knowledge. But the legend above, coupled with the accident of circumstance, explains why the Ridgway Library is almost unknown to the millions even at home.

The quotation is taken from the will of Dr. James Rush, who at his death in 1869 left half his fortune of two million dollars to the Library Company of Philadelphia to build a memorial to his wife, Phoebe Ann Ridgway. In another paragraph this unusual testament also provided that the shelves of the library must not be "encumbered with the ephemeral biographies, novels and works of fiction or amusement, newspapers or periodicals, which form so large a part of the current literature of the day". Dr. Rush also prohibited, in the building or on the lot of ground whereon it was to stand, "any lectures, public orations, addresses or exhibitions of any kind"; likewise "the formation of any museum, cabinet, gallery, or collection of natural history, statuary, sculpture, portraits or paintings (and especially the portrait of the testator)".

The result of these and other even more detailed instructions has been ot make the Ridgway a sort of "lost library". Yet by some quirk in the minds of collectors, it is also the custodian of the finest collection of Americana in the world. More exclusive than the private libraries of millionaires, it holds in its barred and wired shelves treasures that would be worth a king's ransom if thrown on the market. In many fields of American Colonial history it is the only existing source of original information; from the point of view of the scholar and scientist its collections of books are incomparable.

The building is located at Broad and Christian Streets in Philadelphia, a short fifteen minutes' walk from the heart of the city. It occupies the front centre of an entire city square. In Dr. Rush's lifetime this was the choice residential section of Philadelphia, or at least within a few minutes' walk of the exclusive Spruce and Pine Street homes. To the south lay then nearly five miles of open land traversed by Broad Street and ending in the Navy Yard at the junction of the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers. In common with many others, Dr. Rush believed that the city would grow to

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the south before expanding in any other direction, and therefore he chose what was an ideal site from that point of view for his wife's memorial.

It is nearly three quarters of a century since the will was written, and even today there are miles of unoccupied lowlands in the great area that Dr. Rush expected would soon be built up. Expanding north and west over country filled with hills and streams, Philadelphia grew away from the library. Even though it is within sight of the busiest centres, it is virtually lost. In twenty five years, the highest record of attendance was reached on a day on which the circus parade passed the library and 450 persons crowded into its spacious windows to get a view of the elephants. The average attendance is about twelve persons a day, and fully half of these are foreign visitors who have heard of the historic treasures on display.

Location, of course, is only partly responsible for this lack of patronage. The real reason lies in the extent to which the trustees have held to the wishes of the founder in excluding fiction from the shelves. At one time, when the average attendance was a little larger, it was the boast of the Ridgway Library that on shelves containing 100,000 volumes not a single work of modern fiction could be found. But since then the library has gathered into its collections thousands of the "eminent works of fiction" referred to by Dr. Rush. It contains hundreds of books famous among scholars but never popular with the masses.

In view, however, of the other attractions, it is somewhat of a mystery why the library is not more popular. Several years ago the trustees obtained legal authority to place on exhibition in the main hall the chief treasures of Americana, and these are open to public inspection. Some of them are of absorbing interest to anyone with the slightest historic curiosity.

Chief among them, perhaps, is the little known illustrated postcard which Benjamin Franklin had made for his use in 1765. It shows that ten years before the American Revolution the great scientist-philosopher-printer was predicting just such an outcome of England's arbitrary treatment of the Colonies. But wholly apart from its historic value, the postcard indicates that 160 years ago Franklin foresaw the modern picture postcard now familiar to the world as a force in advertising and propaganda.

The card is entitled "Magna Britannia her Colonies Reduced", and is said to be the only known copy in existence. It bears the inscription: "The original print done in England on the back of a message card, the invention and for the use of Benjamin Franklin, Esq., LL.D., Agent for the Province of Pennsylvania in London." This legend throws a new light on the intrepidity of Poor Richard, who probably risked life and liberty in circulating this attack on the Crown in the homeland of England. But the explanation that was circulated with it is even more significant. It is as follows:

> The above is a Prophetical Emblem of what wou'd be the Miserable State of Great Britain and her Colonies shou'd she persist in restraining their Trade, destroying their Currency, and Taxing their People by Laws made by a Legislature where they are not Represented. The Author, with a Sagacity and invention natural to himself, has compriz'd in one View, under the character of Belisarius, the late Flourishing State of Great Britain in the Zenith of Glory and Honour, with her Fall into the most abject State of Disgrace, Misery and Ruin.

In the same case with this gem lies the original manuscript of "Watson's Annals", one of the most invaluable

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sources of Colonial historical information in existence. It is open at a page that triples or quadruples its value, for here the author inserted a water color by Major André, the British officer who was caught by General Washington's men and executed as a spy in connection with the treason of Benedict Arnold. In Watson's neat script appears the following explanation:

This is a drawing done by the unfortunate Major André. It was drawn to give the ladies of the Meschianza-Knights an idea of how they should dress as the Ladies of the Knights of the Blended Rose. It was presented to me by Jane Craig, one of those Belles.

The Meschianza was an entertainment given by American Tories to British officers during the occupancy of Philadelphia by Lord Howe and the Redcoats. In addition to the drawing by André, Watson preserved many others. Elsewhere in the collection are scores of broadsides issued by the British calling on the Colonists to lay down their arms, under threat of dire punishment.

Of even greater interest is the letter, famous among historians, which represents the most daring attempt at propaganda by the British during the Revolution. It was signed with the name of General Washington, and was issued by the British as an intercepted communication from the General to his wife. The marginal note explains that it is "spurious — wrote in London by a Mr. Randolph, of Virginia", but experts have been fooled by the imitation of Washington's handwriting, and it is recognized as one of the most brilliantly executed literary forgeries of history. The letter was just such a message as a well bred gentleman of the time would write to his wife, but all through it was woven a note of despair as to the outcome of the war. The following paragraphs will show how cleverly the British "faked" the missive:

I have often told you, that as far as I have the controul of them, all our preparations of war aim only at peace. Neither do I, at this moment, see the least likelihood of there being any considerable military operations this season and, if not this season, certainly in no other. It is impossible to suppose, that in the leisure and quiet of Winter quarters, men will not have the virtue to listen to the dictates of plain common sense and sober reason.

The only true interest of both sides is reconciliation. We must at last agree and be friends; for we cannot live without them, and they will not without us, and a bystander might well be puzzled to find out, why as good terms cannot be given and taken now. For all these reasons, which cannot but be obvious to the English Commissioners, and ours, as they are to me, I am at a loss to imagine how anything can arise to obstruct a negotiation, and, of consequence, a pacification.

Of modern newspapers there are none in the Ridgway Library, but the collection has more copies of early American journals than any other in the country. Many of these far antedate the Revolution. In the collection there are also the originals of some famous cartoons of the day.

Notable in this list is the ludicrous drawing of the first fist fight in Congress, which took place between Colonel Matthew Lyon and Roger Griswold on January 30, 1798. For many years the verses accompanying this drawing remained popular:

He in a trice struck Lyon thrice,
Upon his head, Enrag'd, Sir;
Who seized the tongs to right his wrongs
And Griswold thus engag'd, Sir.

Dr. Rush was a son of Dr. Benjamin Rush, the noted physician-patriot of the Revolution, and one of the treasures which the younger Rush donated to the library was the collection of his father's letters — forty volumes in all. These have been a constant source of information to historians. Other equally valuable collections in the

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Ridgway's possession include the Loganian Library, left to the city of Philadelphia by Logan, secretary to William Penn, and for many years housed in a separate building opposite Independence Square. The diaries and books of John Fitch, rival of the discoverer of the steamboat, are also on the Ridgway shelves. For a time the library held the only copies of some important English state papers left by Crowe, secretary to the Pretender James III. Several years ago these were returned to England to complete the files, and reproductions were provided for the Philadelphia institution.

Because of the value of its books, and the fact that several important volumes had been stolen, the Library years ago found it necessary to prohibit the public from approaching the shelves. In addition to this protection, all the shelves are wired and some are barred. Visitors are not permitted on the upper floor, which is reached by a broad staircase in keeping with the architectural features of the exterior. All books, however, are available to readers, who ask at the desk for what they want. Library members are permitted to take books home, or they may read in the great reading room on the first floor. In an alcove off this room there are chess tables. Ridgway, incidentally, owns what is said to be the second best collection of chessmen in the world.

Externally, the structure is by all odds the most striking bit of architecture of its type to be found anywhere in the country. The main hall of Girard College, also in Philadelphia, is often cited as a remarkable example of the Corinthian order. But most experts agree that the Ridgway building is even more imposing. It is built with three groups of columns on the portico, otherwise it is severely devoid of any attempt at decoration. The form and balance of the pile are magnificent.

Part of the site is surrounded by a high granite wall, and in the front there is an iron fence. For many years campaigns were waged to have the vast expanses of lawn turned into a park. The Board finally compromised by making the lawns a resting place in summer for women and children. Hundreds of tired mothers from the slums find cool breezes and rest in the hot weather, away from the crowded city squares and streets.

It is possible that some day the Ridgway Library will be thronged with patrons, for Philadelphia is now being forced downtown. A subway is being constructed under Broad Street. Freight yards eventually are to be removed to distant points along the two rivers, and the whole area of lowlands far below the library, now known as "The Neck", is to be filled in and developed. In the meantime the Library is the habitat of a few students and scholars, and a trickle of foreign visitors who have heard of its architectural loveliness and its famous historical collections. To these the peace and quiet of its lofty halls are worth more than all the crowded fiction libraries the world has to offer.

THOSE GENTEEL LADIES

By Kathleen Robertson

"THE daughter of the West will now see the seducer and slanderer of female innocence consigned to that immortality of infamy which he so richly deserved." In such terms, which not the most optimistic could call uncertain, is the protagonist of "Beauchamp, or The Kentucky Tragedy — A Tale of

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Passion" condemned by "Godey's Lady's Book" for May, 1842. The author of this stirring tale, says the reviewer, has not only the skill of a first rate artist but the feelings of a stern moralist. This was the combination which told, in that sterner elder day, and if either quality had to be sacrificed there was no question but that artistry was the weaker sister. Mr. Godey's ladies of seventy years ago demanded in their books that virtue be rewarded in tangible fashion and that wickedness be punished with thoroughness and dispatch. Every book was good if the sentiment proved that the writer's heart and morals were in the right place. Even the heart could be misplaced occasionally; but the morals, never. If in addition to having unimpeachable morals, or at least to writing of them in the correct tone, the author were American and used a native theme, too much could not be said for his book. The one hundred percenters of today might be surprised to learn by how much they were antedated in their yells for Americanism. To quote from a review of "Wealth and Worth; or, Which Makes the Man?" published in 1842 by Harper and Brothers:

> Three editions have been published in the brief space of a month. We welcome this fact as an indication of a growing taste in this country for a native, indigenous literature. We are overrun with foreign works for the young, most of which, though written with ability, are incompatible with the nurture of a due attachment for our republican institutions. In this excellent little *American* tale, we have the promise that a native writer has entered the field, who will ably supply a desideratum that has long existed, in a style that can be surpassed by no English writer for the young.

A great many of the books especially recommended were "tales" exalting industry, friendship, contentment, and piety, and decrying wealth and fashion — especially city wealth and city fashion. New York, then as now, combined all the less amiable characteristics of Sodom and Gomorrah, if we are to believe the reviewer of "Violet: The Child of the City — A Novel of Metropolitan Life", who says, "This is a story of peculiar interest for those who delight in sketches of the vicious follies of high life, and of the depravities, with here and there an exception, of low life." Nor was he more optimistic when he read "The Fortune Hunter: A Novel of New York Society" wherein "some of the peculiarities of 'good society' in New York are freely delineated, leaving truthful and salutary impressions upon the mind of the reader". We fear this reviewer has an extremely low opinion of his fellow man. Note the motif of sorrow in the last sentence of his review of "Fashion and Famine":

> The scene of this novel is laid in New York. In a notice of the work, which preceded its publication, it is said that most of the characters and incidents have been drawn from real life — a very probable, but lamentable fact. We could wish it were otherwise. But if such be really the origin of "Fashion and Famine", then the author, an able and superior writer, displays an intimate knowledge of the social conditions of the great metropolis, the vices of which as well as the extremes of wealth and poverty, she has portrayed in thrilling language, and we *hope*, with beneficial effect.

The italics are the reviewer's.

To be able to say of "Which is the Wiser? A Tale", published by D. Appleton and Company, "It is a very beautiful and touching tale, conveying lessons of economy, contentment and hope", was to touch the heights of praise. And how the author of "Wensley: A Story without a Moral", published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, must have screamed with helpless rage when he read: "Although it claims to be a story without a moral, yet it is by no means an immoral story." His

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predicament is similar to that of a modern writer whose book has failed to attract the attention of the Watch and Ward Society. But to learn that "the practical teachings of this book ['A Year After Marriage'] have restored so many erring hearts and wandering footsteps to the sanctities and comforts of desecrated and deserving homes" probably brought as much happiness to T. S. Arthur, one of the most popular authors of his day, as would a movie contract to one of our more prolific writers of "westerns".

This same T. S. Arthur was the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room; and What I Saw There", undoubtedly the most interesting, from the standpoint of present day fame, of the innumerable story sermons on temperance. In the August, 1854, issue of the "Lady's Book" appears the review:

> We were not at all surprised to learn that the orders for this work reached 6,000 copies in two weeks from the day of its announcement, and before it could be got through the press. Public expectation in regard to this volume will not be disappointed. It is written in the author's best vein, and abounds in vivid portraiture and scenes of powerful and touching interest. Step by step the author traces the downward course of the tempting vender and his infatuated victims, until both are involved in hopeless ruin. The book is marred by no exaggerations, but exhibits the actualities of bar-room life, and the consequences following therefrom, with a severe simplicity and adherence to truth that give to every picture a Daguerrean vividness.

It is too much to expect that poetry should have been exempt from the universal demand for ethical teachings. In fact, poetry which did not hammer in a lesson was not worthy of the name. Of "Cut Flowers: A Collection of Poems" it was said: "These poems are always most acceptable, not so much on account of their fastidious conformity to rhythmical rules, as for their happy and beautiful metaphors, and for the instructive lessons they contain; the former drawn from simple and natural objects and the latter founded upon the truths of holy Revelation." And of "The Poetical Works of William H. C. Hosmer": "They evince not only the poetic taste and talent of the author, but the soundness of his moral sentiments, and his natural love of liberty and justice from his youth up." In the light of the volume of mawkish preaching disguised as verse which floods our own popular magazines, we have the courage only to quote the following, without comment ("Poems and Ballads" by Gerald Massey is the book under discussion):

> To what are commonly called "Poems of Labor", about one-half of the volume before us is devoted. Of these we shall say nothing, being convinced that our lady readers will be compensated for any outlay they may make in purchasing the book, by the perusal of such exquisite gems of poesy as "Babe Christabel" and "Little Lilybell". No mother, and, indeed, no father, should neglect to read them.

The range of books in which Mr. Godey's subscribers were supposedly interested is surprisingly wide, including many biographies and books of travel. These last are especially interesting, particularly when one catches a glimpse of a spot as tender as that in which Mr. Dickens so heavily trod. In commenting on "Old England and New England, in a Series of Views taken on the Spot", the reviewer was probably delighted to gibe the author for his gullibility.

> With the usual amount of cant in regard to the "spitting" propensities of our population, we find much amusing matter, and no little philosophic consideration for manners and customs undoubtedly strange and singular to a thoroughbred Englishman. Mr. Bunn, while peregrinating the States, must have encountered an unusual number of our "fast men", who seem to have passed upon him for truth many of the broadly-humorous, if not profane stories, the relation of which is one of their peculiar amusements.

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"Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" was Harriet Beecher Stowe's record of a trip abroad, published in 1854. The review is interesting in the light of what happened only seven years later. "Apart from her peculiar sentiments on an exciting topic, the author writes very sensibly and interestingly on the various subjects that attracted her attention in Great Britain and on the Continent." It seems not to have been etiquette to mention this "exciting topic" in any but a roundabout way, as further witness the remarks about "The Underground Mail Agent": "This, as the reader will be most likely to judge from the title, is another of those works which have been published in rapid succession, setting forth the advantages and the disadvantages, the humanity and the inhumanity of a certain domestic institution."

Occasional mention of books on actors and the theatre has strange fascination. The very title, "Sol Smith's Anecdotical Recollections and Theatrical Apprenticeship", with eight engravings from original designs by Darley, sets the scene for the stage of the period. And who would not bury himself in "Scenes in the Life of an Actor", as compiled from the journals, letters, and memoranda of the late Yankee Hill. Was ever more provoking review written than this?

> Poor Hill! we knew him well. "He was the noblest *Yankee* of them all." The journal is very amusing, and gives the eventful and amusing scenes in the life of an actor with great truth. There are many side-splitting scenes in the "Life", reminiscences of great "stars" of the day, and amusing scenes with some of the lesser lights. In fact, it is one of the most amusing books we have ever read.

To one whose library of maternally suppressed books was most extensive, mention of the novels of Mary J. Holmes and of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth — "Tempest and Sunshine; or, Life in Kentucky", "The Discarded Daughter; or, The Children of the Isle" — brings memories of long, golden summer afternoons and a little girl with feet hanging out of the hay loft door, out of sight of the back porch, eagerly turning the pages of tattered, paper back novels — novels whose very names brought horror to the face of her Scots Presbyterian mother. How delighted the little girl would have been to show to her mother the review of "The Lost Heiress", as it appeared in the "Lady's Book": "Our own opinion of the work is that it presents some of the most noble and beautiful models of virtue, in private and in public life, that have ever come to us through a similar medium. Its impressions, therefore, upon the mind of the well-disposed reader will have no other than a truly moral, religious and elevating tendency."

How strangely do the titles ring on our unaccustomed ears — "Cecil; or, The Adventures of a Coxcomb"; "The Planter's Northern Bride"; "Gems from American Female Poets"; "Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe" by a Lady of Virginia. We are kept from quite obnoxious complacency only by the thought of how our modern titles will sound at the beginning of the next century.

A DEFENSE OF MRS. ANONYMOUS

By Stephen Vincent Benét

AS biography grows with each successive season more uncompromisingly uncomplimentary and the motto "De Mortuis Nil Nisi Malum" is ever more firmly stitched to the stand-

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ards of our latest Stracheys, one begins to feel a certain cringing sympathy for such contemporary authors and their families as may offer test material for the literary dissecting knives of 1960. Especially for their wives.

It is always more amusing to read about a man's bad points than his good ones. Almost anyone would rather hear how our dear friend Z became intoxicated to such a degree of ecstasy that he tried to feed vermicelli to an electric fan, than undergo the virtuous recital of how he supports six crippled aunts by taking in home knitting and has enough left over to buy his blind grandson a widget machine. That is where the new biography scores. But there should be some High Game Commissioner of Belles Lettres to protect the less deadly forms of literary life from the biographical elephant gun — and especially, I think, to restrict the increasing slaughter among the wives of the great literary carnivora.

It was not always thus. In the old three story gingerbread monument to a defunct reputation (written by the neediest living relative of the deceased and published at about seventeen pounds dead weight), the wife (if any) of the subject under discussion received at the minimum a photograph of herself at the age of three, holding a hoop; a photograph of herself at the age of seventy, holding a baby (grand or borrowed); and at least six paragraphs of respectful if uninformative compliment. "On Michaelmas Monday, at the quaint little church of Pogis-Pogis, Anonymous was united in matrimony to her who, for so many years, was to be so consoling and healing an etcetera etcetera."

Well, that may not have been much, but it gave the reader a certain feeling of security. While the author was going through his titanic struggles with the cross fertilization of the hexameter, or suffering acute indigestion, or Being Misunderstood by His Age, at least, always there in the background, was the dim but comforting figure of her who etcetera etcetera, consoling and healing. But of late, Mrs. Anonymous has been brought into the foreground with a vengeance — and not only brought there, but psychographed and X-rayed even more relentlessly than her spouse.

I have read a dozen recent biographies of well known writers during the past few months, and in each the wife is not only done to a turn by the biographer but practically burned to a crisp. "Consoling — huh? — and healing? So's your old Eve!" says the critic, and proceeds to expatiate at length. She used his manuscripts for curl papers; she never let him say "Damn!"; if she loved him, she stifled his art with excessive amativeness; if she didn't, she gave him seven sorrowful fixations by her disdain. If they had children, it was her fault — an artist shouldn't be bothered supporting children. If they were childless, well, of course that was her fault, too — how can an artist come to fullest fruition if he cannot touch reality in his child? Maybe some of his friends did like her — the sycophants! — but the best ones didn't — you can prove they were the best because she didn't like them. She was a Presbyterian and he was an atheist, and so his atheistic inner stream of consciousness was thwarted. Or she was an atheist and he was a Presbyterian — and just look at what that did to the fine flavor of his Presbyterianism! Ministering angel — pooh! Best friend and severest critic — let me tell you one about that!

And as for the poor devil's really lov-

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ing her — well, I know that every authentic utterance of his on the subject says he did, and there are those dedications of his books that sound fairly sincere. But, honestly, he simply hated her all the time and I can prove it, if you'll just give me three assumptions and an anonymous letter from a discharged cook. Don't you realize that his unconscious portrait of her as the degenerate scrubwoman with leprosy in chapter four of "Wedded and Wooed" represents his real feelings toward her? If you don't, you're pretty stupid — and pretty soon, I'll get around to proving that, too.

Alas for poor Mrs. Anonymous — she has no possible defense. It is so fatally easy, if Mr. Anonymous does anything which you, as his biographer, do not think he should have done, to fasten the guilt on his less articulate half. One must supply one's Prometheus with a vulture — and it lends additional interest to the picture if the vulture is of the supposedly gentler sex. But the vulture's comments on the scene would also be of interest — and it sometimes seems a pity that dead ladies cannot tell tales.

As for the impression left on the casual reader — that all authors have a most peculiar and ineradicable tendency for linking themselves to creatures half idiot and half demon — what of that? But I, for one, feel sorry for Mrs. Anonymous, and am not quite convinced that she is as black as she is painted. Perhaps, for one thing, because of a casual acquaintance with certain authors and their wives. Certainly such authors' wives as I have known have not impressed me as either idiots or demons — but then I am not a biographer. The worst thing about it is that I fear I shall be unable in the future to view the Mrs. Anonymouses I know except as prisoners waiting the tumbrel and the guillotine. Poor things, they sometimes seem to trip along so blithely, unconscious of 1960 and the stern young men in spectacles who will settle them and "The Truth about Wilkins Anonymous" once and for all.

Perhaps by 1960 the pendulum of fashion will have swung back and authors' wives will be consoling and healing and all the etceteras once more. Cold comfort for modern ladies, but there seems to be no middle ground. Arnold Bennett wrote "The Truth about an Author", but no one has ever written the truth about an author's wife. And unless some slightly less acrid Jane Welsh Carlyle arises to do it, I suppose no one ever will. Yet, "The Truth about My Husband's Biographer" by Mrs. Anonymous — ah, *there* would be a book!

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

MIRI, SARAWAK. It was on the point of raining, when we anchored off Miri. The grey sky hung only a few feet above our masts; the sea below us was like grey oil; and between the ceiling of shifting vapors and the slowly heaving floor the air was unbreathable, like the steam of a hot bath. Half a mile away across the swell lay the land. The dark green forest came down to the water; and in little clearings conquered from the trees, we could see a few dozens of European bungalows, a score or two of miniature Eiffel Towers marking the site of the oil wells which have called Miri into existence, a few cylindrical oil tanks, like white martello towers dotted along the coast. Out at sea, opposite a cluster of these white drums, a steamer lay at anchor; she was loading a cargo of oil from the submarine pipe line through which the wealth of Miri is pumped into the tankers that take it to the outer — the real — world. Beyond the near dark promontory on the right we could see, far off and sun illumined, a range of fantastically jagged mountains.

Grey sky, grey sea, the forest, the oil wells in the forest, the little houses among the ever encroaching trees, and, beyond them, far away through the dim hot air, the jagged mountains of Borneo — it was mournful and sinister, abysmally unreal, the landscape of a dream, of a bad dream at that. Then the rain began to fall, a few warm drops, then a shower; the mountains became the ghosts of themselves, faded, faded and were gone. The shower quickened to a downpour and even the near coast, the oil wells and the dolls' bungalows, even the black-green forest disappeared. Walled in by falling water, we found ourselves at the centre of a little universe, whose extremest limits were not a furlong distant. It was a lively world; for in spite of the rain, our steamer continued to unload its cargo into the attendant lighters. A good deal of the cargo consisted of pork — in a potential and still living form — for the consumption of the Chinese coolies working on the oil fields. Each pig was separately and closely packed in a rattan basket, significantly shaped like the sausage into which its tenant was so soon to be transformed. These wicker sausages, with their living sausage meat inside them and visible between the bars, were swung out, one at a time, by the crane and dropped into the lighter. Three or four coolies were ready to untie the bale and arrange the separate baskets, layer by layer, in the wallowing barge. By the time it was fully loaded, there must have been six or seven successive strata of pig in the lighter. There was little squealing or struggling inside the baskets; for when unloading day arrives, the Chinese take the precaution of putting a dose of opium in the pigs' breakfast. It was only when the crane let them drop with a particularly violent bump that the drugged beasts wriggled or uttered a grunt. Mostly they lay quite still, dozing and perhaps deliciously dream-

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ing through the entire operation of being swung through the air, let fall, and dumped or rolled into place above, between, below their fellows.

The spectacle was curious and, though not precisely pleasing, certainly less deplorable than that which the manhandling of animals generally affords. The pigs might be tossed about; but plunged, like so many De Quinceys, in a trance of opium, they were not aware of it. They might be closely packed — much more closely indeed, than they could have been packed if they had been free and struggling — but, stretched within their sausages of rattan, they were neither crushed nor suffocated. In a space where, unprisoned, no more than twenty pigs could have stood, and that to the greatest possible discomfort of each squealing victim, a hundred were now conveniently packed. By means of opium and baskets, the Chinese have solved a problem in humanitarianism as well as of economics.

Labuan. There had been squabblings between the deck passengers and the crew. We Olympians of the saloon were aware of it only by a dim and remote hearsay. But the fact was so true that, when we put in at Labuan, the Captain thought it necessary to pay off the two worst offenders among his Malay sailors and turn them off the ship. They took their pay and one of them quietly departed; the other refused to move.

We saw him at a later stage of the proceedings — a young man with a face like a copper statue's, a body classically built and dressed in the height of Malay fashion. A superb specimen of humanity — but he simply wouldn't leave the ship.

The Captain sent for the dock police. Two of them, looking very smart in khaki uniform, came on board, took a good look at the young man, who sat crouched in a dark corner, sullenly ruminating his grievance, and, having looked, retired. A little later four more policemen joined them. Standing at a safe distance, the six representatives of law and order cajolingly implored the young man to come quietly. Nothing, they pointed out, was going to be done to him; he was only being asked to leave the ship; he had a right to a free passage back to Singapore. The young man said nothing, or only growled like a tiger. Discouraged, the policemen reported to the Captain that they would have to go and fetch the Resident in person; the affair was too serious for them to deal with, unsupported. They trooped away. Still squatting in his corner, the young man continued to chew his bitter and maddening cud of grievance.

We, being strangers to Malaya, began to wonder, rather impatiently — for the obstinate young man was delaying our departure — why something decisive was not done about him. Nor could we understand the obvious apprehensiveness of the deck passengers and crew, the look of anxiety on the faces of the officers. In our countries men value life — their own, if not other people's. Even desperate criminals will generally come quietly, when they are cornered. To shoot and, sooner or later, be shot, or hanged, would be easy. But the respect and desire for life are too strong in them; rather than violently resist, they acknowledge defeat and go off resignedly to take the unpleasant consequences of it. The Malay, on the contrary, can easily work himself up into a state of mind in which all life, including his own, seems to him valueless, when the keenest pleasure and the highest duty

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are to kill and be killed. Our young obstinate, crouching in his corner and ruminating his grievance, was busily preparing himself to run amuck at the slightest provocation from his enemies. The six policemen, the deck passengers, the crew, the officers — all knew it. The officers, indeed, had reasons for knowing it particularly well. For it was only a short time before that, on a ship belonging to the same company as ours, a Malay seaman had run amuck, for some trivially inadequate reason, and killed upward of a dozen people, including the captain of the vessel. The Captain, it seems, was a kindly old gentleman, with a snowy beard and Christian principles. He was sent for, when the trouble began, and found the Malay, knife in hand, and bloody. Instead of his revolver, he used persuasion. He remonstrated, he begged the Malay to be reasonable and give up his knife. The Malay replied by sticking it into his body. The deck looked like the last act of an Elizabethan tragedy, before he was finally shot down.

We had not heard this story at the time. Ignorance is bliss, and we regarded our obstinate Malay as a rather tiresome joke and wondered why everyone else took him so preposterously seriously.

The Resident came at last; his forces amounted now to no less than nine policemen. It was the critical moment; the general anxiety was at its height. Would the young heathen be got off the boat without the shedding of blood? The pockets of the Captain's jacket were weighed down with firearms; the Resident's trousers bulged about the hip. To have produced the pistols prematurely would have been infallibly to provoke the Malay's insane fury. To pull them out too late would be no less fatal. And to fire them at all in a small and crowded ship would be a danger in itself. The situation, for those who understood it and were responsible for its developments, was disagreeably ticklish. Ignorant, we looked on in amusement. And luckily our attitude turned out to be the right and appropriate one; the drama ended as a comedy, not in blood.

When the nine policemen went below to apprehend him, the Malay slipped past them and came bounding up the companion ladder onto the promenade deck. He probably had an idea that, if he did come to running amuck, it would be better to kill first class Christian passengers than third class Moslems and devil worshipers. But he had not yet quite succeeded in warming himself up to amuck heat. Arrived on the top deck, the forces of law and order at his heels, he glared about him, but did nothing. There was a brief colloquy with the Captain and the Resident. He stood there obstinate; he continued to shake his head. He was waiting, no doubt, for the divine afflatus that would send him ecstatically slashing and stabbing among the infidels. But the spirit of holy murder was slow to descend. The Resident saw his opportunity, nodded to his men; simultaneously the nine policemen jumped on him. The Malay made a grab for the dagger in his belt, but the spirit of murder had arrived too late. The nine had him fast. In another moment the handcuffs were round his wrists.

The strained expression dissolved from every face. Cigarettes were lighted, men began to smile, to laugh and talk. And even the handcuffed captive suddenly became good humored. The ferocious young savage, who had been on the verge of murder and self destruction, was transformed, as soon as it ceased to be possible for

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him to run amuck, into a merry boy. He spoke to the policemen, he laughed; and they, in the profundity of their sense of relief, laughed back at him, patted him on the shoulder, loved him. He was led off, almost a hero, down the gangway. In the midst of his escort and followed by all the children and idlers of the town, he marched away down the road, toward the police station — the most important man, that afternoon, in Labuan.

The incident, for us, was almost enjoyable. It would have seemed a good deal less amusing if we had heard before, instead of afterward, the story of the kindly old Captain stabbed, with a dozen others, on his own ship, within five miles of Singapore.

The citizen of a law abiding country, whose forty millions commit each year fewer crimes of violence than are committed in the single city of Chicago, I realized suddenly and forcibly the precarious artificiality of all that seems most solid and fundamental in our civilization, of all that we take for granted. An individual has only to refuse to play the game of existence according to the current rules, to throw the rule observing players into bewildered consternation. There is a rule against violence, against taking the law into our own hands; a rule which most of us observe — so many, indeed, that a great number of people go through life accepting orderliness and non-violence as part of the scheme of nature. When somebody comes into their orbit who plays the game according to "the good old rule, the simple plan" — that is, according to no rule — they are at a loss what to do, they are helpless.

The war did something to alter men's attitude toward the rules, but much less than might have been expected. Men went into the fighting line not, as our generals love to say when they make speeches to public school boys, because "man is a fighting animal", but because they were law abiding citizens obediently doing what the State told them to do. It was the duty of the soldier to commit violences and murders upon his country's enemies; but he did these things under orders and the doing of them hardly impaired his normal law abidingness. Considering the fact that, for four years, half the grown men in Europe were engaged in trying to murder one another, one can only be astonished that the postwar increase in crimes of violence has not been vastly greater. That it has not, is a proof of how deeply the habit of playing according to the rules has become ingrained in us. In America, the greatest part of which is removed by only a couple of generations from the mediæval epoch of pioneering, the habit of playing according to the rules has not had time to become so deeply ingrained as in countries whose Middle Ages of uncontrolled and lawless violence are five hundred years away. Lynching, the Ku Klux Klan, ferocious strike breaking, are American institutions, the product of American history. In England, where men abandoned the right to take the law into their own hands some two or three hundred years ago, they would be almost unthinkable. Even crime is less bloodthirsty on our side of the water; and the wholesale murderous banditry that has filled the streets of American cities with armored cars and sharpshooters is all but unknown with us. We are fortunate in our history. How profoundly fortunate, this absurd but potentially tragical incident at Labuan caused me intimately to realize.

No good pictures have ever been painted, so far as I am aware, of tropical landscapes. There are two good reasons therefor, of which the first is this: no good painters have ever worked

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in the tropics. True, the temples of Ceylon, the ghats at Benares, Penang harbor, the palms and fantastic volcanoes of Java, are annually reproduced in fifty thousand water colors. But they are the water colors of amateurs. We have all seen them. They are the stuff that oleographs are made of. If it were not for the fact that they kept their creators harmlessly busy and contented, they ought to be put down by law. The tropics and the East are given over to amateurs. Practically every tourist who travels through them carries a paint box. But how few serious and competent professionals ever accompany these tourists! It is difficult indeed to think of any who have ever crossed the line. Professional painters of merit are generally poor, and their absence from the tropics may be due in part to their poverty. But poverty is not an insuperable barrier to a determined artist. The real reason, I believe, why painters avoid the tropics is that they know them to be unpaintable. In this intrinsic unpaintableness consists the second and most adequate reason for the non-existence of decent pictures of tropical scenery.

It is a significant fact that the scenery which the enthusiastic amateur finds most picturesque, most richly "paintable" — it is a favorite word of water coloring spinsters — is the scenery most carefully avoided by serious professionals. Turner is one of the few great landscape painters who ever chose to represent picturesque subjects. The rest always preferred to meditate before more ordinary, less spectacular scenes. Italy offers extravagant beauties; but the English have obstinately gone on painting in the placid home counties of their own island; the French have never wandered farther than to the bare hills of Provence; the Flemings have found their subjects within a hundred miles of Antwerp; the Dutch have stuck to their polders and estuaries. Strange at first sight, the phenomenon is easily explicable. A picturesque landscape (which is, by definition, a landscape naturally possessing some of the qualities of a man made picture) is one which inevitably imposes itself on the painter. In the face of its overwhelming grandiosities, its naturally dramatic character, its readymade composition, he finds himself being reduced to the rôle of a merely passive recording instrument. That is all very well for the amateurs. A picturesque landscape excuses them from making any creative gesture of their own; all they have to do is to sit down and faithfully copy. But the serious painter does not want to be imposed on by his subject; he wants to impose himself on it. He does not want to be excused from making an effort of his own. On the contrary, he feels impelled by his talent to make the creative gesture which molds the chaos of the world into an ordered and human cosmos — which turns nature into art. That is why he avoids the rich, the picturesque, the imposing, the dramatic. He wants a plain, an almost neutral subject, on which he can impress his own human ideas of composition and harmony, his own conception of the grand and the dramatic. The quiet English downland is less definitely formed than the prodigious landscapes of the Albanian Hills; Flanders and the lower Seine are more malleable, so to speak, more amenable to artistic treatment than the Bay of Naples; Delft is more easily digested by the intellect than Tivoli. Turner, it is true, could swallow Italy and turn it into art; but then he was a kind of spiritual ostrich. Most painters prefer a lighter diet.

What is true of Italian is true, *a fortiori*, of tropical landscape. The pic-

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turesqueness of the most "paintable" parts of the tropical Orient is so excessive that the serious artist must feel, when confronted with them, as though he were being bullied, robbed of his initiative, dictated to. He might enjoy looking at Java or Borneo; but he would never dream of painting there. If he wanted subjects to paint, he would go back to Essex or Normandy.

Tropical landscapes, besides being too picturesque to be turned into good pictures, are also too rich. Things in this part of the world have a way of being unmanageably thick on the ground. There is no room in a painting for the profusion that exists in tropical reality. The painter of the average tropical scene would have to begin by leaving nine tenths of reality out of his picture. That was what Gauguin, one of the few good painters who ever practised in the tropics, habitually did. If he had not, there would have been no seeing the wood for the inordinate quantity of the trees.

The various aspects of the tropical world still await their interpreters. A hundred admirable painters have taught us to know what European landscapes really look like. But the artistic essence of the tropical Orient remains to be distilled. Java awaits its Gainsborough and its Constable; Benares its Canaletto. Sportsmen are plentiful in the Malayan forests, and sometimes they carry sketch books as well as rifles. But the Corot who will tell us how those forests should be seen has not yet walked among their green and leech infested shadows. We are compelled to see the tropics in terms of the snapshot, the amateur's imitation of the oleograph, or of the steamship company's poster. Palm trees, Reckitt's blue sky and ocean, purple mountains, silver or golden sands — as far as it goes, the steamship poster (which is at least the work of a professional) is remarkably truthful. When I saw the immense "Laconia" steaming into the harbor of Labuan, I could have believed myself in a London tube station, looking at the advertisements of winter cruises in the South Seas. But there is something more subtly and essentially real to be got out of the tropics than the amateur's water color and the steamship poster — something which we can all dimly recognize, but to which no professional seer has yet taught us to give a definite outline. English landscapes were beautiful before Gainsborough was born, and men were moved by the contemplation of their beauty; but it was Gainsborough who made the loveliness clearly visible, who gave it a name and a definition.

The best pictures of the tropics are in books. There is more of the essence and inward reality of the tropics in a book by Conrad or Herman Melville, more in a good passage by H. M. Tomlinson, more even in the rather maudlin Pierre Loti, than in any existing painting of the places they describe. But description, even the description of the most accomplished writers, is very unsatisfying and inadequate. And it is no use practising symbolical evocations on those who have never seen the realities which it is desired to evoke. It is no use whistling to a dog which isn't there. Symbolic evocation will never create a true picture of the tropics in the minds of those who have passed their lives in Bayswater. No, the only way of explaining to those who have never been there — as well as to those who have — what the tropics are really like, would be to distil them into pictures. The thing has never been done, and it seems to me quite probable, for the reasons I have already given, that it never will be.

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THE LONDONER

A Septuagenarian G. B. S.—Ernest Newman on the Writing of Novels—Israel Zangwill—What Children Read—H. M. Tomlinson's "Treasure Island"—Some New Books

LONDON, *September* 1, 1926.

SO the seventieth birthday of George Bernard Shaw has come and gone; and the world has been once more roused to altercation by this truculent fellow. He has addressed a meeting of his admirers, and the British government has gone the way of British governments by refusing to allow Mr. Shaw's birthday speech to be broadcast. The British government, indeed, has taken no notice of Mr. Shaw's birthday — except to ask whether he would guarantee not to mention politics in the course of his speech and, when he refused to give this guarantee, to say in effect: "Well, you shan't be heard." The speech was delivered in a room at the House of Commons, which makes the situation all the more amusing. Because Mr. Shaw, I am sure, did not much care whether his speech was broadcast or not. He has delivered too many speeches to care greatly about this one, and he has given over the wireless a masterly performance of "O'Flaherty, V. C." which showed that if he had not been a writer of genius he might have been an actor of genius. (This performance of his goes to prove the truth of a contention advanced by Victoria Hazlitt in her book on "Ability" that talent is talent, and its direction — toward painting or cooking or the writing of poetry — a mere accident. I garble Miss Hazlitt, but do not deliberately misrepresent her.) To return to Mr. Shaw. The German government has honored his seventieth birthday, and Mr. Shaw has written a public letter to Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador in London, pointing out the different behavior of the two governments and excusing the British government on the ground that "we are a barbarous nation", whereas the Germans have given to Europe "such European sense as exists of the importance of thought and dramatic poetry and the lives devoted to them". I have no doubt that business men in England will fume a little over this letter, and will say — conclusively — "Well, if he likes the Germans so much, why doesn't he go and live among them?" and so on; but the fact is, we English are very proud of Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Shaw knows it. It is not in us to give Mr. Shaw any official attention — and I think that in all probability the British government refrained from sending a letter of congratulation to Mr. Shaw through a modest feeling that he would not value any commendation from a British government. But in our hearts we think it was a piece of cheek on the part of the German government to send Mr. Shaw its word of patronage. We think Mr. Shaw is above governments. That this is true is shown by the note struck by Mr. Shaw in his own speech. He protested that the public was showing signs of thinking him a great man; and added that he had not at all "the great man feeling". If I may venture to speak for once as the British public, I will express a

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feeling which I believe to be common — and this feeling is that Mr. Shaw is not only a great man, but a very modest and a very kind and likable man. Of course, he is a joker, and while we like jokes upon the stage we cannot stand them in committee, when we think work should be seriously conducted. Mr. Shaw jokes in and out of season. He is a talker, and he thinks of a thousand amusing things to say while we cannot think of one. This facility gives him an advantage, but it spoils the committee. Therefore Mr. Shaw is not a man for committees. He is a great solo performer; and in his plays, or as a lecturer, he is able to proceed to his heart's content. As a politician he is often superbly right, but sometimes rather silly; and he does not seem to be able to distinguish between his good things and his silly ones. After all, that is natural enough, particularly with a man whose brain is so quick that he never has time to listen to what the other side is saying. I have heard many people talk foolishly about Mr. Shaw and his politics; but I have never seen anybody at one of Mr. Shaw's lectures who did not immediately fall a victim to Mr. Shaw's personality. There is this to be said, also. The same charm which distinguishes Mr. Shaw upon the platform is to be found in his private conversation. He is the most polite of men (his reputation with strangers is the reverse, but I, speaking as a stranger, say that his courtesy is exceptional); and one of the kindest. Indeed, the little epigram — by, I imagine, Henry S. Salt — which appeared in the "Times" on Mr. Shaw's birthday takes some of its quality from the fact that it is recognizably true. I quote it, with full acknowledgments:

Speak of Methuselah no more:
'Tis "Back to G. B. S."
What shall the Future praise him for?
The fun? The seriousness?
The illuminating thought? The scene on scene
Portrayed by master-mind?
All these: but most that wit so keen
Could flash from heart so kind.

I did once receive a letter from Mr. Shaw, written at length in one of the smallest and clearest handwritings ever known, and containing the most vehement insults. He described the letter as a "tonic". It was that and a great deal more; for under the insults was a delightful flattery which made the letter stand high among the half dozen letters I most gratefully treasure. But my experience is little enough in comparison with that of others. Although Mr. Shaw speaks of having "shot his bolt", and although he publicly protests at the negligence of the British government in leaving his birthday unmarked, we know very well that of all the men of letters who are today among us, he is perhaps the one who is most venerated by his juniors. His nearest rival is Arnold Bennett, but Mr. Bennett can still give Mr. Shaw nearly a dozen years, so that the admirably unconscious rivalry between them is by no means acute. Besides, Mr. Bennett has never enjoyed Mr. Shaw's unpopularity, and those who are now attached to Mr. Bennett are not — as so many of them are in Mr. Shaw's case — repentant sinners. Truly did Mr. Shaw lately say that "first men become sages, and then they become saints. I have reached the point of being sage." The canonization of Mr. Shaw is an event which will occur within his lifetime. It is imminent. Nothing can now stop it. Even if his plays as they appear rise in quality no higher than the overrated "Saint Joan" (which was loved by the sober for "a new seriousness, a new reverence" that must have been galling to the onetime rebel; and which will not

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in the future stand a chance in comparison with the glorious "Arms and the Man"), he can depend upon an ever swelling body of applause and acclaim. The hour has struck. At the age of seventy, Mr. Shaw can look back upon a career as romantic as that of any writer in history, while he can look forward to a living immortality for the rest of his days. It is a fair fate.

* * * *

One of Mr. Shaw's oldtime antagonists — only in the matter of musical discussion, and in particular regarding the merits and demerits of the "Electra" of Richard Strauss — has been transferring his attention to Compton Mackenzie. I refer to Ernest Newman, who is at once the best and the most readable of musical critics. Mr. Newman does not like Mr. Mackenzie's experiments in musical criticism, for which one should read the columns of "The Gramophone", that monthly publication which has brightened the world and robbed the trade organs of their ridiculous power over the products of those who advertise in their columns. I do not know that Mr. Mackenzie claims to be the most expert writer of the day upon the subject of music, and what he does is very well done for what it pretends to be. But Mr. Newman, driven to the act, no doubt, by the recent heat wave in England, which has been notoriously trying to the temper, has advanced into the arena with some swinging gibes. He has said the following words:

> The undeveloped state of English criticism may be gauged from the pontifical assurance with which our men of letters, and especially the minor novelists, deliver their opinion upon music. They, like other men, are, as I have said, entitled to their likes and dislikes. But music is, in the first place, a highly technical art, and, in the second place, there is not a critical problem connected with it that does not require to be seen against a vast background of history and æsthetics. It is no reproach against our men of letters that they have neither this technique nor this background. Our only reproach against them is that they will meddle with complex musical questions that they do not understand, instead of keeping to the writing of novels or some equally easy form of manual labour.

So Mr. Newman, as quoted in Mr. Mackenzie's paper "The Gramophone". It is quite plain that Mr. Newman hoped to annoy Mr. Mackenzie by reference to the writing of novels as an easy form of manual labor; he possibly did not mean to do more than that. But if he did and does think that the writing of novels is a form of manual labor alone, and if he supposes that the writing of novels can be undertaken with success without a background of history and æsthetics, then I fancy he might, for his own education, attempt the writing of a novel. I do not claim to be a very good novelist, and it may be that for this reason I am incompetent to speak of what is produced by those who supply Mr. Newman, that tired æsthete, with his light fare; but, speaking for myself, I find the writing of novels less easy than it looks. I need not quote again those memorable words in which Gilbert Frankau described how he could not put his horse at a fence for at least a fortnight after finishing one of his best sellers, but since I have lately finished writing a novel I may be allowed to refer to the extraordinary exhaustion — something more than physical exhaustion — which followed the completion of the task which had occupied me for several strenuous months. Will Mr. Newman believe that the only relaxation which helped me at all to recover from the intellectual strain of novel writing was that which comes of listening to good music? To Mr. Newman music is something of a fetish. To me it is a form of art like

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any other. It is a form of art, just as the novel is a form of art. Does Mr. Newman rub his eyes? He laughs incredulously. He has committed the very sin which he charges against Mr. Mackenzie. He has left his music, and is making noises about a "highly technical art" which he does not understand. He, the musical cobbler, has left his own last, in order to thrash Mr. Mackenzie, and he has shown that he does not know what he is talking about. He, like other men, is entitled to his likes and dislikes. But novel writing is, in the first place, a highly technical art; and, in the second place, there is not a critical problem connected with it that does not require to be seen against a vast background of history and æsthetics. Let Mr. Newman think again before he tries to get his own back upon Mr. Mackenzie by absurd suggestions that the novel is easy to write. Let him ask himself whether the average fool does not think music is an easy collection of noises. If he does ask this question, he will perhaps learn a little about his own ignorance whenever he steps outside his province, which is the appreciation and the criticism of music. In that province he shines. I regard him as unequaled. As a controversialist he is destroyed by the habit of all conceited people of supposing that what they know is the whole truth. Mr. Mackenzie may not be the greatest artist who has ever written novels, but at his best he is an artist; and an artist in one technique may very well understand more about what is created by an artist in another technique than anybody who comes to art by the back door of critical journalism.

* * * *

The late Israel Zangwill was a singular figure in the literary world. He had a great vogue when I was a little boy, and I can remember how my brother used to read and adore the early voluminous novels of Mr. Zangwill. But as I grew up the novels were gradually eclipsed, and Mr. Zangwill turned playwright. He had a success with a popular play called "Merely Mary Ann" which, when it was recently revived, seemed pitiably stale; but his other plays were what is called "polemical" — which means artistically trivial — and in England they had no success at all. I also read a few years ago a novel with which Mr. Zangwill made an attempt to recapture the old careless rapture. It was an extraordinarily long book called "Jinny the Carrier", and the scene of it was laid in Essex. Why Essex, of which county I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Zangwill knew nothing, I do not know. He lived for a number of years in Sussex, near Brighton, and it was amusing to see him (as I did once) going into a sort of Woolworth's (a shop run upon similar lines, and known as the "fourpenny ha'penny shop") to buy crockery to replace that broken in a gale which almost destroyed the bungalow town where Zangwill lived. He was a very kind man, entirely without personal conceit, with something of the litigiousness of the fanatic. He seemed always to be quarreling with his theatrical managers, and yet when he became a manager himself his first act was to quarrel with an author whose dramatic work he was presenting. A thin, rather small (but possibly taller than it appeared) bent figure, extremely grey hair, and an expression of melancholy seriousness, is what I remember of Mr. Zangwill. America possibly remembers him better than I do, for America was roused to amused indignation a few years back by Mr. Zangwill's criticisms of itself. Here, he could not make a

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speech without — in the printed reports — appearing to be a fierce and inferior Shaw. Owing, perhaps, to faulty etymological knowledge, which led him to associate it with "punch" and "pungency", he could not resist the pun. But for all that, he was not a ridiculous figure. There was something extremely sincere and even courageous in his attitude and his public pronouncements. Among Jews, I believe his opinion carried exceptional weight. I remember that once, when he praised a book by a fellow Jew, his praise immediately led to such a demand for the book that its languishing sales were stimulated beyond all expectation. That power is given to few men. In the days when Arnold Bennett was Jacob Tonson, he once sold a whole edition of Ambrose Bierce's "In the Midst of Life" by "discovering" it; and Mr. Wells has more than once given a fillip to the reputation of a young writer; but these are the only modern examples which occur to me as being at all comparable. So I think it must be conceded that Mr. Zangwill was not a negligible person, even though — as far as one can judge from the outside — his day as a novelist was past and his days as a dramatist can never really be said to have begun. It is strange how verbose his work was; strange, also, that his verbosity destroyed the interest and value of a talent which must have been considerable.

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With further reference to my recent comments upon popular taste, I venture to add a note upon the taste of young people. Early this year, every child who entered one of our large Greater London Public Libraries was asked to write on a piece of paper the names of his or her favorite authors. Lists were eventually obtained from 757 boys and 674 girls between the ages of ten and fifteen. The boys voted as follows:

P. F. Westerman, 220
Herbert Strang, 213
G. A. Henty, 198
R. M. Ballantyne, 161
Charles Dickens, 101
Captain F. S. Brereton, 84
R. L. Stevenson, 82
Rudyard Kipling, 69
Jules Verne, 69
Charles Kingsley, 58
A. Conan Doyle, 56
W. H. G. Kingston, 53
Sir Walter Scott, 53
Captain C. Gilson, 49
Shakespeare, 45

The girls, who were suspected by one of the librarians of putting down certain great names out of snobbery, "because they have been told at school that they should read and appreciate these authors", were less independent than the boys. Their lists gave the following names: Angela Brazil, 303; Dickens, 170; Shakespeare, 92; Kipling, 90; May Wynne, 76; Christine Chaundler, 65; Louisa May Alcott, 53; R. L. Stevenson, 53. In another list, the contributors to which were all picked girls from a central continuation school, the principal votes were for Harrison Ainsworth, 52; Dickens, 44; Angela Brazil, 25; Baroness Orczy, 21; and Sir J. M. Barrie, 17. It is a remarkable fact, for which I claim no credit, that I had never heard of the most popular writer for boys at the present moment. P. F. Westerman is a name entirely unfamiliar to me. And yet Mr. Westerman is evidently a most prolific author, whose works, according to my authorities, number many dozens. He is not only prolific, but versatile. To him it is as easy to write "The Flying Submarine" as it is to write "Captain Cain", a story of modern piracy, or "The Dispatch Riders" or "The Fight for Constantinople", both of which

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seem to be among his many war books. I observe, however, that Mr. Westerman shows a distinct preference for the sea, and that he has written several tales about the Sea Scouts (a branch of the Boy Scout Movement in England). He has even tried his hand at the days of Edward III in "The Winning of the Golden Spurs". Mr. Strang has long been known as "the Henty of the Present", and if he had had pride of place I should not have been at all surprised. Readers should note the strange omissions from the various lists, as well as the strange inclusions, and the truly remarkable order in which writers living or dead find themselves. For example, Harrison Ainsworth does not figure in the general list, but is at the head of the special list. Daniel Defoe does not appear at all — a blow for the Robinsonians. Rider Haggard has no place. Lord Lytton is forgotten. Mr. Masefield, Harry Collingwood, George Manville Fenn, P. G. Wodehouse (who has written a number of good books for boys), Talbot Baines Reed, Ascott R. Hope, Clark Russell, Captain Marryat, Mayne Reid, and Gustave Aimard are all conspicuously absent. But Henty, Ballantyne, and Dickens keep up, and Stevenson is still fairly high in the general lists. Personally, I find these lists very instructive, and I hope my readers will do the same.

* * * *

Speaking just now of Stevenson reminded me of "Treasure Island", which I have no doubt is one of the books that cause Stevenson's name to persist in lists compiled by young people. It has every claim, also, to affect Stevenson's name in the lists of grown ups; for this book will remain particularly readable when many of Stevenson's other works have stood aside from the main currents of contemporary reading. I was interested to learn the other day that the novel upon which H. M. Tomlinson has for some time been engaged, and which he hopes to finish by the time these words are in print, is comparable in spirit to "Treasure Island". The news contains something of a thrill for those who recognize Tomlinson as one of the few men living today who write English with mastery of its beauties. Moreover, Tomlinson has traveled about the world. He knows what it is like to see and taste and smell; he knows how it feels to be in acute physical danger; and with that flexible style of his he can make us feel and see what he has felt and seen. Tomlinson has not previously attempted to tell a long story, and all his admirers will be waiting eagerly to see what he produces. I think it should be a very good book. It is my opinion that no man living has it in him to write so good a book of this type. And if it is good, it will be very, very good. I urge all my readers to look out for this book. If it is serialized, as I expect it will be, I for one shall conquer my prejudice against serial stories and subscribe to the periodical which has the good fortune to secure the treasure. For the book is to be a tale of treasure, than which only one subject has a greater appeal to modern readers. The other subject, I need scarcely say, is murder; and of the two, since in all good treasure stories the actual gold is sublimated and purged of dross, it seems to me that treasure is the more worthy subject.

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I have left myself no room to speak of various matters which I had — as it were — upon my agenda. The first of these, which may be old news by the

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time these notes are in print, is that Margaret Kennedy's new novel is to be called "Farewell to Adventure". The title has a melancholy air, but I have no doubt that the title will prove to cover a book which is something other than melancholy. Certainly, there will be more interest in this new book of Miss Kennedy's than in any other novel by a recently popular writer. The breath of criticism — so called — has already taken the fine edge off "The Constant Nymph"; but that is probably only because the book was a commercial success. In the same way the intellectuals are already preferring any of E. M. Forster's other books to "A Passage to India". I was also going to draw attention — it is unnecessary, but it gives me pleasure to do it — to three books which I have recently been reading with great admiration and delight. They are Mr. Trevelyan's new "History of England", which is a remarkable work, and as readable as any book could be; the new cheap edition of Cecil Torr's charming "Small Talk at Wreyland"; and Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade". I have always had a very great regard for Mr. Beer's work, and I have read almost all he has written, always with appreciation of the fastidiousness of his taste and the delicacy of his literary art. As I write, the sound of the printing presses is borne to my ears. The presses are carrying the new season's masterpieces. If names and titles go for anything, this season will be distinctly above the average in interest and in quality. May that promise be fulfilled! And may those titles and names which now mean only so many names and titles leap presently into life and fame, so that we can look upon this year as a vintage year, and in after days speak of it as we speak of '48 or, at least, as champagne lovers speak of 1906 or 1911!

SIMON PURE

LAST PAGE IN THE DIARY OF A SUICIDE

By Helene Mullins

THERE will be no more weeping after this;
Pain's coarse, red hand falls from my drowsy head,
And on my mouth he lays his last, long kiss,
Knowing that in an hour I shall be dead.
Come, all my sorrows, and take leave of me,
Who cringed so humbly 'neath your cruel blows,
And see how pale I've grown with ecstasy,
Thinking how they will bring my burial clothes,
And smooth my hair, and lay me out in state,
Rigid and calm, with candles at my feet.
Here is the poison, rich and delicate,
Here is my mouth that Pain hath found so sweet.
Sunrise shall find me lying in the grass,
My fingers twined around an empty glass.

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THE HEIFERS

By Hal Borland

With Sketches by Margaret Freeman

JOHNNY was enjoying himself for the first winter he could remember. Instead of forking hay into snowbound steers and "tailing up" weak ones during the thaws, all he had done until New Year's Day was ride range. It was a remarkably open winter, and all the eastern Colorado ranches were running with summer sized outfits, using saddles instead of pitchforks.

Johnny had drifted in from Wyoming in October, hit the foreman for a job, and been taken on as a winter hand. Talking to Tim Dougherty and Stub Miller and Art Wilcox the first night, the newcomer had explained his need for winter work as due to an unlucky poker game. For though Johnny would tackle anything that could be saddled, and could flip his rope with any of them, the boys soon found that he was no more a poker player than this weather was winter.

"Where'd you learn the way you play?" Tim asked one night.

Johnny blushed, discarded two of a straight, drew a second ace, and lost five dollars to Tim's two pairs.

"Or didn't you ever learn?" Tim concluded his comment with a grin as he raked in the chips. Johnny only blushed deeper.

He wasn't more than twenty, and looked younger, if one saw beneath his brassy sunburned hair, his nut brown face, and his deep squinted eyes. But when the boys tried to sound him out, Johnny shut up like a locked barn.

"When I was a kid, back in Nebraska —" he said one day; then, realizing he had said something he didn't intend to, he blushed and turned away. And when the boys later asked him where he had lived in Nebraska, he said he had never even been in the state.

Then the foreman's wife took an interest in Johnny.

"He's such a boy", she said. "He shouldn't be away from home yet. He needs, more than anything else, a mother to look after him." And since she was old enough for the job, she undertook it. But Johnny didn't want to be mothered, and the only result of her attentions was that Johnny rode to town with the boys the first Saturday after she took up her maternal duties, and proved himself a full grown man by getting drunk. So drunk did he become that Art had to stay with him two days to get him sober enough to be brought back to the ranch.

Until New Year's Day the ranch retained its summer look. The boys were riding every day, the feed pens were empty, and the stack yards had not been entered. The cook had fixed up something of a holiday dinner, and the boys had a great time, with napkins under their chins to denote the genuineness of the occasion and chicken on their plates and in their gizzards. Both windows were open and the door swung wide until two hens wandered in from the yard and fluttered up on the far end of the table. Outside it was like

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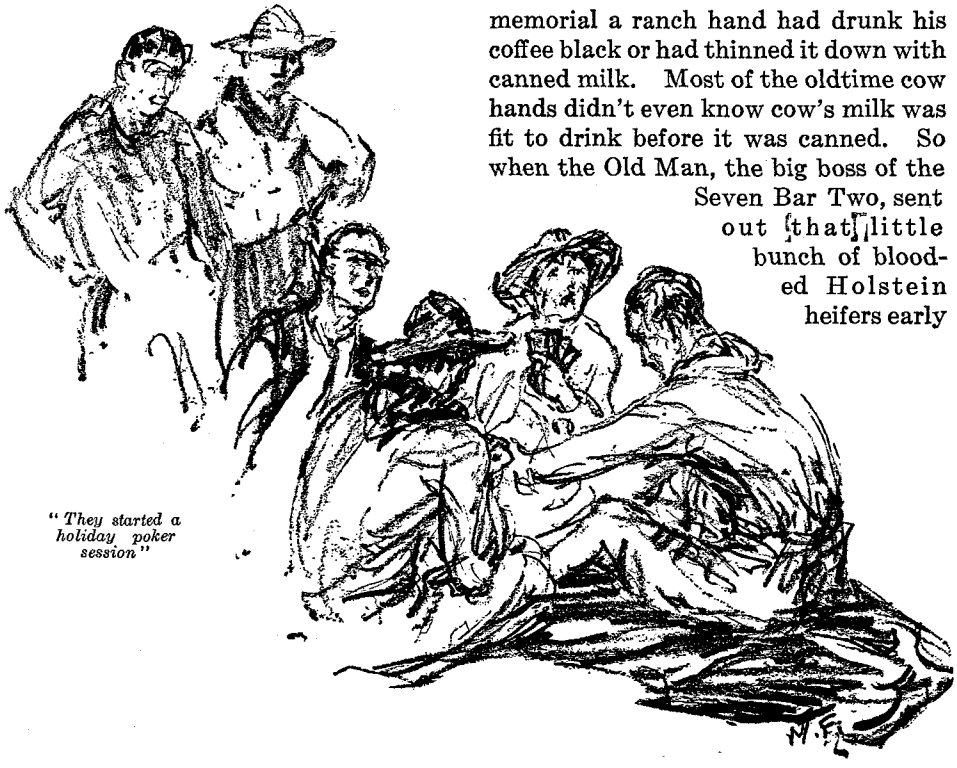
April, except that the whistling of the meadowlarks was lacking.

After the feast the boys went out to the stack yard and sat on old saddle blankets. While their meal was settling they started a holiday poker session. Johnny, gradually favored with fortune, slowly raked in most of the dimes and quarters. And for once luck was with him. The game broke up before he lost it all.

About three o'clock the sky began to scum over, starting in the northeast; in half an hour the sun was covered and a cold wind had come up. Although they had sweat in their shirtsleeves at dinner, now the boys began to think about their coats. Then just as Johnny raked in the biggest pot of the afternoon, the first flakes of snow speckled the ground.



"They started a holiday poker session"

The boys laughed as they ran to the bunkhouse. "Yah!" exclaimed Art. "Fine Fourth of July this is! Make a man sweat like a nigger, then freeze it on his neck while he's wipin' it off!"

In another half hour the ground was white and the wind had begun to whistle. The boys had hustled the little bunch of saddle stock into the smallest feed corral and were just ready to call it a day when the foreman hurried out.

"Who's seen the heifers?" he shouted against the wind.

Nobody answered. The heifers hadn't had a particularly grand reception at the Seven Bar Two upon their arrival the fall before, and partly from habit, partly from intention, the boys pretty well forgot them most of the time. The idea of keeping a dozen milk cows on a ranch! From time immemorial a ranch hand had drunk his coffee black or had thinned it down with canned milk. Most of the oldtime cow hands didn't even know cow's milk was fit to drink before it was canned. So when the Old Man, the big boss of the Seven Bar Two, sent out that little bunch of blooded Holstein heifers early

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in the fall, the boys dubbed them the "nursery" and ignored them.

"Ain't nobody seen 'em?" insisted the foreman. "They was right down the holler about a mile when we got up from dinner."

Nobody had.

"Prob'ly started with the storm." The foreman was shouting at the top of his voice to make himself heard. "Johnny, better get out and look for 'em. The Old Man never in the world'd believe we didn't do it on purpose if the heifers was lost."

Johnny swung off toward the corral.

"He'll need some help", the foreman continued, roaring through the snowflakes. "They'll be hell to handle in this wind. You go along, Tim."

There were wise cracks about nursemaids and milkmaids as Johnny and Tim stopped at the bunkhouse a few minutes later and buckled themselves inside chaps and slickers. Then they stamped out and were lost from sight in the storm less than a hundred yards from the doorway.

From nearly fifty above at noon, the mercury had dropped to zero by five o'clock, and the wind was increasing. Johnny and Tim, knowing their strays would drift with the storm, struck almost straight south from the ranch. The snow hadn't yet covered familiar landmarks, and wouldn't for some time. They knew therefore that they were something more than three miles from the ranch when they caught up with the black and white vagrants, all fifteen of them, striking southwest at a good swinging gait.

"Now comes the fun", Johnny shouted as he urged his horse to a lope. "They'll be as easy turned in this storm as your horse would be taught to eat at a table!"

And they were.

The fluffy flakes with which the blizzard had started had now become pellets of ice, sharp as gravel, and the wind swirled them about with such vigor that open eyes facing it were blinded in five steps.

Tim swung in ahead of the Holsteins and Johnny circled them. Then they turned the leaders back north, at first only quartering into the wind, then gradually heading directly into the storm. It took some fancy riding to do the trick — without wise ponies the boys could never have done it at all. But even when the heifers were following their leaders upwind they went reluctantly, pressed ahead only by much slapping of rumps with icy riatas and by considerable shouting. The boys kept the heifers at a trot, and as a result of the physical exertion involved they themselves remained fairly warm.

They had gone perhaps half a mile into the wind when a big two year old in the middle of the bunch rebelled. With a bawl of defiance she pushed two others ahead of her and broke away on the side opposite Tim. Three others followed her besides the two she had crowded out, and in a wink six of the Holsteins were backtracking south.

The remaining nine would have broken and followed but for the unmerciful crowding the boys gave them, riding their horses against the cows in a way that would have been foolhardy with range stock, which is wont to turn in anger at such treatment. Finally the bigger bunch was again pointed into the storm. Whereupon Johnny rode close to Tim to shout into his ear, "I'm going to get 'em!"

"To hell with 'em!" roared his partner. "Let the damn fools freeze!"

But Tim's bellow was lost in the snow and gathering dark. Johnny was gone, and Tim was too busy with his nine to hesitate for an argument.

In a single leap, Johnny's horse car-

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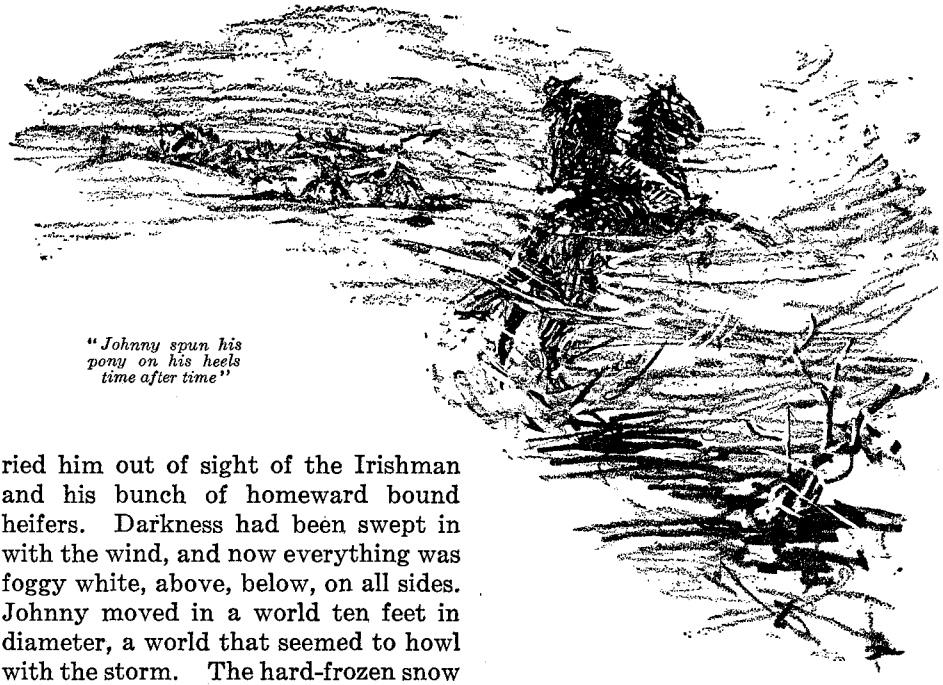

"Johnny spun his pony on his heels time after time"

ried him out of sight of the Irishman and his bunch of homeward bound heifers. Darkness had been swept in with the wind, and now everything was foggy white, above, below, on all sides. Johnny moved in a world ten feet in diameter, a world that seemed to howl with the storm. The hard-frozen snow pelting his slicker sounded like sand on a tin roof.

The rebel heifers were easy enough to find. They were trotting closely bunched, drifting with the storm. But when Johnny tried to turn them he thought of Tim's advice, which he had vaguely heard. Riding in front of the leader of the renegades, Johnny slapped her unmercifully across the face with his bunched riata. She bellowed, turned to one side, and tried to break around him. But his pony caught her and forced her again into the wind. By that time, however, another heifer had stepped into the lead and was taking the other five southwest at a fast trot.

Johnny could hardly take the one and leave the five. He dashed back and tried again. Once more he turned the leader, this time lagging back to hold the others with her, and for a moment he had them all five heading toward the ranch. Then the first leader came downwind, dashed bawling into the bunch. Before he could block them two had gone one way around him and three the other.

Until the complete murk of night clamped down around them Johnny lashed white faces with his icy rope, spun his pony on his heels time after time, and worked up a sweat in spite of the continuing drop of the temperature. But at last, seeing that he had accomplished nothing save wearing out his horse, Johnny swung in behind the Holsteins and headed southwest. He had done his best. Had they been range stock he could have held them together with one leader and probably have brought them back to the ranch by now. But these cattle weren't used to living without fences, and with only cowboys and range-wise leaders to guide them. They lacked range instincts. They were from Iowa.

Up ahead somewhere there must be something that would stop them.

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Twenty five miles — God, was it that far? — straight south of the home ranch were the buildings of the Lazy S. They might hit there. Johnny had been there once, and knew Old Swanson, the Boss. But if they continued in the direction in which they were now going they would miss the Lazy S by about ten miles. On down in that country to the west was the old Dalzeil ranch, and far on south lay the mythical — to Johnny — Hash Knife. But those were out of his range. All he could do was trail these heifers and hope for luck and a nearby ranch.

Johnny groaned and swore. The sweat he had worked up now made him shiver, and he swung his arms awkwardly to reawaken that fast disappearing heat. But the wind, twisting down his collar, seemed to be forming icicles in his armpits. Already his ears and the back of his head were numb, despite a heavy muffler he had tied around beneath his hat. His feet had no feeling, and the stirrups rattled about on his boots without Johnny's knowing it. He wore big mitts, but even doubling up his fists inside them failed to take the numbness out of his fingers.

It was, Johnny frankly told himself, a devil of a fix. Already they must be ten miles from the ranch. It was dark as midnight. A real old blizzard was going full blast. An inch of snow was underfoot, tons of it were in the air. And here was Johnny sentimentally tied to a handful of black and white heifers that had no more business on the Colorado range than a monkey would have in Alaska. Johnny wondered if he could make it back home in the teeth of the storm, provided he did feel that he could desert these out of place milk cows. He doubted it. For the Seven Bar Two range was north and he was not well acquainted with this south country. Whenever a gust of sleet caught him on the cheek he shrank from it into the shelter of his hat brim. Even Tony, the horse, had been reluctant to head into the wind the last time he tried to turn the heifers.

So Johnny and Tony drifted with the Holsteins, while Tim and his little bunch fought themselves warm and followed a tractable leader back to corral sheds and straw piles and the bunkhouse at the Seven Bar Two.

For a time Johnny thrashed furiously every few minutes, swinging his arms and legs in a determined effort to forestall nipped fingers and toes. But Tony objected to such activity on his back and Johnny found that in waving his arms like dumbbells he let in great swirls of snow that melted next to his skin and made him twice as cold as he had been before he tried to warm up. So he settled into his saddle, humped over like a snow laden lilac bush, and hoped the Holsteins would blunder onto a ranch or some shelter from the wind.

Most of the time the swish of the wind was like light surf. As it swirled masses of ice particles along the ground and through the air, it drowned all other sounds. Then would come a lull in the storm, and Johnny would hear the snapping click of the heifers' dewclaws, the wheezing of Tony, the slush-slush, slushslush of Tony's feet in the drifting snow.

Tony had lowered his head, and was plodding along as though he were a machine wound up with a key and going through regular motions in a mechanical sequence.

"One, two, three, four", Johnny counted. "One, two, three, four. Lift — 'em up — and put — 'em down. Lift — 'em up — and put — 'em down."

Then Johnny tried singing. Song after song he thought of, the sort one

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"Where am I?" he demanded thickly

shouts to the coyotes while riding night herd, or sings on a lonely ride home from town. But when he shouted at the walls of his little world, now narrowed down to a six foot globe, he felt rather foolish and resumed his humped over attitude and his silence.

It seemed that he had sat there for hours and that it should be almost daylight, when Johnny realized he was just awakening from a stupor. He blinked and shook his head. There was no feeling in either hand, and his feet might as well have been made of cork for all they realized of their socks or boots. He tried to stand in his stirrups, only to find that snow had drifted in behind him in the saddle, and melted and then frozen, cementing him fast.

The snow still pelted his back, rattling on his slicker. Underfoot it sounded as though Tony were walking through loose gravel; and the wind blew the crystals about until the ground beneath seemed to waver and seethe like a stormy ocean of white.

Up ahead the heifers drifted in the wind like ghosts — he could see the tails and rumps of three of them. Not a sound of their movements came back through the gale, and Johnny stupidly watched the rhythmical sway, sway of the black and white hips in front of him. There was a fascination about them.

He saw Tony's ears. The one on the left was full of snow, and the whole left side of Tony's neck was plastered with the white crystals driven down into his hair.

"One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. Lift — 'em up — and put — 'em down. Lift — 'em up — and put — 'em down."

Another age passed, while Johnny wandered far and sat with the boys around the pot bellied old stove at the Seven Bar Two bunkhouse. They smoked and played poker. Then

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Johnny ran out of makin's for his cigarettes and calmly snapped off a crisp finger and made it do for a smoke. It was a little inconvenient trying to hold his cards with a three fingered hand at first, but he got used to it. Then they quit the game and Johnny tried to walk to his bunk. But he found that he had no legs! He ended abruptly just below the belt. And when he tried to swing along the floor on his hands, he found that there was no floor! In desperation he shouted.

The snow rattled down the neck of his slicker and whipped at his cheeks. He blinked at the edge of the world, five feet ahead, and saw two black and white rumps, swaying through the gloom like tall grass waving in a summer wind. No, there was no floor here. Nothing but white, shifting, scratching white. And he had no legs. Certainly not. He looked down and saw something beneath his chaps, but he could feel nothing of his body there. He could not rise in his stirrups, so how could he have legs or feet?

The wind was singing now, humming an old, old tune. "Silver Threads among the Gold"? No, that wasn't it. "Johnny and Frankie"? Yes, partly that. But there was something else along with it. "The Holy City"! God, that was a pretty piece:

> Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
> Lift up your gates and sing.
> Hosanna in the highest,
> Hosanna to —

It was two years later when Johnny woke again. But it was the same snowstorm. Two years long. Some blizzard! And Tony was still going. He'd always told them that Tony was the top horse of the whole Seven Bar Two remuda. Who was that singing? Sounded like Slim Wilson. Slim used to sing "The Holy City" just that way. Slim, who had been dead two years — No, no! *Four* years. Johnny had been dead two years himself. He had wings now. So had Tony. They drifted along just like bullbats. Soft and easy, without a bit of jolting. They were up above one of those big white clouds now. See it! See! Right down below. White, white, white —

"Rip it off if you gotta! The thing's to get him offa that horse. The kid's froze stiff!"

Andy Middleton steadied the boy and his weak kneed horse, while Casey slit the heavy slicker down the back, unbuckled the boy's chaps, and lifted him bodily from the saddle, where the slicker and chaps remained, frozen stiff like the ghost of a man, headless, wavering.

"Here, Pete! Take the poor critter to the barn. Better rub his ears good with snow, then rub him down and blanket him and fix a hot bran mash for him." Andy turned the ice covered pony over to the other and dashed toward the ranch house where Casey had disappeared with the unconscious lad.

"How is he? Alive? Froze almost black, ain't he?"

"Ma" Middleton was deftly stripping back the boy's few clothes as he lay on the bed in the living room.

"Andy," she ordered as her husband entered and stood beside her, "bring in a dishpan full of snow. You get me the salt jar, Casey. And when Pete comes in tell him to go down to the bunkhouse and bring me that quart of whisky he's got hid there — I know he's got it."

Until late that afternoon Johnny lay in a stupor. He had chattered disconnectedly at about noontime, then relapsed into silence and sleep. Andy and Ma now sat beside the roaring stove and watched him.

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"Suppose he really come all the way from the Seven Bar Two?" Ma finally asked, looking up from the sock she was darning.

"Reckon so. His pony is froze pretty bad. Looks like he was out all night. And he carries the Seven Bar Two brand."

Ma rocked deliberately.

"I do wish he'd wake up", she finally ventured.

Andy rubbed his head and glanced at the patient. "Better for him to sleep", he observed. "If he gets well thawed out, and has a constitution like a horse, with plenty of sleep he'll not get pneumonia."

The blankets on the bed moved and a muffled cough brought Ma and Andy out of their chairs. Johnny turned half over and lay looking blankly at the two beside his bed.

"Where am I?" he demanded thickly.

Ma leaned over and smoothed his forehead. "You're at the Hash Knife, son. You're all right."

For a moment Johnny's eyes roved about the room seeking something familiar on which to fix their gaze. Then he asked another question. "Where's Tony, my horse?"

Andy answered this time. "He's out in the barn, getting thawed out."

Again Johnny's eyes wandered.

"You were talking a little while ago", Ma began, her eyes eager, "and you said your name was Cox."

Johnny eyed her sharply but said nothing.

"Johnny Cox?" she continued, almost cajoling.

Johnny blinked a little and frowned, but still said nothing.

"From Nebraska — Pawnee City!" Ma announced, almost accused.

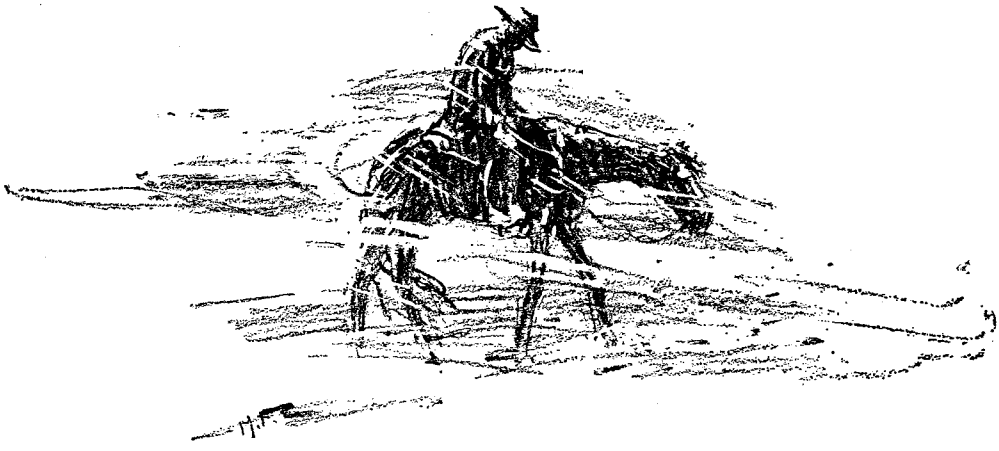
The lad drew back ever so little, and his eyes focused on Ma's face. "Nope", he denied firmly. "Never been east."

Ma retired a step, as from a blow, and her eager face relaxed into disappointment. Then Andy spoke softly, evidently guarding his words from the boy on the bed. "I didn't think so. Your sister's Johnny was a city kid. He wasn't the kind that would come west."

"But he *does* look like Josephine, around the eyes, doesn't —"

Suddenly Johnny cut in with a hoarse demand that fairly shook the window panes.

"Did those damned heifers freeze to death? The Old Man'll raise hell if they did, but I hope the buzzards and coyotes eat the guts out of every last one of 'em!"



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READING WITH TEARS

By Isabel Paterson

SOME months ago a literary review printed without comment a letter of protest and inquiry written by a man who was evidently of a bookish inclination, but solely as a reader. Literature was his solace, not his profession. He complained, sadly rather than intolerantly, that he could not find enjoyment in current fiction. He said that he still took delight in the literature of the past. He liked almost all the classics, from Sophocles to Dickens. Chaucer, Rabelais, Shakespeare, were among his favorites; and to avoid any appearance of posing as a very superior person, he included such lesser and newer lights as Charles Reade, R. D. Blackmore, Charles Lever, and Fenimore Cooper. The authors he declared he could not even cultivate a taste for comprised nearly all the Russians, and nearly all the most highly praised American novelists. But the list of his detestations was headed by "Madame Bovary". Reasonably enough, he wondered whether the fault was in him or in the modern writers. He wanted to know if he were wholly lacking in taste; or if the critics who urgently recommend such works are wholly sincere.

Consciously or unconsciously, he spoke for a large section of the reading public, who are too perplexed by their predicament, or too humble minded, to protest. If they feel it their duty to be cultured whether they like it or not, they read and suffer in silence. Otherwise, they take refuge in the popular fiction which the critics despise: Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Ethel M. Dell. Or, like the gentleman who wanted to know, they reread the classics.

Begging the question, like a trained critic, I would suggest that the writer of that letter defined the predicament of the modern novelists, by implication, in describing his own inability to assimilate their books. Unconsciously he drew a sharp line between the old and the new form of the novel, regardless of the precise date of production. Periods always overlap one another. And very shrewdly he placed at the head of his Index Expurgatorius the first intentionally "modern" novel, "Madame Bovary".

What he missed and demanded was the heroic element, the celebration of the individual. Now there is no place in the modern novel for the hero. The novelist maintains, not without irritation, that it is none of his doing; he has no choice but to write of things as they are, and he finds no hero in modern life to occupy the place. "Tono Bungay" set the pattern for a whole school of novelists, until Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce broke it again. In "Tono Bungay" H. G. Wells gave to his principal character, young Ponderevo, a reasoned excuse for his inadequacy in the heroic rôle: "I began with the supposition that life consisted in doing things. I discovered that it consisted in having things done to me."

This is a complete abandonment of the basic theory of the old form of the

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novel, almost of the whole literature of the past. For the perfect type of hero, read the Odyssey. It will be seen that the substitution of any other individual for Ulysses would destroy the story. Only Ulysses could slay the Cyclops, go down among the ghosts in Hades and return unharmed, cheat Circe, and draw the long bow generally. He outwitted even the gods. And his experiences depended solely upon his personal qualities, in especial his craftiness; he was the sort of man who goes all around Robin Hood's Barn to attain his objective, but he does attain it. Hector, Achilles, or Agamemnon would have arrived in six months or not at all. Ulysses came home after ten years, bringing a water tight alibi for the delay. In short, he was the hero. The principal personage in a modern novel is generally the goat. Homer's Ulysses did things, and James Joyce's Ulysses had things done to him.

On the face of it, one must concede that the modern novelist makes out a good case for his rejection of the traditional form. Where are the traditional figures to fill it out? What is required, for literal adherence, is the solitary man pitting himself against natural obstacles or personal enemies; a life story susceptible of being presented in terms of physical adventure, from which the emotional reaction may be deduced and elaborated. An explorer, a soldier, a prince or chieftain, supplied ideal material; any young man setting out to make his own way did well enough. Now, exploration and discovery are mainly in the realm of the abstract, a quest for pure knowledge; they no longer hold the same personal significance for the average man that they did in the days of Columbus. The new world meant something very real to the tired business man of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Columbus was charting a path to fortune, which every hardy youth might at least dream of following. But the discovery of the atom — what of it?

The fighting man too has lost his identity; he has to be given a tag and a number, and symbolized by the Unknown Soldier. The world is anything but his oyster; and he has lost his sword. He cannot be made the subject of a story except as a reflector of his condition, or a protestant against it. He did not choose the condition, and cannot alter it. Ford Madox Ford, in "No More Parades", shows the stultification of an exceptional man's abilities by the mass forces of nations in arms. Christopher Tietjens is just a grain of sand beaten by the surf of war. We cannot even imagine a modern Du Guesclin, rising to fame and power by sheer personal prowess.

A love story of the Romeo and Juliet variety is equally hard to invent. Cruel parents, inequalities of birth and rank, family feuds, and all the other ingredients of the plot have lost their material force. In America especially, a man shows his mettle only after he has disabled himself for the romantic attitude; that is, after marriage; for in America, if he cannot get the girl he wants it is simply because she will not have him, so there is nothing he can do about it. No story!

The novel therefore, apparently by necessity, has become depersonalized and sociological. For lack of a hero, we have society — an abstraction — playing the principal part, as the villain of the piece. In Dreiser's "An American Tragedy", this tendency is carried to its ultimate conclusion.

Clyde Griffiths is shown as an almost involuntary murderer, helpless in the clutch of circumstance, driven by his elementary desires and blocked by the barrier of social class which, flimsy as

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it is, he has not the innate ability to surmount. He has no will, nothing but wavering impulses and animal appetites. Now, though the Greeks imagined men to be the sport of the gods, they could imagine also a Prometheus defying the gods. And though Hamlet, like Orestes, debated whether or not he should do murder, he was bewildered between two conceptions of duty; he assumed that he was a free agent to act upon either, after reasoning the matter out. Lady Macbeth knew she was committing a monstrous crime, but she had the courage of her evil ambition. All three of them recognized the existence of a moral sense. Even in their sinning, they exhibited the awful dignity of the human soul by accepting responsibility for their own acts. If you have a soul to be saved, you must face the peril of losing it; if you can do right, it follows that you can do wrong. Lucifer could not have fallen if he had not been an angel. He would just have floated around. That is precisely how Mr. Dreiser sees Clyde Griffiths, as a perfect example of a behavioristic, deterministic, predestined, mechanical murderer. The essence of all these theories, which differ only in the field of their application, is the denial of free will. And after having been applied, with dubious results, to metaphysics, theology, and psychology, the root principle has naturally become a part of fiction.

Sometimes I suspect that the reason the novelist has seized on it is because, paradoxically, his own work is so extremely personal. His work is so much a matter of solitary concentration that he does not quite understand the highly organized effort which is necessary to sustain a democratic and industrial state. He cannot "get hold" of the world he is living in; and unfortunately, his vocation demands nothing else. The business man dominates our social structure and the novelist does not know precisely what a business man is like. That fact is obvious since the novelist makes no distinction between the business man and the speculator, the adventurer in finance, the margin dealer. His confusion is evident in that he thinks of the business man as a kind of buccaneer, and at the same time he conceives of a crushing system, a machine. Without undertaking a defense of the business man, or even an apology for his supposedly nefarious activities, I do assert that the business man has not yet been properly realized in fiction; he has not been assimilated by the novelist. The elder Ponderevo cannot be accepted as anything but a speculator, pure and simple. Dreiser's "Titan", Frank Cowperwood, is another of the same species. But the speculator is only a byproduct, as the pirate was to the Elizabethan merchant.

Not knowing what the business man is working for, or why he sticks to his business, the novelist takes refuge in the assumption that the business man doesn't know either, and that when success is attained, it is an empty mockery. The poor business man is allowed neither material nor moral satisfaction in his achievement. In Charles G. Norris's "Pig Iron", we are invited to contemplate the pitiful spectacle of Sam Smith, a poor boy who by hard work and a good deal of luck became a millionaire. At the end, his wife was estranged from him, his children were a bitter disappointment, and he was sunk in boredom. To point the moral, a boyhood friend, an artist who had refused to make money (!), was happy and content. All Sam had acquired by a lifetime of scheming and sweating was his million, and he didn't know what to do with it. Sinclair Lewis made Babbitt say that

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he had never in his life done anything he wanted to do; and apparently Babbitt did not even know what it was he wanted to do.

Similarly, all of Sherwood Anderson's protagonists are deeply discontented. They are not only in revolt, they are in full flight. The implication is that anyone who doesn't run away simply lacks the courage to do so; Anderson depicts modern life as so intolerably dull that acceptance means slow death. He implies further that this grey monotony is peculiar to the present age. I suspect that this is a fallacy common to all periods. Probably the knights galloped off to the Crusades because they were bored beyond endurance at home. Their castles were damp and cold and smelly and bleakly ugly; they'd heard all the stories of all the wandering jongleurs; and it is even possible that they, like Mr. Anderson's washing machine manufacturer, felt that their wives did not understand them. Thinking and working, however, were too arduous for them. They sought a readymade Paradise in the glamourous East, which had achieved luxury and charm — by hard labor and commercial enterprise.

This attitude of lofty contempt for the men of the marketplace seems to me inadequate, not to say unjust. It is more delicately expressed in "The Professor's House", by Willa Cather. The Professor learned that success meant disillusionment; and that, having worn through his youthful enthusiasms, he would have to learn to live without delight. Claude Wheeler, in "One of Ours", could find no means of realizing his vague ideals. His best luck was that he died in the war, exalted by a glimpse of "the bright face of danger".

Sinclair Lewis found employment for his idealist, Arrowsmith, but dared not allow him success. And since business is in such deep disfavor, Arrowsmith had to be a scientist. Arrowsmith had a hard time because he would not sell his integrity, his dream. Nevertheless, I suspect that Giordano Bruno would have said it was pretty soft for him. Arrowsmith certainly was not burned at the stake like Bruno, nor forced to go on his knees and deny his own scientific theories, like Galileo. He was not even denounced as an enemy of God and man, like Darwin and Huxley and Spencer.

There we are back at the paradox again. The novelist's real grievance is that in some respects life is not hard enough now. He is attributing his own sense of frustration in his job to the business man, who in truth is tolerably content, and quite bewildered by the emotions charged to him.

For the purpose of the story teller, something must happen visibly. There must be a picturesque conflict. A man shut up in a laboratory, patiently spying on the habits of a microbe, is not easy to deal with in fiction. Fiction has to have a pattern of action. How is one to dramatize a man figuring the overhead of a factory, or drawing the plan of a skyscraper? I don't know, or I'd do it myself. Nevertheless, there may be much delight in either occupation; quite as much as there is in toiling through a tropical jungle, all dressed up in the kitchen stove, like "stout Cortez".

That is why the joy of life finds little expression in modern fiction; and the joy of life is what the letter writer, with whom I began, was looking for. Hitherto, all great literature has been suffused with it; the great writers were animated by the conviction that though life might be hazardous, hard, violent, humorous, or even tragic, it

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was still, not only in spite of those things but because of them, worth living.

Yet I am inclined to think that the modern novelist is on the right track. He cannot turn back the clock. The novel has become sociological and psychological by sheer necessity, because the outward spectacle does not reveal the motives and mental processes of the participants. There is nothing to do but shift the stage, and work within the consciousness of the characters.

A great deal has been done in this direction. The details of private life have been made more interesting, even if painfully so. The novelists are handling purely personal affairs in an illuminating manner. They have studied marriage, and discovered that it is a lifelong adventure. They realize keenly that all experience is a succession of minutiæ, and that the high moments may be least perceptible to the mere eye witness. They are taking the details of every day and endeavoring to reveal their universal significance, their spiritual value. During the heroic period of literature, this could occur only by a happy accident. The first, second, and third citizens appeared only in the chorus. Our novelists have opened up a vast new territory.

It may be inevitable that in pursuit of the universals they have practically lost sight of the individual. A "character" tends to become a "case". H. L. Mencken is so immersed in this fascinating job of noting and classifying specimens of a genus that he has actually forgotten, if he ever knew, the elementary distinction between a "character" and a "type". With magnificent unreason, he demands that the novelists create characters, and suggests types for them to draw from! He says that "a first rate novel is always a character sketch, of an individual . . . Becky Sharp, D'Artagnan". And then he proposes that something should be done with "the American University President, politician, prohibitionist, journalist" . . . and a dozen other — types! Is it possible that Mr. Mencken thinks Thackeray meant Becky Sharp as a composite portrait of an English governess? Or that Dumas thought of his four Musketeers as "typical", when they were as unlike as he could possibly make them? Such conjecture leaves me, as a very mere novelist of sorts, holding my head, on the verge of tears.

It may be lost labor, but surely it can do no harm, to attempt a definition of the obvious difference between a character and a type. A type is true to life; but a character seems to exist independently. Confronted by a well drawn type in fiction, one involuntarily verifies it by reference to "real people". Consciously or unconsciously, the mental reaction is: "Yes, that is true; that is how so-and-so behaved in similar circumstances." Or contrariwise: "That is absurd; I never knew anyone like that." As Judge Brack remarked brilliantly of Hedda Gabler: "People don't do those things." Wherein he was right; for Hedda's suicide was symbolic; it signified only that she had come to the end of her string, had involved herself in a situation from which she could not escape except by dying. And then, Ibsen needed a climax.

But a character is governed only by its own laws, and convinces without corroborative evidence. Does one authenticate Falstaff by comparison with the village drunkard? "Real people" will, rather, remind one of these great fictive characters because these characters are more real than

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reality; that is why we call them immortal.

For an illuminating example, consider Beatrix Esmond. Her behavior cannot be explained rationally. With every gift — beauty, wit, charm, birth — and every opportunity to use her gifts, she wasted herself. She had the world at her feet, and she kicked it away with one disdainful flick of her red heeled shoe. It is impossible to say clearly why she did so; but one believes without question. Some flaw in her nature destroyed her, and one feels the truth of it without being able to name the cause. That is pure creative work. That is genius.

This peculiar power is not displayed to any great extent in current fiction. Instead we have the talent of observation and logical deduction, which may in good time put forth its own kind of genius, getting at the same results from another direction. Each generation must break away from the old models, or art will die of formalization. Our novelists are striking root, and suffering from growing pains, which the reader compulsorily shares. Let us hope that the fruit may be sweet in due season, and that the patient reader will be patient a little longer.

REALITIES

By Mary Holbrook Russell

I MUST give away all beautiful things
For my lover is a gross man.
All my bracelets and my rings,
My painted lace fan;
All my colored bead strings,
For my lover is a crass man.

I must fold away my glinting dream
Of a fragrant land,
Where the lotus floats on a silver stream
And stars dance a saraband
To the silent rhythm of a moon drum's beam —
My lover could not understand.

But my lover's hair is soft and bright,
And his eyes are brown and deep.
They have no lovely second sight
So mine I cannot keep.
He would wither my flowers with brazen light
But his eyes wake mine from sleep.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART XI

The instalments of Mr. Burke's atmospheric novel which have been appearing in THE BOOKMAN *have necessarily been greatly shortened to meet space requirements; but it has been the attempt of the editors to retain as much as is possible of the quality of this unusual and distinctive piece of highly organized prose.*

PHILIP PERRINCHIEF at the piano made a flourish of six repeated chords, and swung round to the company. "There! How d'you like that?" He shot his face to Christopher and David Scollard, to Obed Frumpin and Stephen Darkless. In that Victorian parlor, sombre with solid furniture and aging men, and littered with music stands and sheets of music, he was an electric current. His pink face and flat yellow hair glowed in the autumn dusk like a lit bulb. In any house he was a disturbing presence; even when sitting silent with a book he could upset the peaceful lapping of its air; in this house he set the air lashing and eddying. The quickfire of his voice; his movements: a sweep of the arm or the sudden crossing of a leg, which kept Darkless shrinking and wincing; his sudden risings and seatings; his bursts of speech and his abrupt silences, perplexed the elder men. Keeping up with him and following his swerves was like trying to follow the pattern of a modern concerto.

With a twist of a patent leathered foot, he shot the piano stool from him and got up, a clean lithe figure. With the next movement he knocked over a music stand and took a seat on the sofa with the dart of one playing musical chairs.

Frumpin said "Ha! . . . Ha! . . ." And "'M. . . . 'M. . . . . Pretty good, that. If you can write as well as that you can do better. You can do good stuff. Ha! There's atmosphere there all right. Something in the Scriabin school."

He turned to David. "How's it strike you, Mr. Scollard?"

Scollard, in shirt sleeves, rubbed the back of his head and smiled. His whole attitude to this swift young man was a sort of slow indulgent smile, and when he spoke to him his voice moved on a razor edge between the mocking and the serious. He answered with the tone of answering an idle question, to which the answer was obvious. "Well, I should imagine it's a good thing spoiled. About twenty different themes and not one of them developed. It flickers."

"Ah, but, don't you see, I have to do that. To fit the action of the picture. If I wrote it as a properly designed thing, I'd never sell it. They'd throw it at me."

"Ah, I see. You'd have no return for all your work except the satisfaction of having done your best."

"Exactly. And life being what it is today — "

"Quite." He looked over the young man and into him, as though seeking

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even the palest reflection of that flame by which men save their souls. He smiled again.

"What d'you think of it, Chris?"

"Muck. As good muck as I've heard. Fits that picture perfectly. As perfectly as newspaper serials fit their purpose. Excellent muck. You ought to have been a carpenter and joiner."

"Thanks, Delius. Any more compliments?"

Darkless sat twiddling his fingers, hoping to escape a call for an opinion and terrified that he wouldn't. Perrinchief went gaily on. "Anyway, they've heard it themselves and they're satisfied. So that's That. I'm booked up for two more now. When I've done them I think I can give myself a week or two off. Try Spain, I think. When I've done a few more, then I'm off to America. See how they'll like me. Plenty of opportunity for good work on their pictures, I should think."

"Yes, by God, plenty!"

"Things are certainly looking up. If they go on like this I shall be able to get out of my Haymarket flat and get something better and quieter. Queen Anne's Mansions or St. James' Court. I've always wanted to be in one of them. Any of you hear that bloke who plays Brahms and Liszt with his fists and elbows? Give you an idea of him.". . . He went to the piano. "This is it. Listen!"

The act was followed by broad grins. Perrinchief was full of parlor tricks of this kind, and was always forward in exhibiting them without regard to the taste of his audience. He liked to be liked, and he thought the surest way of being liked was to be merry and bright; no matter how. A flow of nonsense or tricks at the piano was as good as any other way. "There! That's the sort of stuff. And it's actually noticed by the press. Next idea, I suppose, will be to play the violin with a pen nib. Or the oboe with a bicycle pump. And the 'Hungarian Rhapsodies' on a Remington. (Though something like that's actually been done.) And if anybody did turn up and play Chopin hanging head down from a trapeze, the mugs'd roll up to hear it just as they do now; and the critics'd give it a notice without yelling at it. That's the way to be a musician today."

Scollard turned to two bottles on a side table, and was busy with a corkscrew. "Yes, I suppose so. Now, Perrinchief, you like the best of everything in the way of food and drink and clothes. Any judge of claret?"

"Well, Mr. Scollard, not enough to argue about it. Want half a lifetime to be a real judge. But I can appreciate good stuff."

"Ah. I got these up specially for you."

"Specially for me. Gee! That's Success, if anything is."

Scollard lifted his glass. "In the wine of a past age I salute the modern age. An age that will never have enough leisure to cultivate a true taste for wine, or even leisure to drink it properly. Or enough leisure to cultivate anything. (You're spoiling it with that cigarette. Throw it away.) The wine age is gone. There's no pupils today for the old ones to pass the tradition to. . . . Ah, well, perhaps it's a hopeful sign. The flicker of the cinema and the rush of the fox trot are all perhaps hurrying you on to a cleaner world. It's the restless spirit that discovers new worlds; and then they settle down and cultivate them, and the next restless generation discovers other worlds — each one a bit better — though only a little bit better — than the last. I'd sooner see a

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restless age, though it interferes with the old ones' comfort, than the stodgy age this wine belongs to. The old ones look on at the scurry, and can't see any meaning in it. They wonder what the young ones are up to. And so do the young ones mostly. But there is a meaning, and the next generation sees it."

"Good, Mr. Scollard; seeing the drinking has begun, we're all set for a Platonic Symposium. I thought you were going into the usual howl about the Jazz-and-Cocktail Age. Glad somebody sees our good points, although I fancy there was a slight glint of a smile on the edge of your eye. Anyway, you're kinder than this ponderous old man, here." He shot a fist at Christopher's ribs. "Speaking of fox trots — here's a thing I knocked off the other day. Just written some words to it, and I think I ought to be able to work it into some show. See what you think of it for a dance and chorus number."

He swung round to the piano and played a tickling piece, decorated with all the cunning twists that make the popular fox trot. "Well — what about it?"

Christopher growled at him. "Reckon I could do a better one than that, impromptu!"

"Oh, could you? Don't you be so sure, Schubert. Just like your sort — despising these things and knowing nothing about the technique it takes to make a good one. You all *reckon* you could do it. Until you start. It happens to be a specialized job, my lad. As specialized as a good woodwind man. Wants a bit of doing. Just like to see you try."

Christopher set down his glass. "All right. Give me a chord."

Perrinchief gave him a chord. He went to the piano, edged Perrinchief off the stool, and took the chord he had been given.

"Now then, Impromptu, go ahead."

He thought for a few seconds, drifted about the keys; then began a one step. Perrinchief stood back and listened with smiling superiority. But as he listened the smile went, and when Christopher finished, and turned with, "Well, what about that?" Perrinchief wasn't ready with an answer. He was frowning and glaring, as he did at anything beyond the usual. He waved his hand and bent his head. "Play it again."

"Again? I wasn't paying any attention to it. Not sure if I can remember it just as I did it then."

He went through it again. Perrinchief said, "Gee! If I — " and stopped. He waved his hand and opened his mouth to speak; and didn't speak. Twice he opened his mouth and said nothing. The third time he said, "Where d'you get the idea?"

"Oh — just this minute — starting from your chord. I get dozens of ideas for this sort of rubbish in odd moments."

Perrinchief stared at him. "Do you?" Then, catching Christopher's eye, he softened the stare and asked casually, "What d'you do with 'em?"

"*Do* with 'em? Nothing, o' course. What would one do with tripe like this? They *will* come into your head. You can't help it. They're always doing it — specially when one's on something serious. I only wish they wouldn't."

"Ah. Do they? 'M. . . ." He went over to the dusky corner where the claret was, and sat down. "Play it again. I rather like those tricky, fiery things."

"Yes, you would. Liszt is about your idea of music. Let's have something decent."

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"No — play that again so's I can really judge. Then, if I honestly think it's better than mine, I'll stand you a lunch anywhere you like."

Christopher turned about and went through it a third time. Frumpin coughed. Darkless looked distressed at the spectacle of his serious young friend playing the fool with a one step. Perrinchief in the dim corner took a pocketbook and pencil from his breast pocket, and bent his head over them.

The dusk had now developed to dark, and when Christopher had finished, and had drifted into the "Prince Igor" dances, nobody noticed that Perrinchief had nothing to say. For the rest of the short evening he was subdued. His flow of chatter ceased, and he appeared to be preoccupied with matters far removed from music and wine; and even the opening of the second bottle lent no life to his tongue. He threw in a few interjections that only grazed the subject under discussion, and one serious attempt at saying something. But the attempt began and ended with, "I say, Chris — oh, never mind; doesn't matter." He was silent when the party broke up, and was dark and dour while driving Christopher from Islington in his Rover. They parted in Oxford Street, and he made one more attempt. "Well, I reckon I owe you that lunch. We'll have it at Pagani's, if that'll suit you. I say — d'you think you — "

"What?"

"Well, I . . . Oh, never mind. Pagani's tomorrow. One fifteen."

"But what were you going to say?"

"Oh, nothing. Only a new story I'd heard. But you can't tell that sort of story in the open moonlight. Save it till tomorrow, with the coffee. Tinkety tonk!"

In the after breakfast hour of a Saturday morning, Fred Gore sat in his standardized dining room, "glancing" at the paper, and smoking his Saturday morning cigar. Highly skilled men work at feverish pitch to produce our morning and evening newspapers; millions of people haste with their pennies to buy them; yet nobody will confess to reading the vile things. After a man has sat for an hour with a newspaper he will tell you that he has "just glanced over it". Joan, the maid who had replaced the cold and terrible Ruth, was slowly clearing the table and registering industry by her breathing, which was the breathing of a boxer between the eighteenth and nineteenth rounds. A mass production Moorish table stood at his left hand, bearing ash tray and matches. At his right hand, in the recess between fireplace and window, was his library. "Small but select", he would say, pointing to the mass production fumed oak bookcase. It held Whitaker's Almanac and Chambers's Encyclopædia, plain things that attracted no remark. The other volumes, against the furniture of that room, fell into that corner between the natural and the ridiculous which we call pathos. They bleated the inner character of the stout and forthright figure that owned them. One looked at them and turned hastily away with the feeling of having unwittingly read another man's private letters.

One looked at Mr. Gore, and one looked at: "How to Listen to Music", "Jesus, the Business-Man of Palestine", "How to Look at Pictures", "Tonic Talks, by Radio Robert", "God and Success", "Literary Taste, and How to Acquire It", "A Rotarian's Religion", "Beethoven's Symphonies Analyzed and Explained", "The Meaning of Modern Art Move-

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ments", "Days with the Great Composers", "Advertising as a Moral Force", "A Handbook to Browning", "The Spiritual Side of Industry", "The Cult of Cheerfulness", "Great Epics of the World, in Synopsis Form, with Specimens", "How to Become a Convincing Talker", "The Hundred Best Pictures".

And one sighed.

For Gore's bookcase was but one of many with like collections. All over England hundreds of other Gores, clerks, business men, tradesmen, and workers, stimulated by the moral force of advertised Efficiency, were likewise reaching beyond their needs and capacities; gulping this pemmican culture and laying up hours of mental dyspepsia. They are the citizens of a world of Little Pink Pamphlets and Little Daily Doses. They are the people who are shouted at, screamed at, whispered at; commanded, cajoled, and hypnotized; and they Eat More Fruit when they are told to, and Drink More Milk; they Get That Worthwhile Feeling and they Say it with Flowers and Go to Sunny Sunport for their Holidays; and they Preserve that Schoolgirl Complexion and believe that Good Cigarettes are a Perfect Digestive. With all zeal and faith they support each plank in the Jesuitry-in-Advertising platform, and in all ways encourage manufacturers to run their business for Self, not Service. And over them the guardian angel of Stunt and Slogan drops his crooked laughter.

Mrs. Gore came in, carrying a pad of paper and a pencil. "What about lunch, Fred? What you feel like?"

He ignored the question and tossed the paper to the Moorish table. "Something special on the wireless tonight. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony."

Julia Gore's face held the furtive look of one who is puzzled and tries not to look puzzled.

"Beethoven — " Gore sat forward in his chair with the manner of one about to make revelation — "Beethoven was one of the great spirits of the world. His music expresses the highest manifestation of the spirit of man — in all ages and future ages." (Beethoven's Symphonies Explained.)

"Does it really?"

"Beethoven, Julia, isn't ordinary music like Sullivan and What-you-call-it. There's an imaginative quality in Beethoven that no other composer ever got near. The way that fifth symphony's built up. The great sweeping passages for — er — brass — no, strings. The message that it brings. It's not only an expression of the soul's pilgrimage — "

"No?"

"No. It expresses triumph. The goal in sight. The triumph of man — mortal man — when at last he's able to see God." (Beethoven and His Message.) "Beethoven was one of the greatest men of the world — greater than Shakespeare. Greater than the Greeks. And yet a man. A man who suffered all the ordinary little things that ordinary little people suffer. And big things as well. And being what he was suffered more than ordinary people ever could suffer."

"Yes?"

"Ah. He had a pretty thin time. Almost his whole life was trouble. Trouble and debt and quarrels."

"Well, I never!"

"And then, on top of everything — he went deaf."

"Went deaf?"

"Went deaf. The greatest tragedy that could ever happen to a musician. And yet with all that — all those daily bothers and that tremendous tragedy — with all that he composed those

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symphonies. The Immortal Nine, they're called." (Days with the Great Composers.) "When you're listening to Beethoven, you're not merely listening to music as music's generally understood. You're listening to something greater than any art — a revelation of the divine." (A Study of Beethoven.)

"Really? I shouldn't a-thought there was all that to understand in music."

"Ah. . . . 'Course, you can't appreciate him all at once. You got to work your way up to it. Old Scollard can, of course. Well, look at the years he's been in music. I used once to wonder what he saw in it. I wasn't educated up to it, then. But I know now. It's worthwhile educating yourself for what you get out of it at the end. 'Course, I don't pretend to know as much about it as David, or get as much out of it, but I know enough to get something. I can see the difference between Beethoven and ordinary stuff. You ought to have a go at one or two of these books, Julia. They'd help you to understand. You get much more out of life, y'know, that way."

Julia nodded with a troubled "Yes?" And then — "I daresay you're right. Only 'tisn't everybody who can understand, even if they do study. You're a long way ahead of me. And anyway, I like *music*. I like a tune you can remember."

Fred's lips were pursed in benevolent superiority, but there was a touch of guilt in the eyes. She had said what he was saying three years ago, and would not dare to say now. His bookcase forbade him. But under the thin covering which those books had deposited, the real simple Gore still breathed and recognized its true home in the journalistic music — "tunes you can remember" — of the hour. It only wanted some intimate friend firm enough and brutal enough to interrupt his stale tags on Beethoven with "Come off your perch, ole man!" and he would have confessed. He did confess to himself but he dare not confess to Julia.

"Ah, but real music's more than tunes you can remember. Though, of course, the classics are really full of tunes. Plenty of tunes in Bach and Wagner and Schumann and Beethoven. But they only use melody for the expression of a spiritual — you-know. Music ain't merely something nice to listen to, any more'n a picture's just a nice arrangement of colors." (How to Look at Pictures.) "It's got to have an Idea behind it. Otherwise it ain't music. It's the spiritual — er — what-is-it behind the sound or color that makes real music. Music that moves you and shows you another life and — and — " (Nights at Queen's Hall.)

"I see. Still, I can't say I really like this big music."

"No? No. Perhaps not. When one's beginning. It takes time to — er — to get to the Root of it. Like youngsters. Most youngsters'd rather read Funny Flashes than — er — say — er — Browning."

"Yes, I daresay. Yes. . . . What'd you like for today, Fred? What about a nice bit of hake? Or'd you rather have cutlets?"

"Eh? Oh, I don't mind. Say cutlets. . . . Beethoven — where's the paper? The bit with the wireless program. See what time it's on." He scrabbled on the floor for the loose sheets and studied them.

"I'll get cutlets, then. And tomatoes, eh?"

"What? Yes, that'll be all right. And mashed potatoes. Mashed. I always think they go well with a grill."

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"Going to the football this afternoon?"

"No, don't think so. I don't want to miss this symphony. And I might be late getting back. No, I shan't go 'safternoon. I'll just have a look at — Well, I'm damned!"

"What?"

"Well, I'll be blowed. Look here. Here, Julia. Look at this."

"Look at what? What is it? What's happened?"

"Listen to this."

"Listen to what?"

"This. Young Chris."

"Well, what about him? What's the trouble? How can I look at it the way you're holding it? What is it?"

"Young Chris."

"Well — what? Something in the paper about him? He hasn't been in an accident, eh? He hasn't been — "

"Something in the paper? I should say there *is* something in the paper about him. Half a column. But there — I always said there was something in him. You wouldn't have it, but I was sure of it. I knew it when he was ten years old. Just come and read this. His picture, too. Lifelike."

Julia bent over him. "Well, I never. Well, well . . ." The voice flashed surprise, excitement and dismay. "Well, whoever'd a-thought it?"

"I would. And did. I told you years ago. Now perhaps you'll believe me — eh? I always said so. But you wouldn't listen. Now — cast your eye down that, and admit you was wrong. I'm not a fool. In Business you got to learn to be able to read people quick, and I knew there was something in that boy. I — er — sensed it. Now what you got to say, ole girl — eh?"

"Well, well . . . I must say I'd never a-believed it. Don't seem to fit that place, somehow. Still, there it is. 'Nyet I never see no signs of it."

"Ah. . . . That's where the trained mind comes in, ole girl."

At ten o'clock on the Monday following the Sunday at Islington, Perrinchief dashed from his Haymarket flat, and across Coventry Street to Shaftesbury Avenue. He had the appearance of having come fresh that moment from his tailor, his hatter, his boot maker and his hair dresser. In the Piccadilly end of the Avenue he stopped at the offices of the Roderick Shower Music Features, Ltd., shot through the door, nodded to the assistant behind the counter, and went up to the first floor three stairs at a time, and into a room that combined office and drawing room and club smoke room.

There was a pedestal desk complete with departmental telephone and the very latest Business Man's Office Chair. There was a grand piano, and two vases of flowers, and a carpet of serious purple. There were serious filing cabinets and facetious photographs of dance band conductors. There were two saddlebag chairs and an Empire couch. There were occasional tables capped by silver cigarette boxes and brass match stands and ash trays. Piles of sheet music lay on the floor. Modern gibed at ancient. A bag of golf clubs stood in one corner and a Chinese vase, filled with bulrushes, in another. Over the mantel shelf hung a piece of Moorish brocade, and on the shelf itself were Japanese netsukes and a Burmese temple carved in dark wood, and a photograph of an Eton cropped young lady "featuring" one of Mr. Shower's "features". A pile of letters and illustrated papers lay on an old Italian chest with painted panels, which stood opposite a modern sectional bookcase filled with account

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books. In the next room half a dozen typewriters were cackling.

In the centre of this salad of periods sat Mr. Roderick Shower. Mr. Roderick Shower was young and stout and pink. He had the figure of a wrestler and the face of a happy infant. A suit of light drab whipcord, with a scarlet handkerchief in the outside pocket, stressed his height and bulk. Perrinchief regularly introduced him to his friends as "The Glaxo Champion. Holder of the Glaxo Challenge Cup for Bonny Babies". As Perrinchief entered with "Hullo, Glaxo!" he was sedately bent over his desk. He looked up at the opening door, saw his visitor, and gave a childish squawk. He followed the squawk by slapping both knees, and thrusting out his left hand. "Come in, old boy, come in. Must show you this. Letter from a woman who sent in some stuff that I turned down. Read it." His voice went up the scale. "Ever see anything like it in your *life?* You wouldn't believe it, would you—without actually seeing it? Could you believe that a woman'd send a letter like that? Priceless! Trouble is, you couldn't tell anybody about it, without showing the letter. They'd swear you invented it. And couldn't print it either in these bloody Cromwellian times."

Perrinchief took the letter, read it, and grinned. "Good. Just like a woman, though. When they do start on language, they put the sergeant major right out of it. Heard the one about 'when I dined with the Queen of the Dutch'?"

Shower swept his papers aside and beamed. "No. Don't think I have. Let's hear it. Haven't heard a good one for months."

Perrinchief told it. Shower lay back in his chair and kicked his feet; and got up and stalked about his room; and picked up a copy of "Musical Opinion" and flung it at a Chinese vase, and kicked the waste paper basket over the grand piano. He crowed. "Oh. Oh. O-o-oh, that's a good one, that is. That's a beauty. That's a peach. That's a little darling. I hope they haven't heard it at the Club. . . . O-o-oh, that's a winner. Let me get it right. 'When I dined with the Queen of the Dutch' . . ."

"I saved that one for you. I thought you'd like it."

"Oh, wonderful. Best I've heard for months. I like the colloquial touch—'I think I shall treat it as such.'" He threw his head back and squawked.

Perrinchief made some darting movements. "Look here, old man, haven't much time for fiddling about, but I've brought something I think you'll like. A one step. Something of the sort you're looking for. Tell me what you think of it."

"What I'm looking for? Don't think it exists in England. Still, you know what I want, and if you've really got anything anywhere near it—"

"Near it? This is on the spot, my boy. There's the words. Just glance over 'em. I sat up till two o'clock this morning, getting 'em right. And this is the stuff." He went to the piano, hitched his trousers, and made a flourish. Shower dropped his facetious mood, studied the typewritten sheet; then sat back and listened idly. He heard a dozen of these things every day. Perrinchief played, and as he played Shower began to drum on the desk with his fingers. He spoke over his shoulder. "Again!" Perrinchief obeyed. This time Shower whistled, and when it was done, said "Again!" After the third playing something happened to him. He got up and walked round the room with a business frown and hands in pockets. Then, abruptly, he asked:

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"Where the hell d'you get that?"

"Pal of mine."

"Done much before?"

"Nothing in this line. Absolutely new to this. Only serious stuff so far."

Shower showed no signs of his Glaxo mood now. He said "Ah!" and "H'm. Yes. Pretty good." But the "business" mood refusing to hold, he broke out with, "My God, man, you've got a grand feature there."

"I know it's a bit off the usual run of things."

"Look here, old man, has anybody else seen this?"

"Not a soul."

"And I can have first cut at it?"

"You can."

"Right. I'll take it. You're right about its being what I'm after. Anything to give Tin Pan Alley a conk on the Moses. America's got our best actors; their plays fill half our theatres; they've got our cinemas under their big toes; they've filled our halls and altered public taste so much that English turns have to pretend to be American to get a show; and every dance room from the hotel ballrooms to the shilling Pallays is filled with their fox trots. I'm out to put English dance music on the map. I'm certain we've got the men here to do it, but the blighters won't do it. And the cheap bunch who do do our popular stuff — all they can do is the '— and you' stuff that everybody's sick to death of. 'Roses — and you.' 'Twilight — and you.' But this lad of yours — if that's a sample of his stuff . . ." He let off an unbusiness-like yell. "Why, dammit, it's — it's original. It's the first original dance I've heard for years. There isn't one phrase in it stolen from the classics. I think it's certain to go, once we get it into the programs. It's got all the run and tickle of the old Verdi tunes in the modern idiom."

"I know. I thought you'd see it at first playing."

"I did. I took it then, on the spot. I just wanted to hear it again to get proper hold of it. Fellow's English, I suppose?"

"Oh, rather. Cockney."

"What age?"

"Only a kid — just twenty."

"Splendid. He's only beginning, then. Look here — don't you dare play it to anyone else, or let it get out in any way."

"Leave that to me, old bloke. I'm in this, remember. As author of the words."

"Ah. Well, I think we've got a good thing here."

"That's my feeling. Once it's heard, it'll go. They can't help themselves. There's fire and pace in it."

"Well, you've brought me a lot of dud stuff, but I think you've picked one this time. What d'you want?"

"Oh, shan't murder you. Usual royalties will do."

"Good. Just run over it once more."

It was run over once more, and this time both Perrinchief and Shower were jigging. Shower beamed. "It *is* a good one. It really is. I shall have that with me for the next week, curse it. Be walking to it and eating to it. What sort of serious stuff has he done?"

"Oh, nothing any good. Quartets and Impressions for Strings, Art, and that sort of thing. Disgustingly earnest."

"Ah. Well, that's just the sort of fellow *for* this business. We want men like that. If we're going to do anything with English dance music, it must be the best. And it must be music. Directly you played that, I knew it was the work of a sound musician. And I can't for the life of me see why musicians should take the attitude

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they do to dance music, and despise it. Good light music has as much living force as the heavier stuff, and I don't see why the real good men shouldn't give their best to it. I'm glad your pal has had one sane moment — sane enough to produce that. Script clear enough for the engraver?"

"Oh, yes. I made a clean copy last night."

"Right. I'll put it in hand right away. What about your verse? Want a separate arrangement for that?"

"Oh, no. We're partners in this. One contract'll cover it. Send it along to me, and I'll sign for both of us, and make my own deal with him."

Shower got up and walked round the office. "Tee-tighty-ti — Tee-tee-tighty-tighty-dum-dee — Damn the thing. It's got me already. I must think out ways of getting this across. Chase Mervyn wants a good feature number for his next show. I think this'll fit him like a new skin. . . . 'M. Yes. It's got the Tin Pan Alley popular appeal, plus real music. The crowd'll eat it without knowing they're eating music, though it's the pure music that'll get 'em."

He walked and walked, kicking things as he walked. "I don't think this is optimism. I think it's a fact. I think we can anticipate it with a real lunch. Where you lunching?"

"I'm lunching with the Eminent Composer."

"You are? Splendid. I'll come along and make a trio. And it'll be my lunch."

Perrinchief hesitated. "Er—no—I don't think I would if I were you. Not just yet. You see, he's appallingly shy and nervous; and he's got no opinion of this thing. All he thinks about is his chamber stuff. I think we'll postpone it for a bit."

"Oh, just as you like. I want to see him, though. Tell him I want more like this, will you? What's he do for a living?"

"Leader at the Sistine Cinema."

"Doesn't sound very serious."

"No — he hates it. Been brought up in that chamber music atmosphere and won't recognize any other music. Father keeps a pub in Islington and plays the 'cello in a local amateur quartet."

"Really? Really? Good Lord, what a tophole story to have behind it. You must drag him along, so's he can get to work and follow this up with others."

"I'll see about it."

"Well, mind you do. I don't want somebody else coming in on top of this first one and nobbling him on a long contract."

"Don't you worry about that. Anything further he does'll come to you. I'll fix that. He's a good straight fellow. . . . Well, I must get off. Shoot the contract along today and I'll sign it. By-by."

(To be concluded)

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF 1926

By Anne Carroll Moore

ARE there any surprises among the children's books of the year?

Another one of a kind, whether sequel or series, may or may not be welcome according to the measure of its vitality, but it brings none of the thrill of the birth of a new and original story or picture book to which author, artist, and publisher have given the magic touch that signifies fresh creation and daring adventure.

Publishing in its higher reaches is very much like backing an exploration into the unknown. All honor, then, to the publishers new and old who are investing time and thought and golden ducats upon their children's books — designing new forms for discriminating parents, teachers, and children — new catalogues and fresh characterizations for salesmen and bookshops.

We have traveled far and we have seen much in twenty years of selecting and recommending for purchase the children's books of a great public library in whose many reading rooms books not designed for circulation are being tested both as to temporary appeal and enduring charm. We have seen far too many series turn to dead wood upon library shelves, and watched far too many other series reach dead lines of interest by sheer numbers, to be deceived by variation in size, cover design, or made to order illustrations.

To those who have been long and close observers of children's tastes in books and have known the full joy of gratifying them at holiday time, there can be no more disheartening sight than a long row of old friends in new livery. "Robinson Crusoe", "Don Quixote", "Pilgrim's Progress", "Grimm's Fairy Tales", should never be in livery at all. They cry out to each new generation to be known and read as individual books.

Why not one classic in ten years in thoroughly distinctive form, rather than one or two a year with mediocre illustrations and deadly uniformity of appearance? Why not an earlier recognition of an outstanding new book by making a beautiful book of it in its own day?

Why not risk variations in form since variety appeals to children? Why not risk a bona fide exploration to discover new ways of making books for the children of a new age?

More than one publisher has turned explorer during the past five years, and in the output of 1926 may be found several answers to the question, Are there any surprises this year?

From overseas comes a reminder of the first great explorer of childhood. William Blake's "Songs of Innocence" has been reproduced in fascimile from a copy of the original edition in the British Museum. All the thrill of a new book and a work of matchless art is here for those who have never seen the luminous setting of designs for "The Piper", "The Shepherd", or "The Lamb".

It was in the year 1789 that William Blake caught and held for all time his joyous vision of childhood, a vision of the happiness still in the world,

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despite all its terror and bloodshed. Pure joy is a rare quality in literature. It implies detachment from self and a vision clear of propaganda and moralizing. "Songs of Innocence" does not appear in its publishers' catalogue as a children's book. Nor is it one in the accepted sense. There are those who still regard it as a book for artists, poets, and child lovers rather than for present day children; but I am not of their number. By the conviction of long experience I know that the "Songs" give joy to very little children in their own right and point the natural way to an enduring love of lyric poetry if children come to know them by heart.

"I think the good effect of literature cannot be fully obtained without learning by heart", says Bertrand Russell in his "Education and the Good Life", advocating the practice, we are glad to note, not for training the memory but for its known effect on beauty of language in speech and in writing.

What Mr. Russell has to say of the natural claims of Bluebeard and Jack the Giant-Killer in early childhood is the more invigorating because identified with the recent experience of this common sense realist with his own young children. "If you wish to dispel fear in your children, be fearless yourself." This seems to be placing the responsibility right where it belongs rather than on Mother Goose, the Brothers Grimm, or any other trustworthy custodian of good old tales. "Stories such as Bluebeard and Jack the Giant-Killer do not involve any knowledge of cruelty whatever", Mr. Russell states in a later chapter. "To the child they are purely fantastic and he never connects them with the real world in any way."

No, it has taken parents and teachers whose imaginations were not caught young enough, to make the disastrous connection and demand emasculated stories and substitute verses in place of traditional nursery lore.

From "Songs of Innocence"

Good it is, then, to welcome among joyous surprises for coming holidays "Tales of Laughter", chosen by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, in a new edition with life giving pictures by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Old tales are here rerendered faithfully with a love born of knowledge of their value in the education of children.

It is a year of large delights and small ones among the many books for little children. Rachel Field has designed an original little alphabet book with the name of a boy or girl attached to the jolly rhyme accompanying each letter. Miss Field has also made the

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decorations for her own book of verses, "Taxis and Toadstools" — verses that have childlike quality and suggest new ways of seeing city and country

From "Tales of Laughter"

to children who like to make rhymes of their own.

"Bubbleloon" is a big delight — the same size as "Poor Cecco" but not in the least like Mrs. Bianco's popular story. "Bubbleloon" is a story blown out of a soap bubble amazingly convincing in a year when the Weather Bureau has behaved so strangely. Betty Jane and her Snow Man, the Calico Clown and the two shiny red brothers Gasoline and Air, are all very real and their adventures are as jolly as they are credible. Edith Keeley Stokely must have had a good time writing this book, and J. Erwin Porter shared the fun when he made the pictures. Now comes fun for the children who turn its bright pages faster and faster without skipping a word.

Children as young or younger than those pursuing "Bubbleloon" will pore over "Little Machinery" by the hour, pore over it with chuckles and satisfaction, little realizing how original, how clever, and excellently made a picture book it is. The engineer, the inventor, or the artist will best appreciate all the knowledge of machinery and the skill in picturing it that is represented in this first book of its kind. Mary Liddell was assisted by her own two boys, four and seven years old, who told her what to put in and superintended both the design and the text for the book.

"Joan's Door", a book of child poems, and "The Italian Peep-Show, and Other Tales" by Eleanor Farjeon I know only by hearsay, but I am prepared to take both books on trust since I have yet to be disappointed in the quality of Miss Farjeon's work. She has lived long enough in Italy to give back some of its magic and beauty in a way quite her own. In the second of the two books she has woven old Italian folk tales into a modern story of three children who are living in a village overlooking Florence. The book is illustrated in color and in black and white by Rosalind Thornycroft.

William Rose Benét's children's book, long anticipated, will be as eagerly welcomed by grown ups as by children. There are nonsense and poetry, beauty and adventure, sophistication and a boy's wild dream in "The Flying King of Kurio".

Michael and Amanda, aged respectively ten and eight, hitch their wagon to a star in very truth when they make their escape from the New York apartment in which they are supposed to be living with their parents and take their first spin over the great city by night in Verry Tractable's Butterfly.

"They saw Broadway below them like a great river of light", and as they look down from the airship, Twinkler, the sky-sign elf, "dives upward" and sings a lovely song of the sky signs:

> Oh, all the cells of high hotels
> Are bright with topaz eyes
> And Elevated trains in flight
> Uncoil like Dragons down the night
> In golden mail they gleam and trail
> A vanishing surprise, —
> But, hey! our gayer wilder light:
> The signs upon the skies.

En route for Kafaristan in Halloran's Interplanetary Blue Bus, a thoughtful

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grown up, but not a child, will begin to realize how far he has come and in what company.

It is a brave adventure among stars and constellations above skyscrapers, tall hotels, and city squares — a brave adventure in living anywhere made warm and intimate and amusing by the friendly resourceful ways of the inventive old King and Queen of Kurio, who have made over the apartment in which they are living in disguise until it is just the way any child who had crawled through a tunnel from his own cramped playroom would like to find it.

Will children who have never been in New York understand the allusions? The question is sure to be asked and the answer has much to do with their relation to Kafaristan as it appears on the fascinating map forming the end papers for the book. We suspect the map and certain drawings signed Tractable, as for instance "The Peeble and the Malabar", were done by Mr. Benét himself. Janet Smalley's black and white decorations are better than her color work. The Lion That Lived at the Ritz is perhaps the best of her drawings.

Of Mr. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh", the favorite Big Bear of Christopher Robin, I have seen only Ernest Shepard's drawings. May the second book bring as much joy as the first! Mr. Shepard has also illustrated new editions of Hugh Walpole's "Jeremy" and "The Holly Tree, and Other Christmas Stories" of Charles Dickens.

The lovable little Indian girl Chi-Wee has a fine sequel, "Chi-Wee and Loki". Carl Moon's pictures and Mrs. Moon's stories make a perfect bit of collaboration.

"Deric on Mesa Verde" lacks the personal appeal of "David Goes Voyaging". David Putnam struck it, and is trying his luck again with a book about Greenland. Deric Nusbaum's selection of what to tell is poor and his treatment distinctly dull. Mrs. Nusbaum's illustrations and the photographs help but cannot make up for lifeless text. The mere fact that a book has been written by a boy is not enough for other boys.

William Beebe's "The Arcturus Adventure" is being so eagerly read by the older boys and girls of the libraries that, notwithstanding its cost, I am inclined to recommend it as a holiday book of unique interest and value to boys and girls.

Among the most distinguished books

From "Winnie-the-Pooh"

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of the year, designed and illustrated in brilliant color and in black and white by Theodore Nadejen, is "Skazki, Tales and Legends of Old Russia". It is a volume consisting of twelve stories from original sources, only two or three of them having appeared in other collections. Ida Zeitlin has done an admirable piece of work in close collaboration with the artist who provided the material from which the final version was written. The book at once meets a popular demand by its inclusion of Pushkin's "The Golden Cock", on which "Coq d'Or" is founded.

The free rendering is well sustained throughout the volume. One feels the essential spirit of each tale, and Miss Zeitlin's clear foreword is at once informing as to sources and suggestive in placing her book as a natural approach to Russian folklore and literature by American boys and girls in the early teens.

Two attractive picture books for little children have also been translated from the Russian, "Peter-Pea" by N. G. Grishina, and "Valery Carrick's Picture Folk-Tales".

Seumas MacManus has broken a long silence with "The Donegal Wonder Book", dedicated to his children Mariquita and Patricia and containing twelve tales not to be found in his "Donegal Stories" nor in "Chimney Corners". Many a big boy who thinks himself too old for fairy tales will open this emerald green book and under the spell of "The Wonders of Three Donals" will follow after "The Wee Red Man", "The Black Sheep", and "Cully Coo-Coo of the Woods".

Stewart Edward White's "Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout" was a popular book in its own right, but James Daugherty has now made it distinctive by his excellent cover design, end papers, and pictures. Daring and adventure are in them, whether expressed in full color or in black and white, and it is to be hoped that no inferior reproduction will ever be made.

We raise a note of warning at this point because certain illustrated holiday editions formerly published at $3.50 have suffered loss of two or more illustrations as well as poor reproduction when reprinted to be sold at $2.50. Such changes, if continued and adopted as a standard for new books, are bound to shake the confidence of those familiar with their original form.

Of the adventures of Margaret McElroy's gay "Johnny T. Bear" escaped from the toyshop, with its pictures in color by James Daugherty, and of "What Happened in the Ark", amusingly told by Kenneth M. Walker and Geoffrey M. Boumphrey, with drawings by Dan Jacobson, I can say that they are both jolly books for those who like toys and animals on adventure bound.

Nor are the girls forgotten. Katharine Adams has written a book all girls in the early teens will enjoy even more than her earlier ones. "Toto and the Gift" is the story of a French girl seen first in Rheims, with a touch of real atmosphere surrounding her, and later in New York in natural human association with a group of American boys and girls of her own age.

Carroll Rankin's "Gypsy Nan" is for younger girls who have enjoyed her "Dandelion Cottage". "Mary and Marcia, Partners" by Helen Cady Forbes is a good story of two resourceful girls by a new writer whose New England background is a true picture of life that she knows.

Constance Lindsay Skinner, whose "Silent Scot" was one of the best stories of 1925, has drawn upon her

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From "Skazki"

rich background of American history for two new books, "The White Leader", a thrilling tale for boys, and "Becky Landers, Frontier Warrior", with special appeal to girls.

Two good books for girls have also been added to the distinctive Beacon Hill series, "An Old Fashioned Girl" by Louisa M. Alcott and "Polly's Secret" by Harriet A. Nash.

Eliza Orne White has written another of her inimitable stories for little girls, "Joan Morse"; Abbie Farwell Brown a book of fairy tales, "Under the Rowan Tree"; and Henry Beston, author of "The Firelight Fairy Book", tells a Navaho legend with color and feeling in one of the new books of the Little Library.

Edwin P. Norwood, who knows it in every human detail, has written a true story of "The Other Side of the Circus" as experienced by a real boy in pursuit of a circus story for his school paper. Mr. Norwood's glimpses of George Denman with his elephants, of Clown Alley, and his story of Butterfly Stelling are just what a boy likes.

Cynthia Asquith's "Treasure Ship" is crowded from bridge to caboose with well known contemporary English writers and artists. The same, with variations, who helped weave "The Magic Carpet" of last year.

Hugh Lofting, exploring "Dr. Dolittle's Caravan", has discovered a canary opera and certain other musical secrets of birds and animals.

These are but few of the year's surprises, for books have come late or come not at all from many of the publishers.

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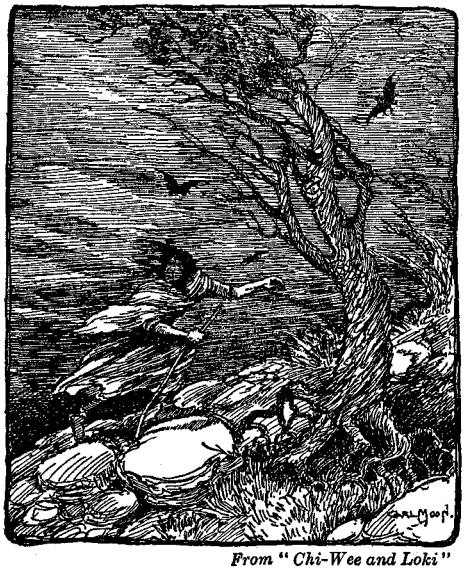
Songs of Innocence. By William Blake. Minton, Balch and Company.
Education and the Good Life. By Bertrand Russell. Boni and Liveright.
Tales of Laughter. Selected by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, with pictures by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Doubleday, Page and Company.
An Alphabet for Boys and Girls. Pictures and verses by Rachel Field. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Taxis and Toadstools. A Book of Verses. Decorated by Rachel Field. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Bubbleloon. By Edith Keeley Stokely. Illustrated by J. Erwin Porter. George H. Doran Company.
Little Machinery. Designed by Mary Liddell. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Joan's Door. By Eleanor Farjeon. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The Italian Peep-Show, and Other Tales. By Eleanor Farjeon. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The Flying King of Kurio. By William Rose Benét. Illustrated by Janet Smalley. George H. Doran Company.
Winnie-the-Pooh. By A. A. Milne. With drawings by Ernest Shepard. E. P. Dutton and Company.
Jeremy. By Hugh Walpole. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. George H. Doran Company.
The Holly Tree Inn. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Chi-Wee and Loki. By Grace Moon. Illustrated by Carl Moon. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Deric on Mesa Verde. By Deric Nusbaum. With drawings by Eileen Nusbaum. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Arcturus Adventure. By William Beebe. With many illustrations and colored plates. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Skazki. Tales and Legends of Old Russia. Told by Ida Zeitlin. Designed and illustrated by Theodore Nadejen. George H. Doran Company.
Peter-Pea. By N. G. Grishina. Illustrated in color. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
Valery Carrick's Picture Folk-Tales. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The Donegal Wonder Book. By Seumas MacManus. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Johnny T. Bear. By Margaret T. McElroy. Illustrated by James Daugherty. E. P. Dutton and Company.
What Happened in the Ark. By Kenneth M. Walker and Geoffrey M. Boumphrey. Illustrated by Dan Jacobson. E. P. Dutton and Company.
Toto and the Gift. By Katharine Adams. The Macmillan Company.
Gypsy Nan. By Carroll Rankin. Henry Holt and Company.



From "Chi-Wee and Loki"

Mary and Marcia, Partners. By Helen Cady Forbes. The Macmillan Company.
The White Leader. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. The Macmillan Company.
Becky Landers, Frontier Warrior. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. The Macmillan Company.
An Old Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott. Little, Brown and Company.
Polly's Secret. By Harriet A. Nash. Little, Brown and Company.
Joan Morse. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Under the Rowan Tree. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Sons of Kai: The Story the Indian Told. By Henry Beston. Illustrated by Don Dickerman. The Macmillan Company.
The Other Side of the Circus. By Edwin P. Norwood. Illustrated from photographs. Doubleday, Page and Company.
The Treasure Ship. By Cynthia Asquith. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Dr. Dolittle's Caravan. By Hugh Lofting. Illustrated by the author. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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THE NEW YORKER

The Theatre is Heat Struck — Nellie, the Poor Orange Girl — A Medical Farce — Good Fun in Americana — We Sentimentalize Over Chevrons

THE heat of midsummer descended on the city this last month and everybody betook himself in a wilted condition either to Coney Island or to artificially cooled movie houses. Not so the theatre proper. It stayed right on the job, but instead of wilting it went quite mad and developed a first rate case of rabies. Some of the strangest and wildest productions we have ever witnessed were offered to those energetic enough to use their free tickets. There was, for example, "The Blonde Sinner", presented by some one skulking behind the name of Musicomedies. We might have known that it portended evil. The play was described as "a smart farce with music", but actually it was more than that. Much more. The author had blended with his farce certain elements of the type of comedy which is laid in a Long Island living room, and he had also added for good measure the beginnings of a detective story. At crucial moments, or whenever the limited audience was too dazed to resist, the cast threw to the winds the farce, comedy, detective story, or what have you, and advancing to the footlights they burst into song. Considering the rôles with which they had to struggle, it would be unfair to say that they were not actors; but most certainly they could not sing. As if to deride the heat that hung breathless and stifling in the Cort, they also played leap frog, and once we thought that they were playing button, button, who's got the button. But by that time our eyes were beginning to glaze, so we shall make no affidavit on it. We had enticed a doctor, who is still a good friend, to go with us. About the middle of the second act he felt our pulse in that casual way doctors have. "Come, come", he said kindly. "After all there is a limit to duty, and you're not a strong man. We are going to see Dorothy Gish in 'Nell Gwyn' now."

The Rivoli Theatre was delightfully cool (why is it that movie houses can provide for seventy five cents what three dollar theatres are unable to afford?). And it happens that our last book deals with the same situation as that in which Nell found herself. We should therefore have been interested in the film. Miss Gish, we imagine, depicted the last mistress of Charles II with grace and modesty; but our only outstanding impression was that her gown was cut too low. The censors ought to do something about it. Not on the grounds that the morals of our country's youth will be impaired, but solely because it is not fair to make a pretty girl sell oranges in a rainstorm in that costume, be her breast and shoulders never so white.

Robert Woolsey, who is oftener than not funny in musical comedy, made his appearance in "Honest Liars". Newspaper notes have since announced that the authors have rewritten the third act and are satisfied with it. But how, we query, do they feel about the first and second? This farce is laid in a sanitarium in the suburbs of Philadelphia. Well, it had to be laid some-

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where. There is a brisk and snappy plot all about a young man who has been caught in a disreputable roadhouse with the doctor's wife. In order to extricate himself from this situation he is obliged to go to bed preparatory to having a non-existent appendix removed; and it is in this bed, literally, that most of the play takes place. Mr. Woolsey sneaks out of it a dozen times dressed in everything from a shirt tail to a laborer's red drawers. A dozen times he is slammed back into said bed by a powerful female nurse. The heroine hides in the bed with the hero; twin babies are discovered there. Temperatures are taken and ice bags burst. Imagine, if you please, the Rabelaisian humor! This one we sat through to the end; the theatre was cooler than the street.

There were others, but we didn't see them. "No More Women" would have drawn us, since we have a real admiration for the acting of Charles Bickford — late of "Outside Looking In" and still later of that admirable failure "Glory Hallelujah". But the reports of his new play were so forbidding that we lacked the courage. If a good actor is to be wasted in poor parts then we prefer not to see him.

A musical comedy composed entirely of a colored troupe came to town. We went to see "My Magnolia" out of sentiment as much as anything else. We were one of the first five hundred thousand to go quite mad over "Shuffle Along", and since then we have gone loyally to every Negro show from "Strut Miss Lizzie" to "Lucky Sambo". We were repaid to an extent, for the soft shoe dancing was wonderful and there was one poignantly lovely song like a spiritual called "Baby Mine". But except for these "My Magnolia" was not such a much. The costumes were garish, the sets cheap, and the humor thin. Hot New York remained cold to this outpouring from Harlem's Black Belt and the show died within a week.

The Messrs. Shubert, those ubiquitous showmen, presented a second edition of "A Night in Paris". There was not much change that we could discover. A few numbers had been left out and a few added; spangles had been freshened and gold lace regilded. Norma Terris seemed to be more in evidence, but none of her impersonations was quite so clever as her Iris March. Here is Katharine Cornell to the life; the voices of the two girls are astonishingly alike. On the whole we cared rather less for "A Night in Paris" the second time. It is a big and brilliant revue, but it does not wear too well.

One excellent revue was presented — "Americana" with Lew Brice and Roy Atwell. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to write a review of a revue, particularly a good one. Jokes that are excruciating on the stage become merely dull in print. You can mention the music and do honor to the pretty girls, but all this will not serve to bring home the merits of the piece to the reader. A revue must be seen to be appreciated. In "Americana" there are all the elements that go to make up a good show. The music is tuneful, the jokes are fresh, the really funny skits are laid in places other than the bedroom. John Held, Jr., has designed scenery which is amusing, and Betty Compton is pretty enough to win a beauty contest. But all this does not say enough. We think that you will have to see "Americana" for yourself. It is the best show we have seen in many a long day.

On the whole, however, it has been a thin month for the theatre. We wondered whether we had not become jaded to a certain degree, and then we

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remembered those days during the war in France when we listened with pleasure to a poilu chanting interminable obscene verses of "Madelon" in the rear of a dingy buvette, or to another in a dugout too small to permit much gesturing who recited "Le Moulin de Mon Pays" until French and Americans alike rubbed tears from their eyes. As performers they were completely satisfying in spite of their limitations. In retrospect, every show staged in a Red Cross hut appeared to have had some merit, and we began to think "Let's Go" finer than anything we had seen before or since. Even the counterpart of it that Elsie Janis staged on Broadway later seemed a pale shadow of it. Was Jurien Hoekstra's voice more gorgeous then; was Charley Lawrence funnier than in any play in which he has appeared since, or did we imagine it? Probably in those days when the French communiqués read "*Rien à Signaler*", and the American, "Nothing to Report" — which meant that only a thousand men or so had been killed for getting in the way of shells — anything would have seemed an escape from the biggest show of them all. The Theatre of War was too exacting on the emotions to receive the tribute of tears or laughter. Poilus singing songs and doughboys rehashing old jokes could bring those. It was all over, we thought, and now the best that New York producers offered could not bring a gleam to our jaundiced eye — when along came a book which in its first twenty pages recaptured the entire war for us.

We bowed the head to "What Price Glory"; we bent the knee to "The Big Parade"; but now we are turning handsprings for "Chevrons". If this book by Leonard H. Nason does not make a sensation we shall be astounded. It is specifically the saga of the doughboy.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Julia Marlowe, Her Life and Art" by Charles Edward Russell (Appleton). A biography full of interesting incident, by one who has long known this charming actress.

"Suicide" by Conrad Seiler (Crowell). Comedy, fantasy, and melodrama are in these one act plays for amateurs.

"Good Theatre" by Christopher Morley (Rudge). A surefire Broadway hit seen through the eyes of lobby loungers furnishes amusing dialogue.

"The Garbage Man" by John Dos Passos (Harper). Subtitled "a parade with shouting". Much of the shouting was done by the press upon its presentation in New York.

"Pirtle Drums It In" by Charles Divine (Appleton). A one act comedy of big business and love, in which business gets the worst of it.

By courtesy it is called a novel, but it is hardly that. Mr. Nason has chosen to ignore plot, and in this instance he is to be congratulated. Who ever heard of an ending to anything in the war? A story which began at St. Mihiel might have its obscure and tragic ending months later in the Argonne; it might end while your back was turned for a minute; but an ending was always a beginning of something else and Finis was written only on the lives of soldiers who tossed their sole possession to the four winds with careless, prodigal hands. And so, there being no endings, and no plot worth speaking of in that sorriest of all plots, Mr. Nason takes us for a way with one Sergeant Eadie — through his night marches, his wet camps, his battles and escapes. No soldier dialogue yet written has the brilliance and conviction of this dialogue. Probably it will never be surpassed. This book is authentic. Its descriptions bring up panoramic pic-

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tures of miles of white French roads, poplar lined, troops bending under packs as they struggle forward, sluggish brown lines. There are the fields, poppy red and dangerous, over which you fought. *Fusons* bursting high in the air shower down their jagged metal; one hears the sharp crack of seventy fives, the put-put-put of machine guns. Mr. Nason has not forgotten the funny side of war, as most writers have. It was always there, even behind the shadow of death.

"Listen, you birds," began Jake, shaking his immense fist at the prisoners, "I'm a hairy wolf an' the direct descendant of a long line o' catamounts! Never forget it! I'm goin' up them stairs with the sergeant here to look at the scenery. An' if I come down an' find that one of you has moved one foot outta place, I'll knock him into a swound!"

"What the hell is a swound?" asked Eadie, as the two went very carefully up the staircase.

"I don't know", said Jake. "I was to a theayter once where some one fell into one, and from the screechin' an' groanin' an' rollin' around, I judged it's about the last stage."

We do not know what women will think of "Chevrons", but ten thousand men who remember Mont Sec, and ten thousand others who remember Montfaucon, are going to thrill again. We wish we had written this book.

LARRY BARRETTO

PRODIGAL

By Ruth Manning-Sanders

NOW he stands among the pigs, the pigs that have their ears
Wet with the swill in the trough, and the only sound he hears
Is their loud guzzling and champing and sudden squealing, and all about
His feet are the great mouths and muddy bellies; with pushing snout
They thrust upward against his slopping buckets and lest he sprawl
Among them, he clouts back the bristling heads — poor prodigal.

And sick with hunger he remembers his father's house — the days
Of graciousness and kind companionship and clean ways,
And he cries: "I will go home, home, and fall at my father's feet."
But now he has neither shoes for the journey, nor wine, nor bread to eat,
And his father's house is many days' journey — poor prodigal.

So with the sour smell in his nostrils, he washes his buckets again
In the slimy ditch down by the iron fence where the fields drain,
And at night, with his feet in the mire, he drives his pigs to sty,
And close to their slab, grunting bodies he makes him a bed to lie
On a little damp straw, where he may sleep and remember not at all
The far sad beauty of his father's house — poor prodigal.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE CROOKED LIP — Herbert Adams — *Lippincott.* This murder mystery is complicated by a clever impersonation.

THE NINTH THERMIDOR — M. A. Aldanov — *Knopf.* From the court of Catherine the Great the hero carries his amours through the French Revolution.

THE CUTTERS — Bess Streeter Aldrich — *Appleton.* A small town story of the type that is known as wholesome.

THE BLUE WINDOW — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* The sweetest things in life can be seen through this frankly feminine glass.

THE LORD OF LABRAZ — Pío Baroja — *Knopf.* The nobility and the degradation of man set forth by the Spanish novelist in contrast somewhat too vivid to be convincing.

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Charms of memoirs and fiction united to tell the story of the beautiful Mrs. Robinson and King George the Fourth. (*See page 227.*)

PADLOCKED — Rex Beach — *Harper.* The interesting case of a brother's keeper who failed to keep himself.

*SUSAN SHANE — Roger Burlingame — *Scribner.* An excellent story of an attractive woman and her career. (*See page 222.*)

HANGMAN'S HOUSE — Donn Byrne — *Century.* An Irish idyl, not so Irish that it causes rioting, but pleasing enough to be popular.

*THE SILVER STALLION — James Branch Cabell — *McBride.* More love and subtlety among the reliques of gay Poictesme.

*HIS SON'S WIFE — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* How a mother-in-law found life difficult, being a difficult mother. (*See page 222.*)

THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD — Agatha Christie — *Dodd, Mead.* Poirot, the great detective, discovers the culprit, but not many readers will be able to do it.

LISTEN, MOON! — Leonard Cline — *Viking.* Mr. Cline, in frolicsome mood, strips an elderly professor of his inhibitions and teaches him the joy of life.

THE BLACK HUNTER — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Mr. Curwood's first historical novel proves excellent reading.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* The background of "Soundings" with a fine father and son motif.

*AN OLD MAN'S FOLLY — Floyd Dell — *Doran.* A wistful old man, cast among a group of young rebels, has a vicarious but beautiful adventure. (*See page 223.*)

*AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* If America wants realism, here it is. Apparently she does.

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW — Lord Dunsany — *Putnam.* A somewhat disappointing product from the pen of Dunsany, fantastic but without strength.

THE TESTAMENT OF DOMINIC BURLEIGH — Godfrey Elton — *Houghton Mifflin.* The charm of its style almost makes one forget its cynically cold analysis.

RED EARTH — Jane England — *Doran.* A white girl's romantic adventures in Africa.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A brilliant use of fair Helen to show that all women are equally dangerous and most men ruled by their wives.

AFTER NOON — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* A young man mothers his children in a way which should, and does, please the modern matron.

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THE HIGH ADVENTURE — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* Veryan of Veryan was an heir. What matter what he inherits — he ventures forth as he should; for romance as well as purity.

HOT SATURDAY — Harvey Fergusson — *Knopf.* Wherein a maiden, seeking honorable matrimony, slips at the wrong moment. More sophisticated than it sounds.

O GENTEEL LADY! — Esther Forbes — *Houghton Mifflin.* Not so genteel as to be dull is this clever maid of old Boston.

WAYS OF ESCAPE — Noel Forrest — *Little, Brown.* Another candidate for "Soundings" and "The Hounds of Spring" fame. Somewhat similar in theme and treatment.

MASTERSON — Gilbert Frankau — *Harper.* John Masterson lived his life rather stupidly — but there are lots of people like him in the world.

*THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Another Forsyte is born and the tale goes on with a touch of the scandalous thrown in.

*LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Afterthoughts on the war, with a romantic episode. (*See page 223.*)

*THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* What a southern gentleman is like. (*See page 223.*)

CODE OF MEN — Homer King Gordon — *Crowell.* Typical he-man western story, but good of its kind.

THE DESERT THOROUGHBRED — Jackson Gregory — *Scribner.* All the film features of the west are put to excellent use.

THE BECKONING GLORY — May Emery Hall — *Penn.* In which the heroine seeks and finds a not especially convincing formula for happiness.

TAMPICO — Joseph Hergesheimer — *Knopf.* Middle aged American love in the Mexican oil country. (*See page 227.*)

THE UNEARTHLY — Robert Hichens — *Cosmopolitan.* An interminable novel of the British upper classes whose spiritual implications are somewhat obscure.

*THE GOLDEN DANCER — Cyril Hume — *Doran.* A cleverly and charmingly written love story which shows enviable insight into the romance of ordinary life. (*See page 227.*)

MANNEQUIN — Fannie Hurst — *Knopf.* Miss Hurst proves what she can do with cheap melodrama when $50,000 is at stake.

THE GREAT VALLEY — Mary Johnston — *Little, Brown.* Finely told American history with an excellent plot to support the setting.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* With the lurid background of the forest service, two popular people have a lively love affair.

MARTHA AND MARY — J. Anker Larsen — *Knopf.* A thoughtful novel that contrasts the achievement of spirituality by instinctive faith and by painful labor.

MANTRAP — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* Sinclair Lewis at play in an excellent story of the wilds of nature and the heart.

THE LEPER-SHIP — Isadore Lhevinne — *Halcyon Books.* Only the ugliest side of life appears worth chronicling to this author.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* A guide for reputable ladies on how the other half lives.

FAIRY GOLD — Compton Mackenzie — *Doran.* A Celtic island steeped in mystery and romance is the setting for this tale of young lovers and their hunt for "fairy gold".

LOOM OF THE FOOL — Austin MacLeod — *Doran.* The story of a man's search for freedom, by a famous writer who prefers to remain unknown.

THE STOOPING VENUS — Bruce Marshall — *Dutton.* Unnecessary misunderstandings delay the tale and try the reader's patience.

FRATERNITY ROW — Lynn and Lois Montross — *Doran.* The lounge lizard deified. Highly amusing coed college stories.

THE GLORY OF EGYPT — Lewis Moresby — *Doran.* An exotic romance and a thrilling adventure.

PAGAN MOTHER — Arthur Mortimer — *Doran.* Concerning a girl who faces life in spite of her mother.

*PIG IRON — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* Another American tragedy, simpler and shorter. Finely conceived and executed.

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THE BLACK FLEMINGS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* As nice a romance as has appeared this year, in Mrs. Norris's popular vein.

PRODIGALS OF MONTE CARLO — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* A setting on the Mediterranean, an Oppenheim plot — an immediate best seller.

THE CELESTIAL CITY — Baroness Orczy — *Doran.* Continental romance by the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel".

*WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* Farm life as it is doubtless lived.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Man ordains and woman suffers — why shouldn't it be popular in a woman's world?

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* How men and women play the complicated game of love in these parlous times.

FROM NINE TO NINE — Leo Perutz — *Viking.* Bizarre and tantalizing as it is, the story gives worthwhile glimpses of the daily life of Vienna.

CIRCE'S ISLAND AND THE GIRL AND THE FAUN — Eden Phillpotts — *Macmillan.* Mythology and philosophy, dainty poesy and whimsical humor, combine to make these two charming short stories.

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS — Marmaduke Pickthall — *Knopf.* Arab life pictured by an Englishman who is accepted by the natives.

CALEB PEASLEE — Frank K. Rich — *Altemus.* There's homely philosophy and kindly wit in these brief sketches of a Maine village.

THE TIME OF MAN — Elizabeth Madox Roberts — *Viking.* The span of a generation in the Kentucky mountains, the style being more noteworthy than the matter.

THE BLACK GLOVE — J. G. Sarasin — *Doran.* A swashbuckling romance of the London of the 1660's.

SUN WOMAN — James Willard Schultz — *Houghton Mifflin.* A somewhat naive tale of the rivalry of two white men for the hand of an Indian maid.

THE LAUGHING HEART — Beatrice Sheepshanks — *Harper.* Little laughter but much of interest characterizes this story.

FAR END — May Sinclair — *Macmillan.* The influence of an old house on the love and the writing of an old English novelist. (*See page 228.*)

BRAWNYMAN — James Stevens — *Knopf.* Hard rock men, gandy dancers, and the other sons of toil who helped span this continent have found here a competent raconteur.

TEEFTALLOW — T. S. Stribling — *Doubleday, Page.* Mountain folk live, love, and struggle in a fine tale of the soil.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING — Sylvia Thompson — *Little, Brown.* A tumult of love and of postwar enthusiasms.

THE CLUB OF MASKS — Allen Upward — *Lippincott.* London night club life affords a new angle to a tale of murder and blackmail.

NIGGER HEAVEN — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* The serious love story of a Harlem librarian and a struggling young Harlem writer. (*See page 228.*)

THE BIG HOUSE — Mildred Wasson — *Houghton Mifflin.* A spirited flapper takes charge of her family and brings harmony out of disorder in a mildly entertaining story.

DEVICES AND DESIRES — Vera Wheatley — *Dutton.* A vivacious tale whose text concerns the limitless horizons of self centred youth and its inevitable shrinkage before the advancing shadows of life.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* The most popular adventure yarn of recent years.

*BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* A little harmless sheiking in African lands — swift action, too.

THE MAD BUSMAN — I. A. R. Wylie — *Doran.* Whimsical short stories in the manner of Miss Wylie's earlier work.

BUT IN OUR LIVES — Sir Francis Younghusband — *Appleton.* Profound religious sentiment is rather oddly mingled with barrack room life in India.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "My Antonia" by Willa Cather. Readers would do well to take advantage of the new edition published by Houghton Mifflin of this authentic picture of western prairie life.

2. "The Book of Marjorie" (Knopf). Dialogues between a young twentieth century husband and wife concerning the future of their children. An idyl for young married folk.

3. "The Physiology of Taste" by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin. Boni and Liveright have brought out a popular priced volume of these delectable "Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy".

4. "Silbermann" by Jacques de Lacretelle (Boni, Liveright). A sensitive study of adolescence and race prejudice.

5. "Catherine the Great" by Katharine Anthony (Knopf). In this penetrating portrait the fascinating empress comes alive.

A Woman's Novel on Women, A Man's Novel on Woman, A Woman's Novel on Man

THE autumn fiction must be of great fascination to the psychologist.

In reading in advance many novels of which I cannot yet speak, I am amazed to find them all redolent of sex problems, in one way or another definitely affected by modern, sometimes exceedingly modern, psychology. If you are interested in this study you could not do better than combine your autumn fiction with the best psychological books obtainable. Your reward will be rich fruit from the student's standpoint. The similarity of theme, too, is often astounding. Arnold Bennett and Ellen Glasgow have struck fire with a somewhat similar psychological idea. Floyd Dell and A. Hamilton Gibbs are at grips. Dorothy Canfield and Roger Burlingame choose characters not so different. Edna Ferber shows us as her main character the dominating woman with a career; likewise Nalbro Bartley in "Her Mother's Daughter" and Frank Swinnerton, in part, in "Summer Storm".

Take, first, Roger Burlingame. In "Susan Shane" (Scribner) he proves himself a novelist of richness and insight. This is the story of a woman who puts love out of her life for the sake of money. It is constantly interesting; it reminds one slightly of Louis Bromfield's "Possession" but is an easier book to read.

Dorothy Canfield has written in "Her Son's Wife" (Harcourt, Brace) by far her most interesting novel. Critics, generally, will probably not call it her best, but unless I am greatly mistaken the public will. It is a universal theme treated with cold detachment, yet with all the warmth of feminine detail which Mrs. Fisher handles so expertly. Mrs. Bascomb ruins her son's life, but the author does not take sides. Although in a sense it is the story of "So Big", of a woman with a career, it is also essentially different. Practically every woman will like this book, or a part of it. There is no phase of life in an American community that Mrs. Fisher does not illuminate with rare understanding and with taste. She does not flinch from tragedy, yet the sum and substance of her story is hopeful. It is a fine performance.

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Ellen Glasgow is rapidly stealing May Sinclair's crown. "The Romantic Comedians" (Doubleday, Page) is one of the most difficult of stories to write: the love of a man over sixty for a girl slightly over twenty. Yet the gentle satire, the pungent wit, the amazing facility of this great artist, make it plausible and never disagreeable, unless, indeed, Miss Glasgow wishes it to be so. A great book. It is lighter in key than "Barren Ground", yet its depth is the same. Every page has its quotable gem, sly observations of human frailty caught in unforgetable phrases. "Like most lawyers", she writes of her aged hero, "and all vestrymen, he was able to believe automatically quite a number of things which he knew were not true." I repeat, a great book!

Miss Lowell Again Triumphs

THE second posthumous volume from the pen of Amy Lowell, "East Wind" (Houghton, Mifflin), is one which was very dear to her. I can remember her great readings of these poetic short stories of simple people. Many of them were written while she was at work on the Keats biography. She knew her New England. She writes of it with fervor, with drama, with beauty. Then, too, there is a pathetic, crying note of loneliness in these stark pictures of souls struggling often against environment, against the driving destiny of inheritance. "A Dracula of the Hills" is every whit as great a short story as "Ethan Frome". What tremendous facility she had. It makes lesser minds fade into oblivion. Do not think that the volume is without humor. There is dry wit on every page; but it is the macabre that interests her most. Both Robert Frost and Miss Lowell overlooked the homelier aspects of New England life, but in doing so they were artists, for they achieved a unity which is striking in its effect of beauty and terror. The thread of insanity which runs through so many decadent families here runs riot. There is the man who feared grass, and the man who loved apples unduly. The borderline between humor and tragedy in the treatment of this theme is very slight, but Miss Lowell never crosses it. Her humor lies in her characterizations, not in the following out of the main theme. This is a better book than "What's O'Clock". In my opinion Miss Lowell's greatest moments, with rare exceptions, come when she can be dramatic. She was a born playright, a born teller of tales. Her versatility is constantly amazing. I speak of her in the present. How can one do otherwise?

The Conscientious Objector Arises in Fiction

NO cleverer scheme could have been devised by a novelist for showing the complex emotions of this postwar period than a consideration of the man who refused to fight. Two of our most popular novelists have carried this theme into their new stories. In "Labels" (Little, Brown) A. Hamilton Gibbs shows us an English family torn asunder by the conflict of emotions resulting from the war and following it. The love story is here, too, but it is the picture of the family circle that remains in the mind, the clear, sane exposition, the living characters. Mr. Gibbs has carried on in a fine way the spirit of "Soundings".

Floyd Dell's "An Old Man's Folly" (Doran) deals, of course, with America;

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with the stirrings of radical movements; with Ann Elizabeth who sacrifices much in her disbelief of war; with her lover who fought and her friends who didn't; with old Mr. Windle, whose charm and vagary make him one of the most delightful of fiction characters. It is the richest story Mr. Dell has constructed. It shows him a novelist of proportions which have never before been fulfilled. His canvas is broad. From Massachusetts of the fifties to his heroine's trial he maintains the interest constantly. His is a story poignant, compelling, detached in its discussions of politics. Propaganda such as there is, is always secondary to the novel, to the love interest. Radicals in America are quietly and humorously analyzed, with sympathy as well as with a leavening amount of ribaldry. The war is in the air this autumn. There will be many war stories. Neither "Labels" nor "An Old Man's Folly" comes in this category. They are footnotes to war, comments on our present day attitude toward international problems. They must be part of the equipment of every thinking man and woman, yet they will seem good stories to those who do not think overmuch.

A Sincere Opinionated Critic

NO more laughable book has crossed my desk in months than "The Outlook for American Prose" by Joseph Warren Beach (University of Chicago Press). Yet it is so well written, so well founded on a definite viewpoint, that it cannot be lightly disregarded. Mr. Beach's estimates of various of our own authors and of English men of letters are startling, yet shrewd. At almost every turn I disagree with him emotionally, yet only once in a while do I feel that I could best him in an argument. To be sure, he is vastly patronizing. That Alfred Kreymborg and Sherwood Anderson stand out as the hopes of American letters, is a statement which most of us would challenge. Mr. Beach is a brave man. One cannot but admire him. One cannot but admire his book, although one laughs at it. What a clever paragraph this is:

> Mr. Van Vechten is the Baedeker of the intelligentsia. His novels are veritable guide books to Paris and New York, with the stars on everything that Baedeker leaves undistinguished and E. V. Lucas ignores. In "Peter Whiffle" he devotes many solid pages to a list of the things he did in Paris during his visit there in his twenties. He concludes with the modest declaration: "In short, you will observe that I did everything that young Americans do when they go to Paris." It is a very modest declaration. What he means is that he did very much more than other young Americans do, having inside information, and that other young Americans will do well to profit by his suggestions. "I dined with Olive Fremstad at the Mercedes and Olive Fremstad dined with me at the Café d'Harcourt." Not all young Americans will be in a position to invite distinguished opera-singers to dinner, let alone being invited to dine with them. But they can look up the Mercedes or the Café d'Harcourt and invite to dinner whatever most distinguished friend they find in Paris. They can follow Mr. Van Vechten to lunch at the Deux Magots in the company of unidentified artists presided over by the two bland grotesques. They can learn from him where to get their perfumery and dresses, if they are women; what bars and music halls to frequent, if they are men; where, in either case, to find Brittany china-ware and impressionist paintings. They can learn to speak easily of Dranem and Max Dearly, André Gide and Jeanne Bloch.
>
> —*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

IS ENGLAND DONE?

By Allan Nevins

PROBABLY no thoroughly informed person believes that the industrial position of Great Britain has been seriously undermined. But the continuance of unemployment, the general strike, and the protracted coal strike following it have provoked a great deal of croaking on both sides of the Atlantic.

The American croaking usually has in it a slightly exultant, we-do-it-better-over-here note. Frank Plachy brings out this point of view with considerable emphasis in his little volume on "Britain's Economic Plight". Mr. Plachy is a bright, rather glib young American who has spent two years abroad and has made up his mind that if England would prosper, she should imitate the hustling land of rotary clubs, trade associations, and pep. He is cocksure about some subjects which are treated by slower minds as debatable. Thus he insists at length upon the demoralizing effects of the dole, though expert investigators have lately asserted that the alleged evil effects of unemployment insurance upon the worker's willingness to accept a job have been much exaggerated, and that the precautions are adequate to prevent any substantial abuse. Mr. Plachy also declares, with a bright air of optimism, that there are probably not more than 400,000 "unemployables" in Great Britain; expert investigators, on the other hand, have put the number at only five per cent of the 1,400,000 unemployed.

Among the other conclusions of which Mr. Plachy seems very sure is that the working day in the coal industry, seven hours, is too short (he does not mention that the Coal Commission itself made recommendations against increasing it); that England needs more large-scale organization of industry — he notes the textile business as an especially tempting field; that labor is inefficient and that its ca' canny philosophy is fatal to any hope of high wages; that in building and other work the British employer is hopelessly obedient to rule of thumb methods; and that the British pay too little attention to modern advertising and modern selling methods, including the use of the instalment system. There is real force in a great deal of what he says. It is unquestionably true that the United States has of recent years risen superior to Great Britain in inventiveness, wholesale production, and business management. Many of Mr. Plachy's observations are shrewd and profitable. Yet some of his criticism of the British workers, business men, and government seems too facile and hence altogether too harsh.

After all, the United States has natural resources far, far greater in proportion to population than Great Britain; we have our food, our iron, copper, and zinc, our cotton and petroleum, right here at home; and in exploiting our immense wealth we have been able to furnish an ever widening market for labor. Moreover, we are recovering, not from a four years' war, but from a one year war. We should bear in mind the difficulties of a nation which imports wheat from Argentina, beef from America, wool from Aus-

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tralia, iron from Sweden, and cotton from India. We should try to understand the desperation and dejection of labor after it has gone through all that the British workman has endured. Mr. Plachy seems especially extreme in his treatment of the Baldwin ministry, which he is told by some Englishmen has no really able men in it, and in his condemnation of the British tax policy as one which penalizes industry and thrift. The British financial program has on the whole been remarkably courageous and statesmanlike. But it is pleasant to find at the end that Mr. Plachy does not despair in the least of England's great industrial future.

Nothing could be more sympathetic and reasonable than Sir E. J. P. Benn's outline of what he would do "If I Were a Labour Leader". Yet he does underline Mr. Plachy's central criticism of British labor for its inclination to restrict production. Sir Ernest, who is a publisher, says — in brief — that if he were in Mr. MacDonald's shoes he would have nothing to do with Marxian Socialism; that he would recognize the beneficence of privately owned property and try to encourage his men to obtain more of it; and that, above all, he would adopt as his motto, "Produce the maximum because we need the maximum." In short, he would take the position which Mr. Gompers and Mr. Green have generally assumed in America. It is a sound Liberal-Conservative program for labor, and the tact and earnestness with which it is stated are very winning.

The true reason for refusing to believe that England is in any sense "done" can be found by anyone who reads Prime Minister Baldwin's addresses "On England". It is not that they reveal Mr. Baldwin as a consummate statesman. But they do show a force and sturdiness of character, a breadth and liberality of view, an optimism and resolution, that have taken England through many a crisis and will take her through many more. The general strike began with the world pitying England; it ended with the world admiring her. The qualities of the English mind and temper which provoked this admiration are well exhibited here. Particularly are the two addresses on "Peace and Industry", a plea for a more harmonious spirit in the industrial world, worth reading. The volume is notable, in addition, for its revelation of Mr. Baldwin's really wide culture. He is a student of the Greek and Latin classics; he can make very neat brief addresses on Shakespeare and Byron, W. H. Hudson and Arnold Toynbee. He is the possessor of a genuine style. Probably England values Mr. Baldwin less for brilliancy than for character, but he could plainly have made a certain mark with his pen if he had not chosen to make it in business and politics.

Britain's Economic Plight. By Frank Plachy, Jr. Little, Brown and Company.
If I Were a Labour Leader. By Ernest J. P. Benn. Charles Scribner's Sons.
On England, and Other Addresses. By the Right Honourable Stanley Baldwin. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

LOVE IN MANY GUISES

By Frances Newman

A STORY of young love in a little town by Cyril Hume, a story of middle aged love in Mexico by Joseph Hergesheimer, a story of love in dark Harlem by Carl Van Vechten, a story of an English novelist's love by May Sinclair, a story of eighteenth century love by the half anonymous Barrington — all these stories have the good and

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bad fortune of coming to meet a public disposed to like them because of their literary predecessors, and disposed to watch them clear the same five barred gate in the same style with which those literary predecessors landed their authors safely at the crossroads of the literary highway.

Unless the slightly mysterious Barrington has achieved a prematurely grey haired style, Cyril Hume is the youngest of this celebrated quintet. And perhaps that is the reason why "The Golden Dancer" sees all the golden romance in the life of Albert Wells and in the life of his Eliza and in the life of the Truckdriver — all the romance of Albert's Summer Garden with its artificial pink roses and its electric waltzes and its village lovers — all the romance of making nuts and syrups and ice creams into Strawberry Hearts and Kiss Dreams and New Orleans Miracles.

I would not go so far as to say that "The Golden Dancer" is as good a book as "Clayhanger", but Mr. Hume has seen into the miracle of Albert Wells with his white coats and his yellow marble slab and his twelve silver spouts, and he will surely make his readers share the miracle as Arnold Bennett made them share the miracle Edwin Clayhanger was to himself when he slipped into the first pair of trousers a tailor ever made expressly for him. Youth, apparently, still has a few literary admirations, and the description of the little honeymoon house into which so many people have entered two by two is unmistakably related to the celebrated garden between dawn and sunrise in a book called "Jurgen". Neither do I doubt that Mr. Hume admires an equally celebrated book called "Ulysses", but I share his admirations. I like well read young novelists much more than untutored geniuses, and I like "The Golden Dancer".

Perhaps "The Exquisite Perdita" is as good a book as "The Ladies!" but when novelists become as popular as their author has become between them reviewers usually begin to doubt their literary importance. "Novelist", however, is hardly the word. The Barrington's new method of combining the charms of gossiping memoirs with the charms of the creamiest historical novels is used again as successfully as it was in "The Divine Lady". And so is her less original method of combining deprecation of impropriety with an admirable widening of charity for the temptations and the sins of a lady so lovely as the beautiful Mrs. Robinson whom Gainsborough and Reynolds painted, Sheridan and Garrick instructed in the greenroom of the Drury Lane Theatre, and George the Fourth loved beside the River Thames.

The joys and sorrows and triumphs of Mrs. Robinson are not very interesting to me, but I can easily picture the pillow heaped chaises longues and the large club chairs which will support their admirers. I cannot, however, imagine just who is likely to be interested in the well fed love Govett Bradier laid at the white slippered feet of Vida Corewin Joseph Hergesheimer's "Tampico". The style in which he tells his story of Mexican oil and plush upholstered love is recognizably the same style in which he told the story of Marianna Jannan and the story of Linda Condon; but it is recognizable only because it manages to contain so many commas that it is a sort of literary pincushion, because the hero increases the number of commas by telling himself something in almost every paragraph, because there are still two adjectives and two commas

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where one adjective would be exactly enough, and because the personal pronoun which designates the hero is reenforced by his whole incredible name between two more commas. Without pretending to be a judge of such technical matters, I should say that when Vida Corew's legal husband becomes the hero, "Tampico" will have a great many elements necessary for a moving picture.

In "Nigger Heaven" Carl Van Vechten continues to insist on becoming a novelist, although providence must have intended him for a pleasant commentator on other people's novels and pictures and tone poems — for the author of books like "Peter Whiffle". Since Ronald Firbank published a Negro fantasy called "The Flower beneath the Foot", there had been excellent reason to suppose that Mr. Van Vechten would also write a Negro story. But instead of writing the fantasy which he might have brought off very amusingly, Mr. Van Vechten has written a solemn tale about an octoroon named Mary Love, an assistant in the Harlem public library who refused to marry a rich but black suitor called Randolph Pettijohn and fell in love with a young writer called Byron Kasson — who was "almost the shade of coffee diluted with cream, her preferred tint". Mr. Van Vechten has also tried to set down the precise thoughts of Mary Love and of Byron Kasson, although even DuBose Heyward was chary about entering the soul of his Porgy. That may easily be one of the reasons why Mr. Heyward wrote one of the finest American fictions of its year, and one of the reasons why "Nigger Heaven" seems absurd when it is not merely crude.

Miss Sinclair seems to be tired of technical experiments for herself, but in "Far End" she uses all the ordinary parts of speech in telling about a novelist who was called Christopher Vivart and who apparently invented the stream of consciousness literary method instead of copying it from Dorothy Richardson. Besides accomplishing all that Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce united the feminine and the masculine consciousness to accomplish, Christopher Vivart married himself a wife. And then he fell in love with a girl who was not his wife, and he loved her privet-white body. And then he fell in love with a widow, and he loved a brain for which Miss Sinclair was not able to find quite so precise a description. Altogether, there does not seem to be any very good reason for chopping down good trees to print "Far End", and its thin competence makes one feel that English fiction may not be so much better than American fiction after all.

The Golden Dancer. By Cyril Hume. George H. Doran Company.
The Exquisite Perdita. By E. Barrington. Dodd, Mead and Company.
Tampico. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf.
Nigger Heaven. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.
Far End. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company.

HENRY THE HORRIBLE

By Will Cuppy

I NEVER could abide Henry VIII. Of all the illustrious persons to whom compulsory education introduced me, willy nilly, the obese ninny who was called *Fidei Defensor* and several other things gave me the worst pain. He still does. In a word, I cannot agree with the schoolboy who wrote, "My favorite character in English his-

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tory is Henry VIII, because he had eight wives and killed them all."

One had been in a fair way to forget this ancient grudge until the recent publication of two imposing and measurably opposing volumes on the subject. If neither Walter Jerrold's "Henry VIII and His Wives" nor Martin Hume's "The Wives of Henry VIII" is likely to change the views of any reader who has strong and immovable prejudices on beheading (and proud of it), both are none the less fascinating books full of material suitable for trying out one's charity or perchance for whetting a hatred. Apparently this season, what with these tomes and Isabel Paterson's novel, "The Fourth Queen" — Henry *was* Elizabeth's father; I grant him that — one ought to know all about the Tudors and it might be just as well to be for or against them, especially Henry.

I hope it is not libelous to say that Mr. Jerrold is for him. He is, in that he is not in sympathy with the last-ditch enemies of Henry and all his works. He more than hints that it is a vulgar error to regard the much married monarch either as a Bluebeard or as a "monster of uxoriousness" and points out on his first page that he was "almost a model of domesticity" when compared with, say, Charles II. There is much virtue in that "almost". I fancy that nobody cares much today whether Henry married six or six hundred ladies or how he treated them, short of murdering them outright. But there's the rub. It is the beheadings we cannot stand.

True enough, "execution was in those days the customary method of dealing with treason", and it was treason for the king's wife to — er — well, to do what they say a couple of them did. Mr. Jerrold holds, moreover, in the case of Anne Boleyn that "the evidence concerning the traditional view of the blood-guilt of King Henry in this tragic episode is really no more satisfactory than is that concerning Anne", and that "in the light of what we know Henry can be charged with nothing more than letting the law take its fatal course". And one may add that when this amounted to having his wife beheaded it is no inconsiderable charge. Posterity has felt that a really thoughtful husband would have stopped the execution, as Henry might have done by raising an eyebrow. Besides, the habit grew upon him. There was Catherine Howard. Two beheadings out of six wives is too many.

Then there is that little matter of Henry's tender conscience, the scrupulosity of which has done so much to make him one of the best surefire vaudeville jokes of modern times. A sensitive conscience, in combination with a tough hide, a floating libido, and good lawyers, has seldom created more havoc or served so effectively to degrade the status of that social grace yclept hypocrisy. Whether or not Henry was the victim of vicious advisers, as Mr. Jerrold believes, he was certainly a first class liar on his own account, as well as a glutton, minor author, cry baby, and, if I may say so, a villain and an arrant knave. We all have our faults, but now really. . . .

Our author refers also, among several other mitigating circumstances, to "that ever-present dynastic sense of longing for a legal male heir". This was particularly strong when he caught sight of Anne Boleyn, whom he may have loved, to whom he wrote some touching love letters, and whom later he called "that accursed and venomous harlot". Sometimes I think that was not love that went. Mr. Jerrold's thesis need not be labored. The main thing is that his book is delightful read-

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ing throughout, charmingly written and handsomely dressed. It is full, not only of information, but of tidbits of all sorts, including a few horrible details which the reviewer has neither the time, the space, nor the nerve to repeat. Perusal of it reminds me that there is little sense in nursing my pet exasperation. After all, the poor fellow's gone now, and good riddance.

Although Mr. Hume does not go so far as one could wish in the use of derogatory epithet, he does describe Henry as "a weak, vain, boastful man, the plaything of his passions", which, as Mr. Jerrold also points out, "were artfully made use of by rival parties", and so on. He sees Henry further as "a bluff bully, a coward morally, and also perhaps physically", a "flabby sensualist" who "was not to blame for anything. He never was", and finally as "a repulsive, bloodstained monster, the more dangerous because his evil was always held to be good by himself and those around him". "Whited sepulchre", "callous concupiscence", "showy" and "sanctimonious", are words also applied with fine effect. I particularly like "showy" in this connection. "Bluff" is good too.

Nor does Mr. Hume, hitting out right and left, spare any other victim in sight. To him Catherine of Aragon, commonly regarded as a pathetic if unsympathetic figure, was "fallible and even in many respects a blameworthy woman, who was to a large extent the cause of her own troubles", and who should have faded out of the picture without so much back talk. Anne Boleyn's character "was bad from the first, and consistently remained so". If Mr. Hume may be charged with boring the reader at all, one might mention the assiduity with which he dwells upon the rumors of miscellaneous misdoings of a libidinous nature by all concerned, even to physiological suppositions and other minutiæ which can have had little bearing upon the main currents of the Reformation.

I am inclined to think, from both accounts, that Anne of Cleves came through the mill about as well off as any of the six wives. She was homely and not very bright, but after the divorce she chirked up amazingly and wore "new dresses every day". We are assured, too, that afterward "she waxed half as beautiful again as she was", which was probably not very beautiful, but must have been a big improvement. Hearing of Henry's sixth marriage she exclaimed, "A fine burthen Madam Catherine has taken on herself." Catherine Parr outlived the "burthen", but not for long. This blameless woman, who made a real home for Henry and the girls, who proved a model wife, "avoiding all occasions of idleness and contemning vain pastimes", later married for love and died of puerperal fever.

One must add that neither of our authors relies wholly upon sex appeal for a hearing. These books are by no means mere rehashings of stale beheadings and old, unhappy, far off divorces, nor simply descriptions of the more or less distressing amours of a famous fat man. They describe, as fully as may be in popular accounts, the whole bearing of the religious and state situations upon the matrimonial problem, and give many pictures of the king in his less erotic hours of ease. As damning as any is Mr. Hume's story of Henry's great delight "in adopting some magnificent, and, of course, perfectly transparent disguise in masque or ball, and then to disclose himself when everyone, the queen included, was supposed to be lost in wonder at the grace and agility of the pretended unknown".

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Henry was wonderful at that sort of thing. Need one say more?

Henry VIII and His Wives. By Walter Jerrold. George H. Doran Company.
The Wives of Henry VIII. By Martin Hume. Brentano's.

MORE AND LESS ESOTERIC

By Margery Swett Mansfield

IT has been said that taste for poetry is a matter of understanding it, of chancing upon those books that are within the radius of one's comprehension and interest today — not yesterday nor tomorrow — books that seem neither banal nor bewildering.

"Wild Plum", by Orrick Johns, is certainly easy enough to read, and yields, here and there, a sensitive wisdom amounting almost to mysticism. The book includes several lyrics pleasantly familiar from inclusion in anthologies, and is, in short, just the sort of thing which, read beneath a tree and by a lover of poetry, will relieve brain fag more quickly than anything I know. Given to a young person unacquainted with poetry, it should make him want more. A pleasant but not exciting book, with a nice lyric simplicity, a singing lilt, and a folk quality that enables the love songs to come perilously near the sentimental without being inartistic.

Any discussion of E. E. Cummings (e. e. cummings) is apt, unfortunately, to end where it begins — with typography. It might be possible to write successful poems with as little punctuation as E. E. Cummings uses — but it would not be the poetry of E. E. Cummings. There are obviously two ways, in verse, of indicating where the mind and voice must mark the major pauses that end the phrases. One, to use the punctuation of prose; the other, to give a separate line to each group of words that should be read together and followed by a pause. This practice is feasible in simple poetry, where the pauses in sense fall naturally at the end of the line. But modern poets have listened for a subtler music which can be achieved by having the end of the line mark a secondary or minor pause, allowing the major pauses that end phrases and sentences to fall at various places within the line and be marked by punctuation. E. E. Cummings follows this plan but omits, too frequently, the punctuation. Consequently his minor pauses often receive more stress than the major ones, and the bewildered reader must puzzle over the poem and rehearse it. In the more slapstick verse this difficulty in reading is part of the fun — like tussling with an overgrown boy for a walnut. Here the bizarre punctuation and the eccentric mood are hardly separable, but in the quieter poems the typographical peculiarities seem needlessly in the way. Last year a magazine ("Poetry") tried the experiment of printing some of Cummings's poems with the usual typography, and was widely congratulated for having thought of it, since it made his more serious poems appear in all their delicate beauty and subtle intelligence. I am following this plan to show how closely the last poem in his book comes to being a sonnet, and one which — like much of his work — is full of fresh and lovely imagery:

If I have made, my lady, intricate,
Imperfect, various things — chiefly which wrong
Your eyes (frailer than most deep dreams are frail)
— Songs less firm than your body's whitest song
Upon my mind; if I have failed to snare
The glance too shy; if through my singing slips

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The very skillful strangeness of your smile,
The keen primeval silence of your hair:

Let the world say, "His most wise music stole
Nothing from death." You only will create
(Who are so perfectly alive) my shame,
— Lady through whose profound and fragile lips
The sweet, small, clumsy feet of April came
Into the ragged meadows of my soul.

Leonard Bacon, overrated by his enthusiasts, I think, but too little known by the larger poetry reading public, has written in "Animula Vagula" a sequence more interesting as a human document than impressive as a poem. It is the sort of thing that causes scholarly inquiries (when the poet is a major one, and dead) as to what extent the work is biographical and whether it records a normal experience or a nervous illness. A more immediate question is whether the twenty seven short poems —interesting certainly, yet none of them poetic knockouts — are sufficient for a book.

However, there is more poetic beauty than in "Ulug Beg", a sensitive reticence, effective rhythms — both within and without the regular metrics — and a restrained intellectual quality which, however, does not become esoteric except in the sense that it plays over an experience that is far from universal, the soul's humble recognition that it is lost: lost to honor, courage, beauty. The treatment is not that of the Christian *religieuse* but rather of the classicist, and salvation comes not through love and inspiration but through hate and contempt. The protagonist has an evil enemy, and, hating him, realizes his own comparative manhood and is on his feet again. How true it rings to the new psychology and to the honesty and humiliation of the poem!

Wild Plum. By Orrick Johns. The Macmillan Company.
Is 5. By E. E. Cummings. Boni and Liveright.
Animula Vagula. By Leonard Bacon. Harper and Brothers.

FOR ALICE

Six Years Old

By Jesse Hugo Feldman

OH, wind blown chrysanthemum
Whose airy petals quiver
In the mote-shining sunlight,
Your service is humble:
To shimmer through flying dust —
Oh, curly chrysanthemum —
Watering the flower boxes
In my window.
Your beauty is delicate,
Merging with the colors
And the sunbeams.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

OF the highest interest to admirers and students of the late President's political life should be the third and fourth volumes in the six volume authorized edition of the public papers of Woodrow Wilson. These two books, totaling nearly a thousand pages, and entitled "The New Democracy" (Harper), are edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd. They contain one hundred and forty of the President's most important official messages, notes, and addresses of the period from his 1913 inauguration until March, 1917. If testimony is still needed to confound his detractors and affirm the truth of Wilson's intellectual and political greatness, his courage, integrity, and vital idealism, it is to be read here.

The indefatigable energy of the law as it bustles about expurgating humanity's errata may be uncomfortably disconcerting to this late civilization; but the law as we know it is a toothless old St. Bernard compared with the virulent watchdog of yesteryear. In "The Newgate Calendar" (Mitchell) one may peruse the swift, unerring capital punishment of malfeasants in the "good" old days of Newgate. With over one hundred offenses punishable by suspension at the end of a stout rope, the populace doubtless had a merry time of it harking to the dying utterances of suddenly penitent miscreants about to have the wagon driven out from under them. The book, if one can see the humorous side of the absurdly gruesome, is highly entertaining, and is illustrated with some of the most deliciously uncouth old woodcuts imaginable.

The author of "The Wooden Man" (Macmillan) speaks the truth with a fine candor. But to our disappointment we find Gilbert Norwood's truth to be of that philosophic, scholarly sort which makes heavy reading. The heaviness, however, cannot be the fault of either his truth or his candor, but rather of a rutty, wagon-plodding style. The essay on "Advertisements" has more verbal springiness than the other chapters and is, in our opinion, the best thing in the volume. We wish the poor old goat ridden public in toto could have the opportunity of being amused and enlightened by this comic showing up of the advertisement humbug. But Mr. Norwood's candor comes out with strongest effect in his comment upon the perversion of civilized energy in the present worldwide tendency to organize everything from electrons to spirit. "Our object should be, not to disorganize humanity, but to unorganize it." "The Wooden Man" — a short story in the Wellsian style of philosophic fantasy — and "The Remote Witness" are amusing bits of satirical nonsense. The remainder of the book is oppressive to the reader's spirit.

What we are asking ourself is, how Elizabeth Drew managed to make the salty matter of her book on "The Modern Novel" (Harcourt, Brace) palatable to women's club audiences with the unqualified acclaim the jacket reports. For we have not been able to banish from remembrance, as symbolic of a popularly closed door, the remark of a southern editor relative to public consumption of literary criti-

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cism: "When folks want to know what the best books are like, they go to the library and get 'em out and read 'em!" The really fine comment in this book ought to excite some people to see round the corner of the obvious, to journey a little beyond the limits of the cut and dried. A strong and inclusive sympathy with the whole contradictory endeavor of the human spirit is written into the suggestive notes on James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, and D. H. Lawrence. Something of the elemental sweep and surge of Conrad's language gets into Miss Drew's own style as she lingers in discussion of Conrad. There is not a large crop of new ideas in this book, but some fine straight thinking and fine writing — and a rich example of what Tom Jones called "the cookery of the author".

The Fascist dictator, perhaps the most sinister and ridiculous public figure of the world today, and his tyrannical power over an enslaved government, a weakling king, and an abject populace, are dissected without reverence or mercy by William Bolitho in his volume of essays "Italy Under Mussolini" (Macmillan). The author, whose knowledge of the history and present political functioning of Fascism was derived from first hand study of the formidable subject, reveals facts and conditions which should aid greatly in clarifying the somewhat obscure conception, prevalent in this country, of the dwarf Napoleon's destructive control of his native land's destiny.

Essays on art, finance, and other subjects upon which the author is eminently qualified to talk comprise "Of Many Things" by Otto H. Kahn (Boni, Liveright). It makes highly informative reading. Mr. Kahn's command of English is exceptionally good, and his style pungent and terse. The chapter on the life and accomplishments of Edward Henry Harriman, the railroad king, is about as engrossing reading as one could demand. But Mr. Kahn (or perhaps the blame should be laid at the door of his publishers) stigmatizes his book with the dread stamp of dull academic text writers by inserting marginal summations of the context. However, the binding is one to delight the heart of any bibliophile.

The lover of the exotic and the beautiful must pay homage to this exquisite version of the romance of "The Queen of Sheba", written originally in Arabic by J. C. Mardrus, translated by him into French, translated from the French into English by E. Powys Mathers, and published in America by the Bernard G. Richards Company. Sheba is the perfect child-queen, glowing like a flower, polished as a jewel, made to be the vessel of love, and coming in the wonder of her purity and her awakening passion to Solomon, the all-wise, the master, the lover and king. The story is told in limpid, beautifully cut phrases, richly oriental, and story and setting blend in as lovely a poem as can be found in our language.

It doesn't take exceptional wisdom to realize that Russia holds the whip hand over the rest of Europe, if not over Asia, and therefore offers a constant threat to the existent circumstances of the rest of the world. Should Russia's sway become dominant over the five hundred-odd million inhabitants of Yellow Asia, should England's some four hundred million Hindu and Negroid subjects of Asia and Africa decide on other masters or to be their own masters, should English speaking peoples unite for world domination, little Europe ("Pan-Europe", Europe

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minus Russia) would have little protection but gases against her inimical big brothers of a fratricidal planet. Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, author of the present Pan-European movement (modeled considerably on the utterly different conditions of our own Pan-American Union), realizes all this. But his book "Pan-Europe" (Knopf) — first issuing from Vienna in 1923 — is inevitably full of Central-European counterparts of "shoulds", "ifs", and "buts"! To ask of France disarmament (trust Russia, and trust Germany) is only one of the many flies in Europe's sticky ointment in which one George Washington once warned us not to entangle ourselves. . . . And yet — a fruitful book dropped in the ungrateful soil of an unprogressive world.

In the twentieth century biography the man is known by his label. Thus Guy de Pourtalès's "Franz Liszt" (Holt) is labeled *l'homme d'amour* per subtitle. Yet the phrase is one which, superficially at any rate, seems to sum up Liszt's activities while not at the keyboard. He is the Byron of the symphonic poem, the Don Juan of the musically romantic nineteenth century. No doubt a book like Corder's "Liszt" will supply the serious music lover with a larger cud of reflection to chew in the way of analysis and study of Liszt's compositions. And for sheer imaginative brilliancy some of Heine's Paris letters concerning Liszt cannot be excelled. But Liszt the lover, whose mysticism did not prevent his cultivation of material animal magnetism, whose devotion to the church did not affect his devotion to the ladies, is delightfully depicted with a light and flowing pen. "They all love themselves in me", Liszt remarked of one of his conquests, and it was only at the age of seventy five that he said with a sigh: "My weariness of life is extreme." There is no weariness, however, in M. de Pourtalès's enjoyable book. We leave it with a feeling of sympathy for its hero, a bee pursued by the blossoms rather than pursuing them.

"The Gospel of Evolution" by J. Arthur Thomson (Putnam) is a tactful and at the same time authoritative treatment of a question which is agitating the general public. Professor Thomson is of high rank as a scientist, but he knows how to explain technical matters to the man in the street. He believes that there is no feud between science and religion provided neither seeks to extend its bounds unduly. Evolution has been misunderstood. It is an attempt to show man's relationship with the rest of creation. Mr. Thomson shows that constant change is nature's rule and that this state of affairs implies the appearance of better and higher types. Therein he sees a message of hope for humanity.

An impressive volume of classical learning by Maurice Hutton, principal of University College, Toronto, is "The Greek Point of View" (Doran), in which are critically analyzed the social, ethical, political, philosophic, and artistic characteristics of the Athenian people during the Periclean Age. The dominating intellectual influences of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and other eminent builders of the Hellenistic glory constitute the main sources of the study's erudite reflections. The magnitude and richness of the work's perspective and ideas should commend it strongly to those whose past reading has given them a more than casual knowledge of that most marvelous period of ancient times.

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The decade, whether of one color or another, whether at the turn of the century or earlier, has become current in recent publications. In "The Dreadful Decade" (Bobbs-Merrill) Don Seitz, with the easy facility that is his, draws those years between 1869 and 1879; the years that spelled "Reconstruction" in the story of the nation. Far off things become revivified through the medium of his observing pen: the Credit Mobilier; Black Friday and the scandal of the Erie, with those past masters in chicanery, Jay Gould and "Colonel" Jim Fisk; the Beecher-Tilton affair; Custer's last fight; the Tilden-Hayes controversy. Mr. Seitz openly disclaims any intent to "point a moral". Yet he who runs may read, in this lively exposition of a confused and bygone time, the striking analogy that lies between this aftermath and that of every other war.

Can creative writing be taught or is it an innate gift? As an argument that it can be, the Writers Club of Columbia University, composed of students in the courses in writing, has for three years put out an annual volume of selected material from the published work of the members. "Copy — 1926" (Appleton) is composed of fifteen short stories, two one act plays, a few essays and poems. "Peter Projects" by Mariel Brady and "An Ill Wind" by Robert Robinson appeared respectively in the O. Henry and O'Brien collections for 1925. Two other stories deserve mention: "Tropical Heat and White Men" by Isa Urquhart Glenn, and "Charity" by Worth Tuttle. These four leaven an otherwise mediocre collection of miscellaneous material.

To read Benjamin DeCasseres is mentally to apply an electric drill. His harsh, irregular flashes of brilliance are at once invigorating, dazzling, and fatiguing. In a recent book he promulgates his esoteric cogitations on "Forty Immortals" (Joseph Lawren), forty men of letters, among whom he numbers Nietzsche, Hardy, Spinoza, Cabell, Thoreau, Balzac, Whitman, France, Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Flaubert. The following excerpt from his essay on Victor Hugo is indicative of his verbal fecundity: "Genius is never so sublime as when hurling its anathemas against the walls of Heaven. Lucifer marshalling his hosts against the Lord; Prometheus launching his thunderbolts from the Caucasus against Jupiter; Cain with imprecatory fist pointed at the stars; Lucretius cancelling God in the soulless atom; Flaubert ramming the snouts of all the credulous into the trough with Saint Anthony's pig; Shelley prying Christ from his cross and hurling him into the ditch; Nietzsche trying to drag Dionysius onto the throne of God until the blood vessels in his brain burst; Baudelaire placarding the courtyard of heaven with litanies in praise of Satan; Victor Hugo posing as Zoilus, bespattering his God. How does this compare with the sanctimonious buttoned-up air of a Pecksniffian race of swine?" How does it?

Asia is rather a large historic handful to be considered in brief, yet Herbert H. Gowen has done so; his "Asia: A Short History" (Little, Brown) covers the whole vast continent from earliest times to the present day. As if to disarm criticism, however, the author frankly confesses in his foreword that his book is written from "a Western point of view". That is, he deals with Asia from the angle of European and American interest. He does so to the extent of covering the continent, from the time the Javan ape man may

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have rocked the cradle of the race in one of its jungle recesses to the end of the eighteenth century, in some 186 pages; while "modern" Asian history claims 230 pages. But the book is well done. Dr. Gowen has a sense of the picturesque in phrase and description, despite his enforced laconicism; and it is only fair to say that it is the later and not the earlier history of Asia in which the majority of his readers will probably be interested. A map, index, chronological table, and an appendix of "Suggested Readings" add to the reference value of the book.

The study of poetry in the schools is usually a rather bleak affair for the initiated as well as for the unfit, and the majority leave without knowing the difference between a sonnet and a villanelle. In answer to the requests of many students and teachers, Louis Untermeyer has prepared a concise handbook, "The Forms of Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace). The main purpose of the volume is to reveal "the structure as well as the spirit of poetry" by a thorough study of poetic forms. The book is well organized, written in plain language, and contains some valuable outlines. A second volume by Mr. Untermeyer which can be used very agreeably with "The Forms of Poetry" is a comparative anthology, "Yesterday and Today" (Harcourt, Brace). The book presents the representative poems of the past one hundred and twenty five years, giving a satisfying record of each period for comparison. Mr. Untermeyer believes that a student's introduction to the remote past should be gradual, and that it will be grasped with far more understanding if he knows his own modern world. There is much diversity in the book, with poets ranging from Tennyson and Patmore to Guiterman and Nathalia Crane. There are also the usual selections from Markham and Joyce Kilmer, but Robinson Jeffers and T. S. Eliot are conspicuously absent.

"When in doubt read Lamb" is a rule of conduct all but universally reverenced by the judicious. It follows — or should, in a reasonable world — that any excuse for reprinting this author, in whole or in part, is a good excuse. Well, then, E. V. Lucas, than whom no one is more fitted for the labor of love, has made "The Charles Lamb Day Book" (Doran), consisting of selections to be read on each of the 365 (or more) days of the year. Even confirmed readers of Elia are likely to find occasional new jewels among the excerpts from the letters and poems, as well as favorite bits from the essays. "Hang Work! I wish that all the year were holyday" is dated for September 15, but surely may be perused on any other occasion with equal effect. But, heavens! Did not Elia reckon "Court Calendars" and "Almanacs" among *biblia-a-biblia* — books which are no books? Never mind. This is something very different. It is a charming compilation.

In "Good Manners for Children" (Dodd, Mead) Elsie C. Mead and Theodora Mead Abel presuppose that mothers know what constitutes good manners, and that they put it into practice. Granting the assumption, and also that children are naturally responsive to their elders and have a desire to imitate them, the rest is simple. The writers believe that proper behavior, like any academic subject, can be taught, but they admit that it requires more patience. Their methods do not apply to all children alike; they take great pains to discuss each

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type of child, with the problems peculiar to each. And they cover the period from babyhood far into adolescence. Their aim, as stated in the book, is "to teach good manners to children by having them constantly practice them, so that manners become a part of their regular behavior". Here is a book simple and direct, and refreshingly concise.

"Graven Images" by Caresse Crosby (Houghton Mifflin) displays a moderate poetic talent that is most in evidence in the twenty six sonnets that open the book. The author has more of a philosophic vein than imagination, and more technical knowledge than originality; but neither originality nor imagination is lacking, even though many of the pieces (and particularly those labeled "lyrics") are unillumined and prosy. While there is no intense poetic vehemence or ardor, the verses seem to spring from a sincere and genuine impulse; and several of the pieces are so strikingly conceived and so skilfully composed as to be worthy of inclusion in the best anthologies.

Why must all biographers and writers of memoirs — all, that is, with a few historic exceptions — why must they sedulously place themselves in groveling relation to their subjects? Assuredly, the living subjects would scarcely thank them for this display of malnutritioned ego and ridiculous absence of humor. We doubt not that if Stevenson, from his spirit's abode, could glance at the monument of literary devotions by Adelaide A. Boodle entitled "R. L. S. and His Sine Qua Non" (Scribner) he would return in characteristic dudgeon to have it out once more with his old pupil. "It is really intolerable that you should have written it!" Notwithstanding its chapters of worship, the book contains some amusing accounts of domestic and semi-private scenes that took place at Skerryvore, the vine draped villa to which the Stevensons came when R. L. S. was known only as a vague personality in the magazines. Miss Boodle, at that time a youthful neighbor, placed herself soon afterward under the tutelage of Stevenson. Later, when R. L. S. was obliged to seek another home in the South Seas for his consumptive body, she was dubbed by him "the Gamekeeper", in playful reference to her guardianship of the Stevenson pets left behind. A few letters from Stevenson to Miss Boodle, written in Samoa, recall the picturesque personality that went out in the loneliness of the tropic archipelago.

Christopher Morley may well congratulate himself upon his popularity among high school students. Pupils throughout the country who chose the contents of Essie Chamberlain's "Essays Old and New" (Harcourt, Brace) demanded three of Mr. Morley's compositions, and no more than one by any other living American. Indeed, Francis Bacon with four exhibits was the only author, quick or dead, to nose out Mr. Morley. In third place with two essays each are R. L. Stevenson, G. K. Chesterton, and E. V. Lucas, while Charles Lamb ties Heywood Broun and others with a single specimen. Miss Chamberlain's volume, designed for classroom use, contains forty one representative essays and is generously provided with paraphernalia for teaching and discussion. Of special interest is the readable introduction on the essay form.

"The Mind of the Negro as Reflected in Letters Written during the Crisis, 1800–1860" (Association for the Study of Negro Life and History) by Carter

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Godwin Woodson, a monumental octavo volume of 678 pages, is not for the general reader. But as a reflection of "black thinking" with regard to men and measures of the antebellum period, these letters have a definite documentary value for the historian, even though to a certain extent they are a species of special plea to emphasize the contributions made or motived by Negroes toward social and economic reform. Of greater interest to the general white reader, in any event, should be Newbell Niles Puckett's "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro" (University of North Carolina Press). It is a detailed account in which burial customs, ghosts and witches, voodooism and conjuration, charms, taboos, omens and Christianized superstitions are considered against a preliminary historical and emotional background. One cannot help but feel that in many ways the soul of the Negro is more truly and spontaneously revealed in Mr. Puckett's smaller volume than is his mind in Mr. Woodson's larger one.

Lying as it does at present somewhat outside the province of what may be described as the orthodox science of the schools, the branch of knowledge involved in Noel Jaquin's "Scientific Palmistry" (Doran) should appeal chiefly to those who are not averse to a little heresy upon occasion. In the belief that "it is possible, by a scientific survey of the hand, to effect a dissection of both the psychological and the physical being", the author offers a concise yet measurably comprehensive system of character reading, plus a method of palmistic diagnosis of disease, with prints of the hands of famous persons and diagrams for illustration. As in all such ventures, the reader whose first faltering self reading seems to stigmatize him with all the less desirable human characteristics needs to be warned that a deeper study is almost certain to modify the result. Nor need he whose lines indicate a tendency toward bronchitis rush forthwith for a physician. There is an introduction by Major Edward Ferris, M.A. (Oxon.).

One has learned to look to Graham Wallas for a mature and specific contribution in the politico-sociological field. In "The Art of Thought" (Harcourt, Brace) one does not find this. Its field is pedagogical and, more remotely, psychological. The author's approach, however, is his more usual one and because the book does not answer the problem which the first chapter sets forth the reader comes away with a feeling of frustration and disappointment. In his opening chapter Mr. Wallas presents most forcibly the discrepancy between man's great intellectual power over nature, his capacity for invention and mechanical progress, and man's too slight control over the very civilization he creates. "We can make war more efficiently but we cannot prevent war." Only by inference does the rest of the book shed any light on this problem. The author proceeds to analyze vigorously and suggestively what the thinker does when he thinks, how he can control and improve his mental functioning. The latter half of the book is extremely valuable to the teacher who wishes to understand and vivify thinking and to instil habits of intellectual integrity. By inference Mr. Wallas seems to conclude that only through the improvement of individual thinking by sound education can we attain to "The Great Society".

We cannot truthfully say that "Winnowed Wisdom" (Dodd, Mead) is Stephen Leacock's funniest book. But

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it is funny enough to preserve his reputation for a little longer — say about a hundred years. The publishers call it a "new book of humour", which is just a little bit misleading. Here you will find far less nonsense than satire, less of that inner chuckling entertainment than the wry smiles of one who is engaged in "showing up" our pet national perversities. Something slightly caustic creeps in now and then which we do not remember in the Leacock of old. Perhaps it is because these sketches are rather nearer the truth than burlesque. In fact, if it were not for the occasional ridiculous nomenclature we might almost take literally such pieces as "Our Summer Convention" and "The Questionnaire Nuisance". Mr. Leacock's ironic pictures of organized stupidity are a little bit too accurate to be altogether amusing.

"Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka", the fourth volume in the definitive edition of Gogol in English that is being translated by Constance Garnett and published by Knopf, contains the earliest known writing of the great Russian realist. These tales of the Ukraine, Gogol's birthplace, are marked by a romantic element that is absent from his later work, the plots of most of the stories being based on local legendry and superstition. However, the robust peasantry through whom the plots are worked out, their salty speech and their vitality, have the unmistakable imprint of the genius that created the first great prose literature of modern Russia. The other three volumes of the edition thus far completed are "Dead Souls" in two parts and "The Overcoat and Other Stories".

A useful contribution to the growing literature of reconciliation between science and religion is "The Gist of Evolution" (Macmillan) by Dr. Horatio Hackett Newman, professor of zoology at Chicago University. It is a recension of his statement prepared for use in the Scopes trial. The hopeful remark of the introductory chapter, that "it seems unlikely that any other State will desire to share with Tennessee the unenviable notoriety" of anti-evolution laws is, unhappily, not justified by the recent course of events. But that makes such popular booklets as this the more necessary. Its value lies in its lucid statement of what the doctrine of evolution is, in language intelligible to the layman.

A gay retinue of fact and fancy coupled with a vivid power of expression distinguishes Llewelyn Powys's latest book, "The Verdict of Bridlegoose" (Harcourt, Brace). To read these essays is to let down pasture bars and wander through fresh green woodlands in the cool of evening — or again to feel the shock of virgin waters when one takes a plunge in the mystical grey dawn. Practically, the book has to do with herring gulls, poetry, prejudice, publishers, hall bedrooms, and celebrities. It is delightful to find in this book the humor, realism, and simplicity which first endeared us to Mr. Powys.

Modern life in America may be far more interesting than life in the early days, but tales of the Vikings of the Baltic are decidedly more stirring than stories of the peoples who inhabit northern Europe today. In "Beyond the Baltic" (Doran), A. MacCallum Scott has put his most thrilling material into the chapters in which he relates stories of years ago, not the things he saw while gathering material for the book. His chapters on politics in Soviet Russia and the surrounding countries may hold those readers who

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are greatly interested in that subject, but the lay reader will get much more enjoyment out of the others.

The life and work of the Roycrofters' founder are eulogistically recorded in "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora" (William H. Wise) by Felix Shay, who was for many years a commercial associate and intimate friend of the sage. It is apparent that Mr. Shay worshiped his late king devoutly and blindly, an attitude which seems to render him unaware that Hubbard was a platitudinous quack with no more inspiring talents than the average successful business man. The book is handsomely bound, illustrated, and decorated by surviving Roycrofters, and, despite its biased adoration of Fra Elbertus, makes entertaining reading.

R. W. Chambers's "England Before the Norman Conquest" (Longmans, Green), No. 7 of the University of London history source books, is of authoritative value to those who wish to study pre-Norman Britain at first hand. The general reader (premising the possession of any good history of England to serve as a guiding thread) will find that its excerpts from the old chronicles have the flavor of their day, and that the picturesque has not been overlooked in presenting the informative. By way of a foreword there is an interesting study of "Roman Britain" by M. Cary.

It would be rash to guess whether or not Theodore Goodman's "Narrative Structure and Style" (Appleton) will achieve its purpose of turning out competent short story writers. Pending actual results, one may say that the book, consisting of a series of graded exercises with instructions in technique, contains simple and measurably novel hints and helps toward creative effort based upon some years of teaching experience. Mr. Goodman treats in twenty five chapters such fundamentals as the gathering of material, dialogue, plot action, climax, and character, and finds room for many examples of effective writing by famous authors. For advanced students — one hopes the others may study them later — Mr. Goodman offers suggestions on preparing and marketing manuscripts.

Volume VI of "The Farington Diary" by Joseph Farington, R. A., edited by James Greig (Doran), continues the record of this celebrated journal from January 13, 1810, to June 9, 1811. Its entries, in the main, relate to the author's association with his fellow Royal Academicians and other eminent contemporaries, to significant public events in England and abroad, to his residence in Cornwall, and to the pursuit of his painting activities. As a gently bred, reactionary mind, naively pious and never brilliant, always credulous, solemnly sedate and deadly serious, Farington survives, a perfect type of his age.

Even so utterly lost a cause as that of the Red Man in his own native land, now that the Indian is passing, has a glamour. And in his "Soldiers of the Plains" (Milton, Balch) P. E. Byrne has done justice to it in an "authentic and unbiased story of the Indian campaigns of the Sixties and Seventies . . . particularly the Custer disaster". Simply, straightforwardly written, the book is well documented. It is time, perhaps, that the tale of the Sioux and Nez Percés wars and massacres be presented from the Indian point of view, and that point of view the author presents in a manner sincere and sympathetic.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

No better evidence is needed that the age of hero worship has passed than the current popularity of such books as the one which heads this month's fiction score. Modern youth, in its revolt against the standards of the mauve decade, had already discovered that not only Jefferson and Hamilton but all the rest of the semi-sanctified figures whom the youth of our own generation were adjured to adore behaved in their public and private lives exactly like human beings. Now Professor Erskine presents the Homeric demigods as the fruit of the same family tree. Iconoclasm can go no further back. The commentator speaks as a survivor of the age when the authors of even such standard reference works as the good Doctor Anthon's "Classical Dictionary" felt it incumbent to explain to the young that the scandalous behavior attributed to Sappho was malicious gossip arising from the conduct of another lady of the same name. The situation revealed by the current taste in literature would, therefore, be shocking were there not evidence all around us that modern youth is making much less of a mess of life than did those who, reared in the false tradition of "our times", provided the raw material for "An American Tragedy".—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
2.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
3.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
4.	The Blue Window .	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5.	The Hounds of Spring	*Sylvia Thompson*	LITTLE
6.	Wild Geese	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
7.	Mantrap *	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
8.	Hangman's House	*Donn Byrne*	CENTURY
9.	The Silver Spoon *	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
10.	After Noon	*Susan Ertz*	APPLETON
11.	The Perennial Bachelor	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
12.	The Black Flemings	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
2.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
3.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
4.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
5.	Intimate Papers of Colonel House	*Charles Seymour*	HOUGHTON
6.	Jefferson and Hamilton	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON
7.	The Arcturus Adventure *	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
8.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF
9.	Twenty-five Years	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
10.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
11.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
12.	The Travel Diary of a Philosopher	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

M. Poincaré's Memoirs — and Count Berchtold's — Fascism in Italy — Prince Youssoupoff's Book on Rasputin — Bernard Shaw and Germany — John Galsworthy in Central Europe — More Tolstoy Manuscripts — Miscellaneous Items

THE third volume of M. Poincaré's memoirs, published in Paris by Plon-Nourrit, bears the title "L'Europe Sous les Armes, 1913". M. Poincaré deals first with the strained relations between Austria and Russia at the beginning of that year, caused chiefly by the continued Austrian mobilization and the Albanian problem. The gravity of the situation was governed, as M. Poincaré points out, by the measure of support which Germany would give Austria; Berlin thus held the key to the situation. German foreign policy was therefore keenly analyzed and observed in France and elsewhere. M. Poincaré reproduces a dispatch from M. Jules Cambon which is illuminating in this direction.

At the end of January M. Poincaré was elected President of the Republic. His account of the informal negotiations which preceded his entry into the "gilded prison", as he calls it, makes interesting reading. He took office, so he says, with regret and misgiving.

Always thorough and precise, M. Poincaré deals in detail with the complicated diplomatic events of the year. Difficulties continued to arise in relations with Germany. Apprehension was steadily growing that the war parties in Germany might get the upper hand. First there was M. Cambon's confidential report of the now famous conversation between the German Emperor and the King of the Belgians; then there was the Zabern affair. The war clouds were slowly gathering.

M. Poincaré has covered in the first three volumes of his memoirs the period between the end of 1911 and the end of 1913. At this rate of progress, some ten or twelve volumes will probably be required to complete the work. It is a prodigious undertaking, and one cannot but admire the painstaking industry of its author. Although these memoirs are not, one imagines, primarily intended for the general reader, M. Poincaré is never dull. His pages are not enlivened with personal anecdotes, yet a variety of hitherto unpublished and interesting documents and a clear lucid style make them eminently readable. Nor is the work altogether devoid of flashes of humor. But its chief appeal and importance lie without doubt in the value of the memoirs to students of history, present and future.

* * * *

One very interesting political book is promised for the near future. Count Berchtold is now engaged on his memoirs and it is expected that they will be ready for publication early next year. Berchtold was, of course, the Austrian Minister at the outbreak of war, so he should have something definite to add to our knowledge of those fateful days. Most of those principally concerned with the inception of the World War have already given us their version of the run of events. Berchtold will therefore have the advantage of writing with their

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statements before him. One may fairly expect some interesting comments, as well as some further revelations.

* * * *

Nothing in postwar days has been more remarkable than the development of Fascism. In Italy it began, thence it has spread from country to country across Europe until there is hardly a nation of the old world that has not its own Fascist organization, under one name or another. The Fascists are not a powerful influence in every country, but their universal rise is a notable sign of the times. In Italy Fascism is supreme — so supreme in fact, that it has suppressed entirely its opponents there. It has its opponents, however, in refuge in more tolerant countries.

It is from England that Professor Salvemini, the most important of them now living (since Signor Amendola succumbed to his injuries), is putting forth his study and criticism of the movement, under the title of "The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy". He deals fully, I understand, with the whole question from the broadest standpoint; and he has all the weight of his undoubted authority and international reputation behind his pen. This should be a book of outstanding interest. It is likely to appear in a few months' time.

* * * *

The mystery that surrounded the death of Rasputin has never been satisfactorily cleared up. But now we are to have the full story by the man who shot him with his own hand. This is Prince Youssoupoff, who has another curious distinction in that he is the only man of non-royal blood who ever married into the Imperial Russian family. At the time when he took the law in his hands in so drastic a fashion, the Prince was a young man. Indeed, I am told that today he looks little older. At least he has not been aged by any feeling of contrition for the methods of Rasputin's removal. His book is a plain narrative of what happened and promises to be both sensational and historically interesting.

* * * *

The recent celebration of George Bernard Shaw's seventieth birthday had, in England at any rate, more of a political than literary flavor. Germany's tribute, on the other hand, was representative of the arts. Shaw's German publisher, S. Fischer, and his authorized translator, Siegfried Trebitsch, organized a remarkable testimonial consisting of tokens and tributes of various kinds from over a hundred eminent Germans — authors, composers, musicians, actresses, critics, and statesmen. Among the distinguished contributions to the large handsomely bound volume sent Shaw were expressions of esteem and good will from Richard Strauss, Dr. Albert Einstein (of relativity fame), Dr. Stresemann, the German Foreign Secretary, Princess Lichnowsky, Alfred Kerr, who is Germany's best known critic, Erich Kleiber, the general musical director of the Berlin Opera House, and Elizabeth Bergner, who plays the part of Saint Joan in Germany. In the estimation of modern Germany, Shaw has surpassed Shakespeare.

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From Central Europe I hear glowing accounts of the popularity of John Galsworthy. He had a great reception on his recent tour in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Austria on behalf of the

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P. E. N. Club. So struck was he by the appalling poverty of the middle classes in Hungary that he has directed that all future royalties from performances of his plays in Hungary shall be devoted to the funds for the relief of the Hungarian intelligentsia.

* * * *

The editor of the famous German weekly, "Die Weltbühne", is starting a new monthly, the first number of which will appear in December. It will be entitled "Der Jahrhundert" and its policy will be closely akin to that of its namesake, "The Century". I hear it will contain part of the mass of interesting material which Siegfried Jacobsohn is constantly receiving but which cannot be included in "Die Weltbühne".

"Die Weltbühne" holds a unique position in German journalism. It is the only paper of its kind which is really independent. Its columns are open to any contribution from any point of view, so long as it is interesting. It is not surprising, therefore, that "Die Weltbühne" attracts all the most important German and Central European authors.

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A number of hitherto unpublished short stories by Tolstoy, and his full length play, "The Contaminated Family", were recently printed in Russian from the original manuscripts. The twelve stories, which have been translated by C. J. Hogarth and Lydia Turin, range over practically the whole of Tolstoy's literary career. His daughter gave the manuscripts to a friend of the Tolstoy family who was the head of a publishing firm in Moscow until its suppression by the Soviet authorities. Publication in Russia being impossible, the Russian text was issued in Paris for the benefit of the Russian Society for the Diffusion of Tolstoy's Works. Messrs. Dent will publish the book in England.

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Jean-Jacques Brousson is writing a sequel to his "Anatole France at Home" which will be published in English under the title "Anatole France Abroad".

Many instances are reported of American books published in Holland without payment, thus further justifying those who hold that America should join the Berne Convention. According to Dutch law, all books first published in America, including even books by citizens of other countries, may be published in Holland without payment. It is, however, true that many firms do agree to pay a small nominal fee for the privilege of printing "authorized edition" on their books.

American novelists popular in Scandinavia range from Edna Ferber to Fannie Hurst.

The latest literary activity of Queen Marie of Roumania is the "book" of a gipsy opera the music for which is to be supplied by Oscar Nedbal, the Czechoslovakian composer.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

HOW often have we all heard that early to bed and early to rise — well, you know the rest of it. Corra Harris, whose latest book is "Flapper Anne", has, to all appearances, placed complete faith in this maxim, for she arises every morning before five and sits down to her morning coffee on the dot of five A.M. But for those more lazy humans who would seek the Fountain of Youth without expending any effort on early rising, Dr. Carl Ramus states in "Outwitting Middle Age" that it is no longer necessary for man or woman to undergo the disease of old age. Eternal youth is ours! But if that fails, we can read "The Road to Eternal Peace". However, it may be like the radio — rather difficult to believe until it is actually proved. The radio has become an excellent aid to those interested in literature. Oliver M. Sayler's "Footlight and Lamplight", broadcast from Gimbel's, and the D. Appleton Radio Book Chat, from the Roosevelt Hotel, are two good examples of a pleasant, interesting, and instructive way to spend an hour. The Morse code seems to have done its bit for fiction, too. Peter B. Kyne, at midnight, dotted and dashed the final chapters of his new book, "The Understanding Heart", from California to his publishers in New York. Two years ago "The Enchanted Hill" came by air mail; but Mr. Kyne found the telegraph more satisfactory this year. That does not mean, however, that the aeroplane has been deserted by the literati. Joan Sutherland, an English novelist, declares that only in her private aeroplane can she find the right atmosphere in which to write.

Bits of news have sifted in from London. Hilaire Belloc had the misfortune to run himself, his yacht "Nona", and two of his friends onto a rock near Folkestone. No damage was done, however, and no doubt the party continued on its way merrily. The Baroness de Lynden, otherwise known as Miss Florence Hubbard, has done the drawings for an illustrated edition of the Psalms. This will be the first edition of its kind ever published. "Shoot!" is the title of the translation of a novel by Pirandello, the Italian dramatist. That it is "the notebooks of Serafino Gubbio, cinematograph operator", makes the title a bit clearer to us. The translation was done by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. The original Quinney in Horace Annesley Vachell's story is none other than Thomas Bournemouth, who has just published a book of reminiscences called "Old Beautiful". And then comes word from England that Ethel Mannin is most enthusiastic about the American man. She contends that despite Fannie Hurst's vehement declaration to the contrary upon her return to America, we still have a few friends in the old country. Miss Mannin was impressed by the courtesy and hospitality of our countrymen, and remarked particularly upon their eagerness, not only to say it with flowers, but to say a lot. "It is time", said Miss Mannin, "that a just tribute be paid to the American man and his gallantry, which is his charm." Miss Mannin, we make our bow!

"Oh, I'm writing millions of things", said Herbert Asbury when I asked

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him how the summer heat was affecting him. He is an interesting talker as well as a most energetic writer, and I spent a fascinating hour in conversation with him, listening to stories of

Herbert Asbury

the adventures of his father and uncles in the Civil War, and swapping views with him on religion, books, and the present day field for philosophy. His father, he said, was one of the originators of the Ku Klux Klan of Civil War days, and was the only member of the family who survived to describe the horrors of those times. Mr. Asbury's main interest is religion, and he intends to make an intensive study of it. His "Up from Methodism", listed in the new fall books, is to be followed next year by the Life of Bishop Asbury, on which he is now working. From what he told me of it, the biography sounds decidedly interesting. "And", said Mr. Asbury, "when I am fifty, I am going to write a history of religion, which I shall probably finish when I am sixty. It is a lifework, you know." But he does not intend to confine all his time to religion. He has almost finished a book on Japanese art, for which he delved into the hitherto unknown secrets of one certain type of that art. It is a hobby, he said; he has many beautiful Japanese prints. Being a versatile author, Mr. Asbury has not stopped at art. He has written a book on the gangs of New York, based on acquaintance with many of the leaders of these gangs. A play is also under way, he confessed, though it is not the famous "Hatrack". He is not writing that, nor does he know who is doing the stage version or when it will be cast. Mr. Asbury told fascinating tales of his younger days when, not yet out of school, he spent the summer loading freight on a Mississippi boat at three dollars per week, and when, out of school, he and his brother ran a small town newspaper. "I have always written", he said, "ever since I can remember. And I always have and always shall write the sort of thing I want to write, regardless of how much or how little money I get doing it."

"No book lover can fail to be excited by the exposition of the Italian book which has been held recently in Paris", Lorine Pruette reports. "In the Musée des Arts Décoratifs and the Bibliothèque Nationale the rarest examples of Italian bookmaking were on display during the months of May and June. The great libraries of Italy, from that of His Majesty the King on down, sent their treasures, to which were added others from the French libraries and the Pierpont Morgan collection in New York. These combined efforts made the exposition, both in size and in intrinsic interest, of an importance seldom if ever equaled.

"Only eighteen years after the Gutenberg Bible, Venice had so adopted the German discovery as to become a great centre of production for printed books. In the same way engravings came down from the north and became an essential part of book production,

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and Italian books of the fifteenth century offer rich examples of this technique which was to supplant the earlier miniatures. Since the exposition in Paris was organized primarily to illustrate the origins of printing in Italy and its rapid progress throughout the country, the fifteenth century was most extensively represented, although choice examples from later centuries carried on the triumphant story of the evolution of the book.

"Perhaps as surprising as anything is the variety of type used at an early date and the singular charm of some of the styles developed. For a time, also, artists continued to illustrate the printed book with the same care as that bestowed on manuscripts. Florentine and Venetian examples are rich in illustration, and the early Roman books show wood engravings of much interest.

"The literary appeal of the collection was also great. Here appeared the first Virgil, the first Tacitus, original editions of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. Here also were the first Hebraic books published in Italy, the first volumes in Greek and, among later books, originals of Ariosto.

"You learned from one window that Cicero's 'De Oratore' was the first book to be printed in Italy, with a date prior to the thirtieth of September, 1465, while his 'Epistolæ ad Familiares' was honored by both Rome and Venice as their first choice. Among the first books the most entertaining probably is that with which Verona made her bow in the printing world, 'De Arte Militaris', with its illustration showing a most entrancing dragon that seemed designed to serve also as a catapult. You feel that if such a catapult dragon walked up to your walls you would certainly surrender at once.

"Still in the fifteenth century St. Thomas Aquinas appears in a beautiful scroll decoration while Plutarch, dressed in vellum, wears remarkable deep colors of purple and rose and gold. Æsop's Fables show a splendid type with woodcuts that make the morals twice as quaint. 'Confessionale' of Antoninus is gay with a skeleton through whose eye sockets and ribs serpents are lovingly twining themselves, and textbooks are more than texts in these early examples, whether printed or in manuscript.

"A section of the exhibit was devoted to bindings, and these were of a richness to make the mouth of the modern publisher water. Most exciting of all were the manuscript books, mostly from the fourteenth century but with a few from the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth. No medical student could possibly resist the 'Tractatus Chirurgiæ' of the thirteenth century, with its miniatures showing the approved method of cutting up one's victim. In this and a later treatise the patients certainly look in a sad way, with knives and things being driven into them, while the blood that drips down is very, very red.

"From the twelfth century the Biblia Latina appears in remarkably clear script, crude figures, and coarse colors. One manuscript has thirty eight miniatures painted by Leonardus de Bissutio while another contains forty by a Siennese artist thought to be Lippo Vanni. The New Testament of 1476 is richly ornamented with 323 miniatures, while the writing is exceedingly clear. A textbook on metallurgy shows red brick furnaces and retorts, and a geography of the fifteenth century flaunts itself in marvelous colors. Another geography of the same period shows an interesting map of the eastern hemisphere, with the Red Sea most delightfully red.

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"A 'Missale Romanum' of 1483 is particularly fine in its illuminations, with the conventional cherubs of the period sprouting wings from their baby faces and a devil who bears a certain resemblance to the gargoyles of Notre Dame. The 'Vision d'un Saint Religieux' is thoroughly entertaining with its monks climbing a very solid stairway into heaven and a circle of trees which amazingly do not grow smaller as they retreat in the distance.

"The texts of the manuscripts, often appearing in several colors, together with the cold, brilliant blues, the golds and reds, the purples and rich pinks of the illustrations, make these early books tremendously appealing. The script itself, where it is well done, gives a charm and individuality which is but rarely achieved by the later printed examples. With publishers of today showing a renewed interest in making their publications works of art in printing and in binding, it is strange that they have not gone more to these manuscripts for inspiration. What stands out as much as anything from a consideration of the manuscripts and the printed books, is the aristocratic history of bookmaking. If printing is today a democratic business, it was certainly not always so; these books, executed for various rich and powerful lords, bound sometimes in the distinctive bindings of the individuals for whom they were made, are another illustration of the importance of an aristocracy in the early history of an art. No one who saw the exposition of the Italian book would hesitate to acknowledge this bookmaking as an art in its own right."

Among the ills and woes of these United States, there is one which seems to me really serious and deserving of the most earnest consideration. We have no native fairies. Think of the poet struggling at midnight for an idea, forced to take his mind back three thousand years to nymphs and fauns and Pans, to reconstruct in his imagination a whole foreign mythology before he can find a rhyme. Real native fairies are such tough little fellows, firing pebbles at their enemies in the dark of the moon, stealing milk off the doorstep, making themselves generally at home, and afraid of nothing but church bells. Torn from their own soil, they become pale colorless wraiths flitting about on the flowers like humming birds. A nation needs fairies of its own flesh and blood, indigent to its soil, loved and feared by its people. Puck and Titania are charming, but they aren't one hundred per cent Americans. Pan is a dear, but you can't naturalize him. We ought to have fairies — our own fairies, Vermont and Michigan and Kansas fairies. Our lumberjacks have their Paul Bunyan, but that gigantic creature could never wedge himself through the tiny gate of fairyland. Moreover, there are rumors that he was borrowed by us from our Canadian neighbors. Perfume and tweeds can be imported, but fairies to be useful must have been born and bred in the dim past of the valleys and hills among which they dwell. Something must be done. We have early American lowboys; why not early American fairies?

If you weary of playing with anagrams, cross words, and the like, see what you can do with book titles. Georgina S. Townsend of Los Angeles has been having an amusing time with them:

"Beware the dark man" was the caution all well intentioned fortune tellers of early days gave the seeker after prognostications. That the "dark man" never dogged one's

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footsteps nor caused one any alarm in no way detracted from the thrill one received every time the caution was given. Evidently the fortune tellers to the present day authors have not used this old formula, for there seems to be a perfect rage for things dark as far as titles are concerned. The adjective "black" had been so overworked this past year that one wonders if it will ever have any definite meaning hereafter. For many of the long list of "Black" novels are not worth the time of even scanning the titles, let alone reading the contents. The head of a library who talked with me assured me that these many "Black" titles had caused much confusion.

So far I have accumulated the following list: "Black Border" by Gonzales; "Blackshirt" by Graeme; "Black Haiti" by Niles; "Black Incense", Williamson; "Black Thunder", Bower; "Black Cat", Tracy; "Black Pirates", Tracy; "Black Harvest", Wylie; "Black Turret", Wynnton; "Black and Blue", Cohen; "Black Flemings", Norris; "Black Joker", Ostrander; "Black Valley", Weaver; "Black Ivory", Banks; "Black Stamps", Scott; "Black Hunter", Curwood; "Black Dog", Colette; "Black Laughter", Powys; "Black Glove", Sarasin; to say nothing of books of former years such as "Black Oxen", "The Three Black Pennys", and "Black Beauty".

I could suggest several other titles which might be used: "Black Boots" for instance, or "Black Horror" or "Black Ogre". All of these carry a suggestion of hair raising interest. I suppose that is the reason the adjective is used, to carry a promise of a thrill to the avid reader. But really, it has been overworked this past year.

You will observe that "Black Laughter" is not by Anderson. One wonders if the author of "Black Laughter" is trading upon the notoriety of "Dark Laughter". It has been done. Many years ago an astute publisher swung Harold Bell Wright into the limelight with "The Shepherd of the Hills", directly upon the wave of popularity which John Fox, Jr.'s "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" enjoyed. A librarian told me that it was amazing to see the many people who wanted John Fox, Jr.'s story and asked for the other one because of the similarity of the names. I asked a bookseller about it, and he said this confusion existed, much to the benefit of sales of the unknown (then) writer, Mr. Wright. It is a trick of the trade but rather a cheap one, methinks.

But too much of a good thing spoils one's taste for it, and the discriminating reader is going to dodge "Black" titles for the coming season. Authors getting ready to label your wares, "beware the dark man". He'll dog your footsteps.

Unsolicited testimonial, so to speak:

When I do read the Gossip Shop
I wish that I need never stop.
I feel as tho' my ship came in
When, I these pages do begin,
Like conversation with a friend
I would that it might never end
And so I needs must tell to you
What joy the Bookman is—all through
The pages — But - way at the top -
I surely place the Gossip Shop
Louise Starr Peck

"Authors may or may not be interesting", declares our travel editor, "but their relatives . . . Like the ninety pound girl who gets a thrill from Gertrude Ederle's Channel swim, or the anæmic clerk who walks a little straighter after Mount Everest has been climbed, so authors' relatives reflect the glory that is cast upon them — pale moons giving back the rays of refulgent suns. The first authentic relative that I ever met was in the crowded confines of the ladies' washroom on a New York bound Pullman. You know the kind, two basins and forty aspirants. Placidly and inexhaustibly, she dilated upon the merits of her son, told that crowd of struggling women what his place in American letters really was, and spread his fame

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just as far and wide as her small voice could spread it. Strangely enough, the son *was* famous, and fortunately for mother he was not allowed within those sacred precincts where she held forth so nobly while many ladies tried to powder their noses and arrange their locks. Then there was the day when I sat on a sea wall in Brittany swinging my feet complacently, and wondering just how cold the water might be, and if the lobster boats would soon be in. Up came a pleasant gentleman, speaking his English with a hint of the south of Ireland on his tongue. Without a moment's hesitation he knew that I was American, whereupon he told me about his Irish-American brother who had helped to put this outlying region on the literary map. Being Irish, though, he forgot about his brother when I mentioned Ulster. Then there was the grand-niece of a once popular poet — but why go on? In what might be the words of Ellis Parker Butler, authors is authors, but their relatives —"

The once disputed fact that poets are human and eat like the rest of us was proved conclusively at the birthday party of Charles R. Bernetzke, Arizona poet and author. It was a homegrown melon feast, and a popular one. Greenwich Village poets will even work for their food, I see, if the work involves only the reading of their poetry, with gestures. The prize in one instance was a Poet's Platter, the amount of food to depend upon the merits of the poetry. Maxwell Bodenheim and Eli Siegel were among the contestants, and it was rumored that a barefoot poet might partake. I wonder how the Irish rhymester who has been seen wandering about town in his rags and tatters missed the opportunity. But perhaps he is seeking a less lowly reward for his efforts and has promised himself the hundred dollar prize offered by the Near East Relief for the most effective poem setting forth the appropriateness of Golden Rule Sunday as falling between Thanksgiving and Christmas. This organization has also offered prizes for the best posters and slogan. Among the smaller prize contests is Mrs. Grace Dickinson Sperling's Sonnet Prize for the best sonnet dealing with a musical subject. It is open only to Bookfellows, she announces, and will no doubt include among its participants those interested in the Second Torch Press Contest, an offer of fifty dollars for the best poem published anonymously in "The Step Ladder". And now woman is to have her equal rights through the courtesy of "The Woman's Home Companion" and the John Day Company, who are offering a prize of $25,000 for the best written, most amusing novel by a woman and the same amount for the best novel offered by a man. It is rumored that the purpose of this competition is to discover who excels in writing — man or woman. Well, perhaps we shall see.

In another part of this magazine Isabel Paterson declares that great book characters are more real, more immortal, than human beings. We who look back to happy hours spent in the company of Huck Finn, Jo March, or perhaps the milder Little Colonel or Little Lord Fauntleroy, will testify that to children at any rate book people are vibrantly alive. In celebration of Children's Book Week this year we are asking boys and girls of fifteen and under to write an essay describing the one out of all their book friends whom they would select as a chum. Tell us why this particular boy or girl appeals to you, and what you imagine you

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would do in his or her company. Let's have some fascinating adventures! But be sure that you are not carried away by them to the extent of writing more than 800 words. Essays that exceed this length are ruled out. Nor may the composition be shorter than 300 words. Write in ink on one side of the paper only, and put your name, age, and address in the upper right hand corner of each page. Every composition must be signed by a teacher or parent who vouches for its originality. For the best paper on "My Book Chum" THE BOOKMAN offers twenty five dollars in cash; for the second best, ten dollars' worth of books; and each of the eight remaining prize winners will receive a book of his choosing. Two of the best essays received by October 10 will be printed in the Christmas number. Announcements of awards, and the first and second prize winning essays, will appear in the January issue. Address manuscripts to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest" in care of THE BOOKMAN; and be sure to mail them so that they reach New York no later than November 1.

It seems to be pretty generally agreed in motion picture circles that since "An American Tragedy" and H. G. Wells's "The War of the Worlds" are to be screened, almost anything is possible — even the all-Negro production of "Porgy". DuBose Heyward, having finished his next novel, "Angel", and the dramatization of "Porgy", came rushing to this city last week, sold his play, and took the next train back to the Carolinas. News of Famous Players comes in this morning from Charles McCarthy, that press representative de luxe, to the effect that "Beau Geste" is to be followed by "Beau Sabreur", that Menjou has finished the Michael Arlen story "The Ace of Cads", and that Somerset Maugham's play "Land of Promise" is to be made into a picture. Two of these hot evenings found me at the Cameo, against my will: first to see "Peter the Great", through which picture I soundly slept in the lobby after having been refused my money back when I found there were no seats available. That rankles. The following night, the Film Arts Guild presented "So This is Paris", preceding it with that tiresome old picture, "Prunella", and a picture seen once before at a subscription performance there. Marguerite Clarke still enchanted me after the years of missing her on the screen, but I kept wishing they had chosen one of the "Bab" pictures made when Peter Pan suits were worn by Mrs. Rinehart's flappers. Kenneth Macgowan and Dudley Murphy — the latter is reported to be shooting scenes from Robert Wolf's picture "Loony" — were the only arresting people in a motley audience. If the Film Arts Guild evenings represent art in the cinema, we prefer our pictures artless. Which does not imply that "So This is Paris" is not an amusing and delightfully titled Lubitsch picture. It is all of that. This picture and "The Waltz Dream" are to be recommended as two of the most sophisticated films of the year. The frozen vastnesses of the Capitol Theatre are also recommended to those who have suffered at the Cameo. . . . Valentino is dead and the public mourns; Louise Brooks is married; the Vitaphone people have leased the Manhattan Opera House; and Florence Vidor's favorite sport is tennis. This is the synthetic gossip of the studios which one motion picture editor tells another.

The cross word puzzle is to return, I have heard predicted. Perhaps this

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year more than one school teacher will follow the example of Arthur Hirschberg, author of "Can You Solve It?", who has successfully used puzzles of all sorts in his teaching of high school students. I think I should be more inclined to associate the cross word puzzle with a hospital than with a high school. But I have not heard any tales of a frantic rush after the puzzle books by either the staff or the patients on the ship which was provided for Alaskan natives this summer. This floating hospital rendered medical service to isolated communities in the wilds of Alaska. Its sponsor was the Alaskan Division of the Bureau of Education. And now that I am on the subject of education and schools, which is a very appropriate one at this time of year, let me report that the Institute of English Education at the Pennsylvania State College has conducted a worthy course for students eager to write or to attain a higher appreciation of English literature. Then, too, there's the Bread Loaf School of English, which flourished gaily despite meteoric misbehavior. Journalism seems to be becoming a more and more popular course among the undergraduates. Over 1,500 students have taken work in Journalism at the University of Wisconsin since its introduction in 1905. Moreover, the schools are no longer willing to stand still. A great many of them make new experiments, and all are anxious for an opportunity to push forward. Northwestern University, the pride of Chicago, establishes this fall a chair of church music. The Carnegie Corporation has made this innovation possible by a gift of $100,000. The new department will institute courses in the history of music, including an introduction to ritualistic music of the Hebrews and to church music from early Christian times.

Dan Crawford is dead. He was the best known missionary to Africa since the days of David Livingstone, and the announcement has come as a shock to those who knew this unique character

Jacket design for "The Charwoman's Shadow"

and author. I don't know who gave the title "Thinking Black" to his first book, but it was a remarkably accurate description of the man himself. He had shut himself up in interior Africa, seeking to win the hearts of his people there, until he actually acquired their way of thinking and expression. Mr. Crawford first "bored" his way into Africa in 1890. It took him twenty months from the time he left London until he reached his station, Luanza, in Congo Belge. Then he remained for twenty three years without a furlough. He forgot what was going on in civilized lands, at one time going without European mail for thirty three months. In this solitude he found time to translate the Bible into the Bantu language as well as to prove his ingenuity in many other ways. Among the things attributed to him are planning a large town, erecting bridges, establishing schools, and taking an

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active part in the political and social life of the natives. Since he was naturally intensely religious, the experiences of those years made his religion nearly a matter of fanaticism. He could not brook compromise of any kind and learned to distrust sophistication. He derided the idea that civilization had all the good things of life, and felt that the hypocrisy which accompanied it was unbearable. He was suspicious of liberalism in the church and was proud that his "people" considered the Bible to be a unit from Genesis to Revelation. Yet with it all he was a philosopher who understood well the deeper emotions of life. Once he was reading a portion from Browning. He turned to a friend, exclaiming, "Why this is just the way the Bantus think." His philosophy of life is expressed somewhat in a letter sent out in his last illness. His hand had been poisoned, and he tells that the pain is harrowing. Then he goes on, "To say that it is harrowing is only to remind you that it is the harrow that produces the smiling lands of corn and this explains that 'we glory in tribulation' verse." W. R. Moody was responsible for bringing Mr. Crawford to America in 1913, when he appeared at the Northfield Conferences. Both of his books, "Thinking Black" and "Back to the Long Grass", were published here, making it possible for thousands to know this most Godly and serviceable man. Fortunately his work at Luanza has been well organized and is left in care of competent workers who will carry out the ideals of the leader.

European voyaging isn't what it used to be. Time was when only blue blood and haughty millions invaded the spas and boulevards of the old world. In those days the hoi polloi traveled third, cramped and walked on and unbathed. It still travels third, cramped and walked on and generally unbathed — but what a difference now it's Anglo-Saxon and has your kind of table manners. Tourist third, euphemistically known as College Cabin, has suddenly come into its own — its own being the good old steerage quarters. There has been some question as to what makes steerage. Someone suggests that first class is money; third, brains; and heaven alone knows what second is. Needless to say, second is not the intellectual aristocracy. That crowds five hundred strong into the onetime quarters of the immigrant, bent on culture, and, incidentally, a stirring repetition of good old college days. First class must look to its sartorial honors when ninety six sorority misses from the middle west trip lightly aboard, and the famous movie stars and tennis players who fill more select portions of the ship must glower with envy at the manly specimens who make the day merry with shuffleboard and pillow fights. As for beauty . . . Did you ever go to a house party without a chaperone where the sky was the limit and bedtime was dawn? That's tourist third, and the hectic and flapperish character of the party — who so prosaic as to call it a voyage? — increases with the passing days. It is just like a sorority house of Sunday mornings — all the girls' washing hanging out on the lower deck towel racks, flesh stockings and pink silk, and the lost and found ads shrieking alarming tales: "Found, a pajama jacket"; or, "Lost, a blonde." Then the last mad sad bad glad night after the masquerade when every nook is occupied and no one sleeps at all. . . .Don't plan to be exclusive in College Cabin. It simply isn't done, you know. And don't mention your own tiled bathroom at home, particularly in the presence of a

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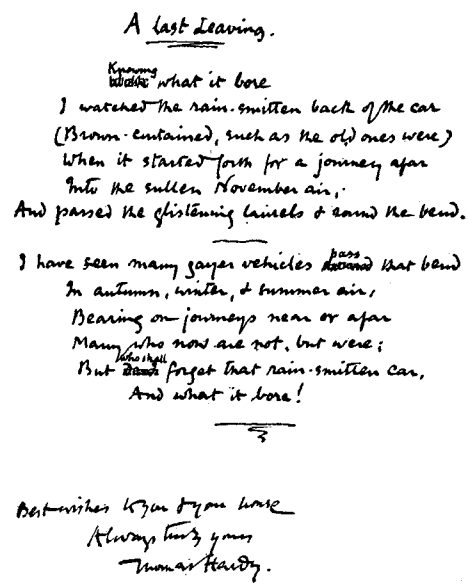
shipmate who has found all baths booked from Ambrose Light to Cherbourg. And don't say you tried to get into first but there was no room left. Your word may be doubted. Even though you are on the wrong side of forty, don't grouse. College Cabin bubbles over with youth, and if you can't coax up a little for the voyage, go to Europe by some other means. The spirit of youth dominates this group, even on the return voyage, when sometimes other spirits run a bit high too. But if you are young at heart and if your morning shower isn't the most important thing in your life, beyond all, if six in a stateroom doesn't disturb you any more than the good old sleeping porch at the Zeta Beta Theta House used to, try tourist third. It's not bad, and you get *peach* pie some days.

As long as we human beings continue to behave more or less as such, so long will observers on the side lines try to solve the riddle of what makes us act that way. Scientists may frown and give it up. Palmists, phrenologists, astrologists, numerologists, graphologists, continue to prosper none the less. My profound awe of these fountainheads of, well if not wisdom at least impressive glibness, dates back to childhood days when itinerant "parlor entertainers" ranging from Shakespearean monologists to fire eaters held forth in summer hotels. (Perhaps they still perform in the haunts where Chautauqua penetrates not.) One evening we sat at the feet of a phrenologist who ended his observations of the assembled victims with obliging explanation of some of our dominant bumps. "And now, boys and girls," he beamed, "after all I have told you, what would you say was the character of this man?" We gazed at the drawing suspended before us and in the light of our new knowledge proudly exclaimed in chorus: "That's a criminal!" But it appears that we were far from expert, for the head was that


A last Leaving.

Knowing what it bore
I watched the rain-smitten back of the car
(Brown-curtained, such as the old ones were)
When it started forth for a journey afar
Into the sullen November air,
And passed the glistening laurels & round the bend.

I have seen many gayer vehicles pass that bend
In autumn, winter, & summer air,
Bearing on journeys near or afar
Many who now are not, but were;
But who shall forget that rain-smitten car,
And what it bore!

Best wishes to you & your house
Always truly yours
Thomas Hardy.

From "English Handwriting"

of a revered leader in educational circles. To be sure, it is from other motives that S. P. E. — that society which occupies itself with the welfare of pure English — has published as No. XXIII of its tracts a study of "English Handwriting", with thirty four facsimile plates of writing dating from the fifteenth century to the present day. Following the plates are "artistic and paleographical criticisms" by Roger Fry and E. A. Lowe. I found particularly interesting the specimen of Mr. Hardy's writing. No less interesting is the dictionary of "Indian Sign Language" which has been compiled by William Tomkins. The illustrations are fascinating, and should enable one deft with his hands to "converse" glibly after a bit of practice. Mr.

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Tomkins includes also a number of pictographs. "Measles", my late enemy, resembles a spotted barber pole. And "plenty meat" I should have taken to represent the family washline. Perhaps I had better give up my Indian studies and devote myself to the effort to write legibly in my own language, since the introduction to "English Handwriting" informs me that "any real illegibility in writing to a stranger is a wider breach of good manners than indistinct utterance in talking to him. . . ." Clarence, the typewriter!

The youngest prospective historian I know of — in his words, "twenty one this summer" — is Douglas Branch, a native of Texas, whose first book, "The Cowboy and His Interpreters", appears this fall. He has in mind at present, he confided to me the other day, a history of the buffalo from the beginning of its time in America to the present. Mr. Branch's chosen field is social history, and his ideas of what he will write in the future are many. That same afternoon I had tea with another historian, the charming author of "Catherine the Great", and her equally attractive dog Patty, who wanted to monopolize all the conversation as well as the food. Before I left Patty had been locked in the kitchen, disgraced. Katharine Anthony has a delightful way of talking very seriously, stopping and looking off for a moment, and then abruptly turning to you with a quick smile which is most pleasant. She is a very unassuming and modest young woman who does not seem to enjoy talking about herself. Yet I did succeed in getting a glimpse of the interesting life she has had, first teaching in college and high school, then doing social service field work. "But I wasn't happy when I wasn't writing and being domestic", she said, and so she left the field work and took up social service from a different angle. Catherine the Great she found most interesting, and she told me many things about the lady that I had not known. Miss Anthony's next book, on which she is working now, will be the translation of Catherine the Great's longest memoir. This memoir has never been translated into any language other than German, though it was written partly in French. It was suppressed in Russia by the Emperor, Catherine's grandson, and was not unearthed until 1909, when it was translated and subsequently published in Germany. Its publication was not a successful venture, however, on account of the outbreak of the war. Miss Anthony's achievement will be a worthy one, and promises to be a successful one as well. "I have always wanted to write fiction", she suddenly announced to me, "but I never seem to get around to it. My friends who do try to console me because I do not. Perhaps I shall some day." I am sure that, should she decide upon it, she would make a success at that also.

Now that the summer is over and autumn is upon us, almost everyone is returning from a vacation, although some are extending theirs. Marc Connelly's journey to the glorious west was prolonged many days past the expectations of his friends; yet who can blame him for taking advantage of an opportunity we should all enjoy? Other visitors to California in the past few months who have been as enthusiastic are Karl Harriman, George Horace Lorimer, Sinclair Lewis, Ring Lardner, and Milt Gross. Theodore Dreiser is in Europe, working on a new book. And E. E. Cummings is in Paris, busily evolving some new poems.

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